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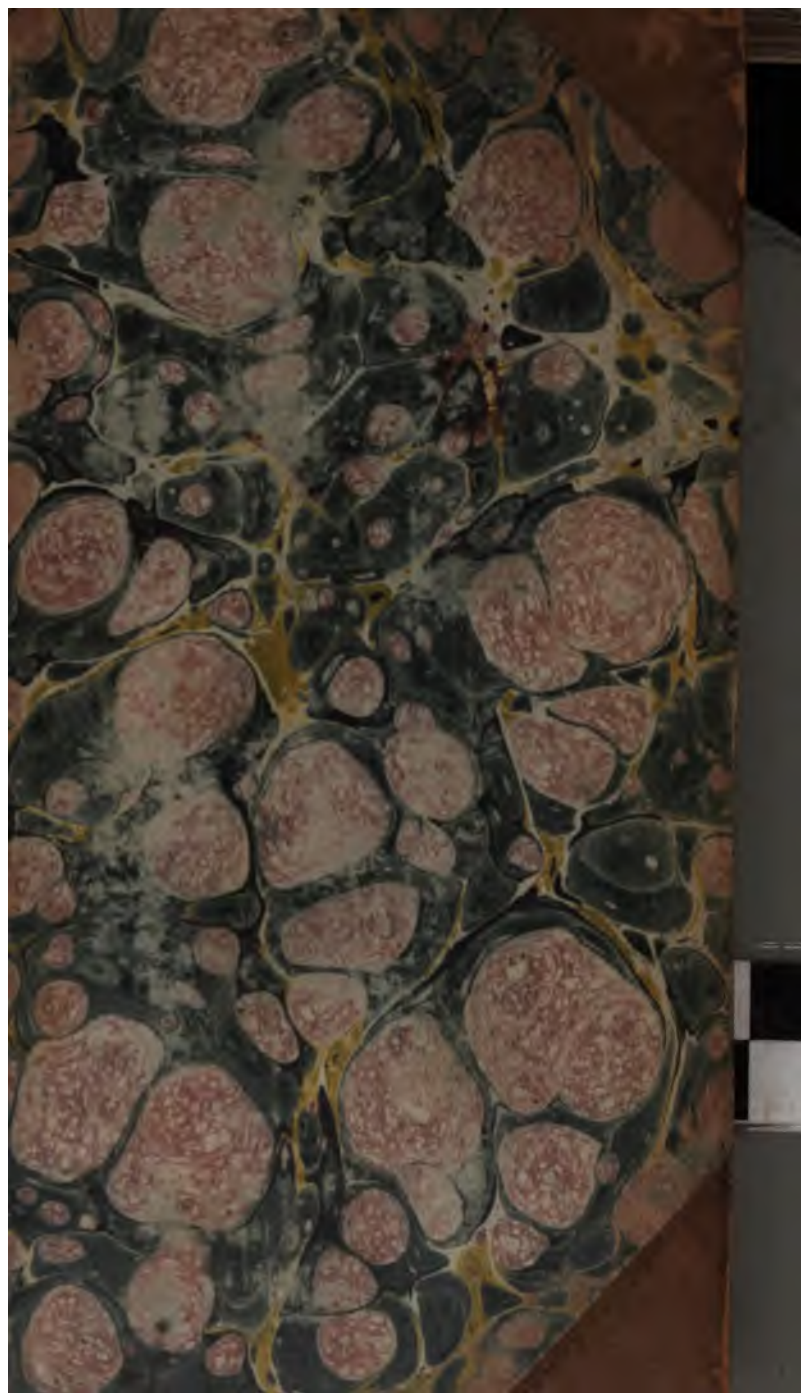
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THE  
LANGUAGE OF HISTORY

BY  
CHARLES M. JOHNSON

IN THREE VOLUMES  
VOLUME I

THE  
ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

Italy. 56

BY CHARLES MACFARLANE.

" Truth is strange,  
Stranger than fiction."  
LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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## DEDICATION.


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TO MADAME ———.

As the poor mariner, his voyage o'er,  
Returning, heart-full, to his native shore,  
Hangs up, before some altar's blazonment,  
To mild Madonna, or protecting saint,  
A votive wreath of myrtle or of flowers  
To such as guided him in peril's hours ;  
Perhaps an effigy in wax or wood,—  
Things of small worth, but signs of gratitude ;  
So Lady, at my little labour's end,  
Do I, to thee, this humble verse append ;  
For thou hast cheer'd me as I onward went,  
And half my fancy—half my feeling lent ;  
And thy sweet voice—oh never heard in vain !  
Hath chased despondency and soften'd pain,



And the deep sadness gathering round my heart,  
Hath paused to hear its music—and depart ;  
Whilst thy bright eye, like Una's, full of grace,  
Hath made all sunshine in a shady place ;  
And kindly smiling on me, oft hath given  
Italian aspects to a northern heaven.



## P R E F A C E.

---

IN Italy, the scene of the following Tales, it has been my fortune to pass many years of my life, and I have endeavoured to avail myself of the local knowledge I possess.

Some few of the Tales were written at Naples in the scenes of the events; and, *generally*, I have taken my descriptions from notes made during my travels, seldom attempting to describe what I have not seen, or indeed what was not familiar to me from long residences or repeated visits. A little enthusiasm will probably be excused in one, who, considering the present length of his life, has passed a good portion of it in that beautiful country with little else to do but to see and to admire.

The slightest glance at the complicated History of Italy will make the reader aware of the difficulties of my undertaking: one of them was the difficulty of selection; for her annals are so rich in romantic incidents, that there is scarcely one of the numerous little states into which the peninsula has been divided but would furnish materials for a work more voluminous than the present.

I have dwelt long on the darker years of the middle ages, thinking them more peculiarly within the province of Romantic Annals, and have given (proportionately) more Tales to the South of Italy than to the North, because the history and scenery of the Kingdom of Naples are, in my opinion, still more romantic than those of Upper Italy.

C. M. F.

London, October 14, 1831.

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## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

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### *Sixth Century.*

A.D. 568 to 633.

THE LOMBARD EPOCH comprises a space of two hundred and six years and the reigns of twenty-two sovereigns. The Goths, their precursors, had a much shorter reign, but a wider dominion while it lasted; for at no time did the Lombards occupy more than two-thirds of Italy, and portions even of those two-thirds, as the Great Duchies of Benevento and Spoleto, though governed by their countrymen, were almost always independent of the kings of Lombardy, whose fall they long survived. The rest of the Italian territory, consisting of the maritime parts of Magna Grecia, or the Calabrias, of Naples and the Marches, was still held by the Greek Empire, whose Governor, or Exarch, resided at Ravenna. At the commencement of this period, when the bishops of Rome acknowledged a subordination to the Patriarch of Constantinople, and when their temporal ambition had no opportunity to expand, a small belt of land round Rome was the patrimony of Saint Peter's, but in the latter years of the Lombards that patrimony was vastly augmented by the interference of the Franks, and the States of the Church were of such extent as to merit notice in the great divisions of Italy, which indeed, it might then be said, was occupied by the Lombards, the Greeks, and the Pope.\*

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\* I have scarcely thought it necessary to include the Venetians, for up to this date their territory consisted of the barren islands at the end of the Adriatic, and a few strips of land on terra-firma on its shores,

A.D. 568. It would be difficult to determine which of these divisions most abounded in misery, horror, and crime, during these dark ages; but the Royal Lombard one stands foremost in the pages of the chroniclers, and offers several incidents which may claim the character of romantic history.

Few subjects in the annals of Italy have been more disputed than the nature of the Lombard government, the relative civilization or barbarity of those conquerors, and the justice or injustice by which their reign was terminated by Charlemagne and Pope Adrian. In the three following tales, wherein I have attempted to illustrate the period, of necessity obscure, I have taken the middle path, considering them neither so utterly savage as represented on the one hand, nor so humane and elegant as vaunted on the other. For my facts I give the authority (such as it is) of cotemporary writers, or of chroniclers who lived near the time; and the reader who would enter into the discussion may find ample matter in the pages of Muratori, Denina, Bossi, and the writer of some spirited articles in the "*Biblioteca Italiana*," who may be considered the ablest advocates for the Lombards; and in the treatises of Tiraboschi, Maffei, Manzoni, and the Sacchi, the most eloquent of their opponents.\*

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\* Muratori, *Annal.* Denina, *Rivoluzioni dell' Italia*. Bossi, *Storia d'Italia, Antica e Moderna*. *Biblioteca Italiana*, No. LVIII. No. XCIX. No. CI. &c. Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*. Maffei, *Verona Illustrata*. Manzoni, *Discorso sopra alcuni punti della Storia Longobardica in Italia*. Sacchi (Defendente e Giuseppe) *della Condizione Economica, morale e politica, degli Italiani nei Bassi Tempi*, Milano 1828. The latter work, which is ably executed, forms the first part of the "*Antichita Romantica*."

The dates of the influential events in the Italian peninsula during the Lombard epoch are these :— A.D. 568.

In A. D. 568. Alboino, the King of the Lombards, having conquered the Gepidi, crossed the Alps, not merely with an army, but with his whole people, and his allies, with their wives and children and aged parents. He took Vicenza, Verona, and other cities, and advanced at once to the immediate neighbourhood of Rome and Ravenna, where the fears of the Pope in one, and of the Greek Exarch in the other, were extreme.

The Lombards advanced into Tuscany, took Spoleto, and almost all the province of Umbria, with a few towns in the district now called the Marches, or the Marca d' Ancona. 569.

In this year they seem to have conquered Benevento with a great portion of what is now the kingdom of Naples, and to have founded the vast and enduring duchy of Benevento, creating Zotto, or Zottone, its first duke. 570.

Towards the end of this year, Ticinum, or Pavia, which had held out three years and several months, surrendered to the Lombards, and Alboin might thence pretend to the title of King of Italy. The fact reported by all the historians of the time is consistent and characteristic. "In attempting to enter, after the surrender of the city, by the eastern, or the gate of St. John, Alboin's war-horse fell beneath him, nor would rise again, though spurred by the King and whipped by his attendants. Then one of his officers, a person with the fear of God before his eyes, said—'Ah! my Lord, recollect the oath you have sworn—retract it, and you will enter the city. This poor people is a Christian people.' The oath taken by Alboin in his rage was to put to the edge of the sword all the inhabitants of Pavia, for having so long resisted 572.



- A.D. his arms. He retracted it, well knowing he was not  
572. bound to its fulfilment; and then his horse starting at once to his feet, the King entered the city, without harming any one, and went and took up his abode in the palace built by Theodoric the Gothic king."
573. The reign of the conqueror was short; for in this year he was murdered by Elmigiso and Perideo, two Lombards gained over by his wife Rosmunda, whose hate and revenge he had excited by forcing her, at a public banquet at Verona, to drink wine out of the skull of her own father the King of the Gepidi, whom he had slain in battle. In the month of August of the same year, the chiefs of the nation assembled and elected the most noble among their body for their king. His name was Clefo, or Clefone, and that, except a mention made by Paul Warnefrid of his cruelty, is all we know of him. The same Paul Warnefrid, or, as he is more generally called, Paulus Diaconus, a member, and the historian of their nation, informs us, that in the function of creating the kings of Lombardy, a lance was presented to the new king. He mentions neither crown nor diadem, yet crowns must have been used at a period not far removed from that of their first entrance into Italy, for we find three of them (one of which the famous iron crown that Bonaparte affected) deposited in the cathedral of Monza as early as the year 602.
575. Clefo, or Clefone, died, and his death was followed by an interregnum of ten years, during which, according to Paul Warnefrid, the Lombard nation was governed by thirty-six dukes, forming together a federative republic.
584. The Lombards elected Authar, or Autharis, for their king, and the thirty-six dukes agreed to contribute one half of their respective revenues towards his support. The condition of Italy, which had been most unhappy

during the vacancy of the throne, was speedily improved, but the improvement could not be expected to extend to those parts of the country not occupied by the Lombards, and it is easy to reconcile the conflicting accounts of the times left us by Paul Warnefrid and Saint Gregory,\* by recollecting that the one describes the states entirely and tranquilly occupied by the Lombards, (in *Regno Longobardorum*,) and the other those parts of Italy, as Ravenna, Rome, &c. that still acknowledged the Emperor of the East, and resisted the Lombard arms. The conquerors might be humanized by prosperity in their own dominions, and still exercise the barbarity of which they are accused, in those of their enemies. The guilt of heresy—for many of the Lombards were Arians—increased the hatred of the Popes, though it does not seem to have influenced the conduct of the conquerors or increased their cruelty. “*Teologi non essendo i Longobardi,*” says Bossi (*Storia d’Italia*) “*una tolleranza per costume verso tutti i culti esercitavano.*” We hear of no persecutions of the orthodox within the Lombard territory; but on the other hand we see, and that repeatedly, a Catholic queen living happily with an Arian husband, and building churches and augmenting the sect to which she belonged. As early as this year we have an instance of the pernici-

A.D.  
584.

---

\* Paul the Deacon’s picture, resembles that happy one drawn by our own annalists of the last years of the reign of the Great Alfred. The following is one of the mildest left by Pope Gregory: “*Ubique luctus aspicimus, ubique gemitus audivimus; destructæ urbes, everas sunt castra, depopulati sunt agri, in solitudinem terra redacta est. Alios in captivitatem duci, alios detruncari, alios interfici videmus.*” *Gregor. M. Homil. 6, l. 2.*

A.D. 564. *was practice of calling in the barbarians beyond the Alps : and Childebert, King of the Franks, invited at once by the Pope and the Eastern Emperor Maurice, who could give no assistance himself, marched into Italy, whence he was to drive the Lombards. His expedition, however, had little effect, and he returned.*

565. *Childebert, King of the Franks, again crossed the Alps, but with the same result as the preceding year. A peace or truce was signed between the Lombards and the Greek Exarch of Ravenna.*

567. *Frank wars between Childebert and the Lombard King Authar, to the advantage of the latter.*

569. *Historians have generally given this date to one of the most pleasing incidents of Lombard history. Gibbon was deeply struck with it, and described it in his most beautiful manner.*

“ I shall relate with pleasure the adventurous gallantry of Autharis, which breathes the true spirit of chivalry and romance.\* After the loss of his promised bride, a Merovingian princess, he sought in marriage the daughter of the King of Bavaria, and Garibald accepted the alliance of the Italian monarch. Impatient of the slow progress of negotiation, the ardent lover escaped from his palace, and visited the Court of Bavaria in the train of his own embassy. At the public audience, the unknown stranger advanced to the throne, and informed Garibald that the ambassador was indeed the minister of state, but that he alone was the friend of Autharis, who had trusted him with the delicate commission of making a faithful report of the charms of his spouse. Theudelinda was summoned to undergo this important

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\* The original authority for this story is found in Paul. Diac. l. iii. c. 29. 34.

examination, and after a pause of silent rapture, he hailed her as the Queen of Italy, and humbly requested, that, according to the custom of the nation, she would present a cup of wine to the first of her new subjects. By the command of her father, she obeyed: Autharis received the cup in his turn, and, in restoring it to the Princess, he secretly touched her hand, and drew his own finger over his face and lips. In the evening, Theudelinda imparted to her nurse the indiscreet familiarity of the stranger, and was comforted by the assurance that such boldness could proceed only from the King her husband, who, by his beauty and courage, appeared worthy of her love. The ambassadors were dismissed: no sooner did they reach the confines of Italy, than Autharis, raising himself on his horse, darted his battle-axe against a tree with incomparable strength and dexterity. "Such," said he to the astonished Bavarians,—“such are the strokes of the King of the Lombards!” On the approach of a French army, Garibald and his daughter took refuge in the dominions of their ally, and the marriage was consummated in the Palace of Verona. At the end of one year it was dissolved by the death of Autharis; but the virtues of Theudelinda had endeared her to the nation, and she was permitted to bestow with her hand the sceptre of the Italian kingdom.”\* (This Theudelinda, or Theodelinda, was the mother of Queen Gundeberga, the heroine of the following tale.)

Agilolf, or Agilulph, Duke of Turin, and a relation of her deceased husband Authar, was elevated to the throne. As a good catholic, Theodelinda would have preferred an orthodox husband, but none such was to be found among the Lombard princes, and she had already lived happily with an Arian. A peace was concluded with Childebart,

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\* Decline and Fall, chap. xlv.

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- A.D. and the Lombards were no more molested by the Franks.  
 590. This allowed them to defy the power of the Greek Em-  
 591. perors. Some time after, the King renounced his heresy.  
 593. Agilolf, or Agilulph, recovered the city of Perugia, which had been taken from him by the Greeks. After other successes, he besieged Rome, but the spirit of Gregory the Great presided there, and the Lombards were foiled. Gregory,\* who is his own historian, relates that he was busied in explaining to his faithful flock, the people of Rome, the 40th chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, when the King approached the walls of the city.  
 604. Gregory the Great expired.  
 611. The Friuli, and a considerable portion of Italy, were dreadfully ravaged by an irruption of the Avari, who carried away a vast number of Italians and Lombards into Hungary.  
 615, Agilulph died after a prosperous reign, and was suc-  
 or ceeded by his son Adaloald, a minor, who remained under  
 616. the tutelage of his mother Theodelinda. This same year was fatal to Italy by the rapid spread of the leprosy, a malady rare, or unknown before, in that country.  
 625. Queen Theodelinda ceased to live; and Adaloald, released from her councils, conducted himself so ill, that he was driven from the throne as one mad. The Lombards then considered the right or the descent of Gundeberga, and Arigoald her husband was chosen king. Arigoald was an Arian, but Gundeberga had been educated in the orthodox faith by her mother Theodelinda.
- 

\* In one of his letters of a later date, Pope Gregory complains to the Patriarch Eulogius, that he is oppressed "by the pains of the gout and the sword of the Lombards." Two cruel enemies.—See Gregor. Mag. l. 9. ep. 78.

## **The Festival of Monza.**

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Siedon le Muse su le tombe, e quando  
Il tempo con sue fredde ali vi spazza  
I marmi e l' ossa, quelle Dee fan lieti  
Di lor canto i deserti, e l' armonia  
Vince di mille e mille anni il silenzio.



## The Festival of Monza.

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SOMEWHAT more than half a century had elapsed since the time that the conqueror Alboin had looked over Italy from the Julian Alps,\* and, descending thence, had advanced unopposed—a triumphant march rather than a warlike campaign—to the gates of Ravenna and Rome, seizing and securing the most extensive and the fairest regions of the Peninsula as a “lasting patrimony of the Lombards.”† These conquerors from Pannonia, who perhaps on their first irruption were not all so barbarous as they have been described, had certainly been improved during that period. Uninterrupted success, a security of possession that did

\* “Giunto Alboino con quel gran seguito ai confini dell’ Italia, salì sopra un alto monte di quei luoghi per vagheggiare fin dove potea il bel paese, ch’ egli già contava per suo.”  
—Muratori, *Annal. ann.* 568.

† Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xlv.



not seem likely to be disturbed either by the effeminate Greeks or Thracians of Constantinople, or the warlike nations beyond the Alps, had lulled to rest anxious vigilance and suspicion, which keep the arms in the hands of foreign conquerors, and but too often turn them on the slightest pretext or provocation against the conquered—thus perpetuating the ferocity of war when war is over. Degraded too and barbarized as might be the wasted population of Italy, whom it is a satire to call Romans, they still must have been in possession of a degree of civilization, the relic of their former refinement and greatness; and the conquerors would contract a portion of this, even while they infected the conquered with their own rudeness. Nor could the mild Ausonian clime, which in sixty years had so changed the character and habits of the Goths, who had preceded them in the occupation of Italy, have been void of effects on the fiery Lombards. Indeed, the chronicles of the time, scanty and imperfect, and frequently prejudiced as they are, bear testimony to the fact of a progressive improvement in the arts and amenities of life; and, though infinitely remote from the condition of a civilized people, the Lombards, at the period of our tale, which is derived from cotem-

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porary annals, were perhaps almost equally distant from that savage state of barbarism over which neither history nor romance has a charm to throw.

Arioald was the sixth of the Lombard kings that reigned in Italy, and he kept his court at Pavia, which had been selected by Alboin the first conqueror, as the capital of the kingdom. Gundenberga, who shared his heart and throne, was celebrated for the beauty of her person and the qualities of her mind; and the grateful Lombards praised in their queen a benignity that extended to all that approached her on earth, and a piety that must prepare for her a place in Heaven. Her alms to the poor were frequent and liberal; she attended in person to soothe those sorrows, over which nor money, nor food, nor raiment, could have any influence; the wounded in spirit blessed her, and the benevolence of her heart, which shone in all her actions, captivated the universal love of her subjects. The charms which might awaken love, and the virtues which could secure it, ought all to have been increased in the breast of King Arioald, by the circumstance that it was at least as much to his wife Gundenberga, the sister of a deposed monarch, and the daughter

of a sainted queen, Theodelinda,\* whose memory the Lombards held in peculiar veneration, as to any qualities of his own, that he owed the crown of Lombardy, and kept it in peace on his head in spite of the threats of the Greek Exarch of Ravenna, and the persistency of the Roman Pontiff in considering him an usurper and tyrant. Indeed, the debt of gratitude and affection may have been duly discharged, and Arioald have lived in happiness with his gifted wife ; for the recorders of those remote events give no intimation of disunion or discord, until they register with indignant terms the plots and success of a traitor.

Pavia was the seat of government, and the habitual residence of the Lombard princes ; but the beautiful hill of Monza, on account of the purity of the air, was frequently, during the summer, the retreat of royalty and the court. This spot had been selected by Theodoric the Goth as his residence, and a considerable town had grown up under

\* The impertinent Messer Giovanni Boccaccio (*Gio. iii. Novel 2.*) has made the pious Queen Theodelinda the heroine of a very degrading, naughty love story, for which he has been justly reprehended by Giannone (*Istoria Civile del Regno di Napoli*, tom. i. p. 263), and with still more severity by Muratori, *Annali. ann.*

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the shadow of that King's peaceful retreat, but it was to the Lombard Queen Theodelinda, already mentioned, that Monza was most indebted. This devout lady, having conceived a particular affection for the place, caused a splendid cathedral church to be erected there, and by dedicating it to Saint John the Baptist, the protecting saint of the Lombards, and by enriching it with an infinitude of relics of peculiar sanctity, she rendered Monza a sort of holy city for the nation.\* Simultaneously with the church, or probably, to judge from the very religious character of the Queen, not until the church was finished, a royal palace was built at Monza; and we have proof of a certain feeling for the fine arts in Theodelinda, and the existence somewhere, though whether among the Lombards, or the conquered Italian subjects is not explained, of a certain proficiency and execution, in the fact that at her orders the walls of that palace were covered with paintings representing the exploits of the Lombard conquerors.†

The charms of a cool, salubrious atmosphere, of the picturesque beauties of the site, of verdant

\* Paul Warn.

† Id. lib. 4, cap. 23, or Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 603.

hill and fruitful valley, of blue mountain and gushing crystal stream, were enhanced by filial reverence and affection: the mortal remains of Theodelunda rested in a marble sarcophagus in the temple she had built: and at Monza Gundenberga could pray, or shed healing and purifying tears, over the tomb of her mother. It was therefore natural that she should frequently remain there even in the absence of her husband, whom the business of the state might detain at Pavia, or call to some distant part of the kingdom.

A bright morning—a morning in June, and under an Italian sky, announced the festival of Saint John the Baptist, which was held that year with peculiar pomp at Monza. Long before the break of day, Pavia and Milan poured out their streams of devotees which were swelled in their progress towards Monza by tributary currents from the contiguous towns and villages in the rich Lombard plain, and at an hour that was still an early one, the lovely Queen Gundenberga, with a heart that sympathetic in the general joy, and glowed with gratitude to Heaven, watched the approach of her subjects from a turret of the palace. The Lombard church rode proudly up the hill, mounted on spirit-

ed coursers of the ancient breed of the rich meadows of Venetia, which they had restored and improved;\* the hawk, whose docility and efficacy in the sports of the field they had first made known to the Roman provinces, was the companion of nearly every warrior, for their customs had established, and even their Italian laws had recognised, "the sword and the hawk of equal dignity and importance in the hands of a noble Lombard."† Each chieftain was followed by a certain number of adherents, who did not move in the precise subordination of the feudal system, which was unknown to the Lombard conquerors, but were either personal servants or voluntarily appeared in the train of the heads of their respective families, or of those to whom they were bound by affection or obligation. These followers bore lances in their hands, retaining in a pageantry the arms with

\* The studs of Dionysius of Syracuse, and his frequent victories in the Olympic Games, had diffused among the Greeks the fame of the Venetian horses; but the breed was extinct in the time of Strabo. Gisulf (the first Duke of Friuli) obtained from his uncle, Alboin (the first Lombard conqueror) *generosarum equarum greges*. Paul. Diac. l. 11. c. 9. The Lombards afterwards introduced *caballi sylvatici*, wild horses. Paul. l. iv. c. 11. Gibbon, chap. xlv. note 43.

† Gibbon, ch. xlv.

which they had vanquished their enemies—their favourite arms, the symbol of royalty among them. The inferior orders of Lombards approached some on horseback and some on foot ; but the meanest of them, even in this time of peace, wore a trusty broad-sword girt to his side, to distinguish him as a member of the conquering nation. Yet this distinction was scarcely needed ; for the Italian subjects, with that relish for festivity and church pageantry which seems always to have been in them, and who now flocked to Monza and the church of Saint John, probably without much thought of whether the ceremonies there would be performed according to the strict Catholic formula, or tinctured with the Arian heresy professed by the mass of their masters, were sufficiently recognizable by their greater personal beauty and their less bold demeanour, by their costume, which the conquerors had only partially imitated, and by their proceeding in separate bands, studiously apart from the Lombards, who probably desired not their society, and who certainly never were amalgamated, as some writers have supposed they were, with the Italian population. Mixed up with the crowds on foot, or toiling slowly after them, were seen long, low cars, containing the wives and chil-

dren of the Lombards. These cars were drawn by robust and wild-looking oxen, of a foreign and peculiar breed, also introduced into Italy by the conquerors;\* and as they were goaded on the rough road by the spears of the drivers, the stamping of their hoofs, the brandishing of their horns, and tremendous bellowings, showed their impatience of the yoke.

This interminable line of procession defiled beneath the turret where the Queen was stationed; and as the bands of devotees successively came in sight of the holy Basilica they rent the air with barbarous shouts to the glory of the saint, with a concluding diapason in honour of Arioald their King, and their Queen Gundenberga. The praise of the latter was general, and as sincere as ever proceeded from human lips; and when at a late hour she proceeded with her husband and court from the palace to the church, and heard the name of the Queen, the beautiful, the good, the charitable, blessed by the high and the lowly, by Italians and by Lombards with equal warmth, tears of

\* Paul. Diac. l. iv. c. 11. He calls these animals *bubali*, which some have rendered buffaloes, though it seems more probable that he meant the aurochs, or wild bulls, of ancient Germany.



pleasure stood in her large blue eyes, and in amiable weakness—in feminine tremour, she clung to the arm of her warrior husband for support.

If the Lombard sovereigns were thorns in the sides of the ambitious popes, they were liberal in excess to their clergy; and bishops, and priests, and every order of monks as yet extant, owned their liberality, and increased and multiplied under their dominion. The Vatican itself could hardly have offered a more splendid hierarchical display than that which met the eye, when the doors of the temple were thrown open, and the shrine of Saint John, decorated with gold and silver and precious stones, and flanked by two long lines of monks with shaven crowns and robes picturesquely simple, and of priests in costly stoles, was open to the thronging worshippers. The incense breathed as sweetly, the tapers and the torches of virgin wax shed as brilliant a light, as if the successor of Saint Peter himself had presided at the festival. Moreover, the Lombards had adopted in their churches the inestimable gift of dignity and beauty which St. Gregory had bestowed on the ecclesiastical service in his sublime "*Canto fermo*;" and whatever may have been the degree of spiritual unction, the mass and the hymns to the saint were just as well sung at

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Monza as they could have been at Rome. In ancient days, as in modern, under the christian creed as under the pagan, it seems to have been the practice, more particularly in the glowing, exhilarating climes of Italy and Greece, to mix festivity and diversion with worship and prayer, and that the spiritual exercises of the morning should be followed by the recreations of the body, and by feasting and dancing, singing and drinking. Even as we now see it in the "Giorni di festa" at Rome or Naples, did it befall at Monza; for, as soon as the splendid ceremonies of the church were over, the scene without, assumed all the characters of a country fair and a scene of general rejoicing. Nor was it an unpleasant sight to see the collected thousands scattered on the verdant hills, or laid under the shade of trees, or by the gushing fountains whose cool waves might mitigate the force of the wines of Lombardy and Piedmont; nor was it at all ungrateful to the ear to catch the distant roar of mingled voices speaking various tongues, and the long, loud laugh, and the festive chorus, and the sounds of such musical instruments as barbarians and Italians could collect and play. Such were the disportments of the people. The chieftains, and warriors, and courtiers of Lombardy were

entertained as befitted their rank in the palace of their King, and when their obeisance had been made in the chamber of audience, the festive tables were spread in the banqueting hall, where the Queen, Gundenberga, in her beauty and amiability presided with her husband. These Lombards were all in their most courtly and gayest attire, yet their personal appearance and equipments were not precisely such as might charm the eye of modern maidens.

The back part of their heads was shaved, and in front their thick, matted hair, divided over the forehead, fell down on each side of the face as low as the line of the mouth, over which, as well as across the eyes, motion or the wind would frequently throw it, and shaggy beards of enormous length, from which they are supposed to have derived their name of Longobardi, completed their hirsute appearance. Their dress consisted of loose linen garments, much after the fashion of our Anglo-Saxons, and they were rather gaudily than tastefully ornamented with broad stripes of variegated colours—red, yellow, purple, blue, and green, sewn on transversely. In Italy they had found silks, and silks worked by Eastern looms, and dyed with the brilliant dyes of the East, which added considerably to the splendour of their appearance.

Their legs were encased in long hose which reached to the ankle, and they wore open sandals on their otherwise naked feet; but many of the courtiers had adopted from the Italians the use of *stivaletti*, or long gaiters made of woollen cloth of a bright red or scarlet colour.\* The *Gasindj*,† or domestic and military attendants, had placed against the wall, behind each chieftain, his *asta*, or lance; and, even at the festive board of their sovereign, their heavy swords were heard to rattle, and their iron baskets and their hilts were seen at times to protrude above the level of the table. Yet this ungente exterior hid many a gentle heart; and at the period we are describing, the epitaph of the Lombard Droctulf‡ might indeed have been applied to many of his countrymen.

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\* Paul. Diac. Muratori, Annali, ann. 603.

† “Nei costumi Germanici il dipendere personalmente dai principali era, già ai tempi di Tacito, una distinzione ambita. Questa dipendenza, nel medio evo, comprendeva il servizio domestico e il militare; ed era un misto di soggezione onorata, e di devozione affettuosa. Quelli che esercitavano questa condizione erano dai Longobardi chiamati *Gasindj*.” Il Conte Manzoni. Notizie Storiche sopra i Longobardi.

‡ Paul. de Gest. Longobardi, l. iii. c. 19. Or see 49th note to 45th chap. of Gibbon.

*"Terribilis visu facies, sed corde benignus,  
Longaque robusto pectore barba fuit."*

As the warriors thus sat carousing at Monza, and drinking healths "nine fathoms deep"—for the Lombards were strong-headed fellows, not particularly distinguished by sobriety, (though, by this time, they had made an improvement "in their cups," and no longer pledged each other in the skulls of their enemies,\*) Queen Gundenberga's attention was arrested, and finally her surprise and uneasiness excited, by the extraordinary behaviour of one who sat near her at table. The warrior who occasioned this emotion in the bosom of the virtuous Queen was none other than Adalolf, the friend and confidant of her husband, a man the King delighted to honour, and whom he preferred to all others. At the beginning of the repast, as the eyes of Gundenberga were kindly directed to those at her end of the table, to see that they were properly served, they met the glances of this Adalolf, who smiled on her with surpassing sweetness. The Queen, never avaricious of her smiles, returned

\* The reader will remember how this barbarous practice cost Alboin his life. According to Paul Warnefrid, the skull of his wife's father, always on his sideboard, was set in gold.

those of her husband's favourite with her wonted benignity. As the repast continued, Gundenberga's eyes happening again to wander in that direction, she caught Adalolf's fixed ardently on her face; and when the courtier saw she observed him, he cast a complacent glance on the costly new robe he had put on in honour of John the Baptist. "What can have come into the head of the repository of my Lord's wisdom and confidence?" thought the Queen; "but, I suppose, nothing but a little vanity: his robe is new, and really very becoming; and I see he has a new chain of gold round his neck; and, in truth, he is a proper-looking man." Other subjects and other persons speedily engaged the attention of the royal hostess, and Adalolf was not honoured with another glance or another thought, until the massy wine-cups had liberally circulated and the banquet approached its close:—then she did look casually towards the seat of the favourite, and then it was she felt disturbed. The large blue eyes of Adalolf were riveted on her face, to which, though she knew it not, a deep blush mantled; and when her glance met his, full and intense, she could not withdraw her eyes, but was fixed there as if by fascination. As thus she looked at him, the expression of the favourite's countenance varied in a

strange, wild manner. What meant that quivering lip and that flash of the eye? She was conscious of nought but a saint's purity—yet would she not for the world that her husband should see such looks bent on his wife? She made a violent effort, withdrew her eyes from the basilisk glare of the traitor, (for a traitor indeed, though as yet she could not doubt it, she was to find Adalolf,) and entered into friendly discourse with a veteran chief with a venerable white beard, who sat by her side. Shortly after, the Queen arose, and, saluting the assembled nobles, retired. The favourite watched her departure, and in less than a quarter of an hour he also withdrew from the banqueting-hall, flushed with wine and confidence.

The source of the villain's behaviour was this:—in retiring from before the Queen at the audience of that morning, he overheard her Majesty say gaily, and in the innocence of her heart—and in truth, for he was among the handsomest of the Lombard race—“ Saint John to my aid, but this Adalolf has a tall figure, and a fine manly face !”<sup>\*</sup> But on a base not half so broad as this can vanity and presumption raise its edifice; and in the breast

<sup>\*</sup> Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 629. His authority is *Fredegarius*. In *Chronic.* cap. 51.

of the favourite there was no principle and no gratitude to prevent indulgence at the cost of his generous master's peace and honour.

The Queen had retired to the pleasure-grounds behind the palace ; her maidens had separated in search of the wild flowers that grew profusely round each verdant knoll, or perhaps to discuss more at their ease the good looks and the fine dresses of the courtiers, who were then almost as numerous at Monza as the butterflies that were flitting from those flowers ; and she sat alone, pensive and happy, in a little bower enjoying the breeze of evening, and the glorious spectacle of the sun setting behind the distant Apennines. Of a sudden she heard the sounds of approaching steps — of steps hasty and heavy, unlike the gentle tread of maiden with flowing hair.\* Who could it be ? Had the King so soon forsaken the conviviality of his faithful subjects ? Was it her husband come to seek her ? — The next moment she saw Adalolf at her feet !

\* Among the Lombards the young women wore their hair long and loose, but it was cut off at their marriage. Maidens of a marriageable state were styled in law, *figlie in capegli*. “ Si crede che fossero pure chiamate *intonse*, e che di quivi sia venuta la voce *Tosa*, tuttavia in uso presso alcuni volghi di Lombardia.” — Manzoni.



Speechless, breathless, almost motionless, the Queen could only withdraw the hand he attempted to grasp, and make a sign that he should rise. The audacious villain grasped her royal robe, and would have laid his head upon the Queen's knees. At this she recovered herself. She could no longer doubt of his intentions; but, generous as virtuous, she would give him an opportunity of retrieving himself ere it was too late; and she flattered herself that her tone and manner might restore him to reason, and to the sense of her virtues, and the duty he owed the King his master.

"Sir Adalolf," said she mildly, "what means this? What boon is it you demand that requires so lowly a posture?—it is not on your knees you have been wont to ask grace either of your king or queen, and I cannot listen to you thus—Rise Sir."—The confident, unblushing recreant, arose. "And what boon can I demand?" said he; "what grace have I to ask but the fair Gundenberga's love?" The Queen started from him, but still commanding herself coolly said: "Young man! I would not work your ruin, audacious as you are! The wine you have drunk hath troubled your senses—you are mad, or how could such words escape your lips?—But away, Sir—away! Keep this damning

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secret, as I will keep it—repent ye of your sins, and all may be well!”—“No! beautiful Gundenberga,” replied the infatuated Adalolf, “the words that escape me are those of reason and love—I am neither drunk nor mad, but I heard the happy words that fell from your lips this morning in the audience-chamber, and am here, in opportune hour and spot, to enjoy the bliss and passion they pointed at.”

The Queen scarcely remembered having uttered the words he alluded to; but when the expression of her innocent, thoughtless admiration came to her mind, she was filled with scorn and indignation.—“Fool! egregious coxcomb! even more fool than villain!” cried she in tones, though low and rapid, so vehement and penetrating, that they ought to have made him tremble; “can it be that a careless word bestowed on your worthless person has spirited you on to aspire to the love of your sovereign, and aim at the dishonour of your too bountiful master? Can there be vanity sufficient in the whole world to blind and bewilder you to such a point?” The favourite was confounded, yet his vanity, which was indeed egregious, his reliance on his own observation, and perhaps the wine working within him, restored

his treasonable audacity, and he replied : " Woman, as well as man, is disposed to love that which they admire ; and if you do not love me, what meant that blushing cheek, that fixed eye—those glances only cast on me, even now at table ? Yes ! I do not deceive myself—they spoke of passion ! You loved me then, and the time that has elapsed since, is too short to admit even of a lady's changing, and all this is only feminine coyness or caprice." " Now, by the manes of my chaste and blessed mother, by the blood of a race whose women are virtuous as their men are brave !" exclaimed Gundenberga, turning with flashing eyes on the traitor, and spitting in his face,\* " for this you deserve to be hacked piece-meal by the hands of serfs and bondsmen ! Presumptuous, disloyal, arrogant slave ! Ay ! shrink and hide your felon head ! Full well you know the fate that would await you from a betrayed King, and a nation you have insulted in the person of their Queen, whose fame hath never known reproach ! Yes, tremble miserable recreant ! Were I to breathe a word of what has

\* "*E gli sputò sul volto*" are the concise words of Muratori. Not a very pretty lady-like achievement ; yet many centuries after, Queen Elizabeth used to box her courtiers' ears.

passed here, the hound whipped to death by the hunter's scourges, the worthless hawk crucified on the tree, would experience a mild fate compared to what would be yours; but hence! despicable wretch that you are; my religion teaches me mercy. I leave your punishment to your own conscience, and never, unless this outrage be repeated, shall your Queen accuse you."

Almost annihilated, and not daring to raise his head, or look towards offended majesty, Adalolf slunk away without uttering a word. The Queen sat awhile where she was, to recover her composure, and then, seeking her innocent and careless attendants, returned to her apartments.

When the festivities of the day were over, the King, as had been previously arranged, prepared to return with his court, for the despatching of some weighty affairs early on the morrow, to Pavia, whence he would repair on a grand hunting expedition that was to detain him several days. He took an affectionate leave of his lovely wife; and as he kissed her forehead and still burning cheek, Gundenberga little thought that their separation would be extended to so long and sad a date. The traitor Adalolf did not appear among those who paid their parting respects to the Queen, but in

the long cavalcade that that night trod the road between Monza and Pavia there was not a heart so heavy nor a head so busy as his. His own vices and baseness permitted him not to place confidence in the virtues and magnanimity of others—that the Queen, to whom he had offered such an outrage, should ever forgive him, was impossible—that she should keep the infamous secret seemed equally so—she had merely made the promise to escape from his despair at the time, and the first moment of confidential intercourse with her husband would be employed to establish her own virtue in his eyes, and to sign the death-warrant of her insulter. He blessed his stars that the King should not pass that night with his lovely wife, and he employed all his wits and infernal malice, so to direct events that he should never pass another in her society.

The business of state among the Lombards was usually dispatched with that speed which suited the tastes and habits of an impetuous, warlike people, much more addicted to the saddle, and the hunter's cry, than to the Council board or long speeches. The national assembly that met with the primitive forms and character of a free people, the following

morning in an open plain,\* without the city of Pavia, had terminated its discussions long before noon; and after a hearty repast the King and his train, and those invited to the grand hunting-match, mounted their impatient steeds and rode off for their favourite pastime. The whole of that day, Adalolf, whose duty kept him near the person of his master, was observed to be in a melancholy mood; his head was constantly bent in deep thought, and sighs were frequently seen to heave his breast; and indeed, though he studied that all this should be seen, there was no need for much affectation, considering the perilous ground he fancied himself to stand upon, and his *real* dastardly fears. The next day, although the sport was most inspiring,—although the wild boars and the red deer fell before the Lombard lances in heaps hardly ever seen equalled before, the favourite continued in the same mood; nor at night, when in joyous repose the glories of the day were reviewed, and each sportsman told some dexterous feat or hardy prowess, had the blue-buffalo horn filled to the brim with the juice of the grape, and the contents of the horn, the

\* “The Lombard kings of Italy convened the national assemblies in the palace, or more probably in the fields of Pavia.”—Gibbon, ch. xlv.

prescribed quantum of every huntsman's draught, any power to enliven Aldalolf, whose principal recommendation on other occasions was, that he was the gayest of the 'gay, and, if not the best wit in company, the very first to laugh at the jokes of others. King Arioald had observed all this, and frequently rallied his dull minion to no purpose. As he was preparing to go to rest for the night, and his favourite was throwing his mantle about him to protect him from the dews, he again asked Adalolf, but in a more serious tone, what so pressed upon his spirits. This was the moment the villain panted for. 'He would not distress his master,' he said: "if he was sad, it was not on his own account, but on that of his noble and generous King. And yet were it better to preserve silence than for ever to disturb his peace." These preludes, as he proposed, and other hints of an alarming nature, only increased the King's curiosity. Arioald took him aside, out of hearing of the huntsmen, who however were by this time all fast asleep, without fear or thought of domestic or any other treason, and there, in an open glade of the forest, beneath a bright and spotless moon, whose face was not purer than the fame of her who was "done to death by evil tongue," he

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listened to a tale of the deepest atrocity. Adalolf informed him, he had made the discovery, the source of all his grief, that his Queen Gundenberga had maintained for a considerable time a secret correspondence with Tasone the tributary Duke of Friuli; nay more, that for three successive days she had privately entertained the Duke in the Palace of Monza during her husband's absence; and that she had fully arranged an adulterous plot to poison him, and to give Tasone possession of his bed and crown. Had the stings of ten thousand adders assailed the delicate organ—had streams of molten lead or boiling oil been poured into his ear, Arioald would not have felt the maddening pangs that the traitor's words—now spoken hesitatingly—now, as it were, wrung from him, only by threats and force—inflicted on the too credulous King. Adalolf was his bosom favourite,—one on whose affection and honour he placed implicit reliance; yet, when he recalled the image of his beautiful and candid wife,—when he thought of her tried love, of her education under her mother, the sainted Theodolinda, and of all the virtues displayed during a union which had already counted years, and years of happiness, he could not credit this sudden and



atrocious guilt, and he vowed to immolate the slave who had blackened her name, unless he could produce proofs of his words.

This movement of his mind and passions was also anticipated by the wary villain, and he went and summoned one of the royal attendants to the presence of his master. His lesson had been well taught him for the suborned wretch, a Lombard, and a native of Friuli, which latter quality was artfully assumed, as having been the cause of the choice—distinctly and repeatedly attested that he had carried messages between the Queen and the Duke; and he swore moreover, in the name of St. John the Baptist, that he had seen Tasone secreted in Gundenberga's chamber at Monza.

The following day the King of Italy had other business to occupy him than hunting. Having left the forest with his favourite Adalolf and no other attendant, before midnight, and having ridden at a furious rate, he reached Pavia as the morning mist curled away from the tranquil surface of the Tesino, which then as now washes the city walls, and with a bursting heart entered his capital as his happier subjects, renovated by sleep, were repairing to the light labours of another day. He hastily summoned a few of his most valued friends or

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counsellors, and with a blushing face and trembling frame propounded the story of the Queen's guilt and his disgrace. In the first ebullition of his passion he could contemplate nothing less than public exposure, and a death of lingering anguish and infamy, as the fitting punishment for his wife; but by degrees he listened to the voice of prudence, and it was determined that Gundenberga should be seized and confined for life in a solitary fortress.

Meanwhile the Queen, happy in the consciousness of innocence and the discharge of her religious and moral duties, was seated with her handmaidens in the bowers of Monza, employed, according to the primitiveness of those times, with the distaff and the needle. It was near the hour of noon, and the royal dinner had just been announced, when a Lombard chief, with a numerous armed escort, arrived at the palace, and, without attending to the usual etiquette of the place, stalked at once into the presence of the Queen, and desired her to rise and follow him. At first surprised and offended, and then thunderstruck at what she heard, she asked the meaning of such an uncourteous intrusion, and whither the warrior would conduct his Queen in so sudden and peremptory a manner. The reply was brief, and even harsher than his

previous intimation. He had the orders of the King his master, and of his Majesty's council for what he did : he was to transfer her person to another and a safer spot ; and as his commission brooked no delay, *she must* at once submit and accompany him. Gundenberga, wringing her hands and exclaiming she was the victim of treachery and treason, and that her Lord never could have issued such a mandate, refused to move from the spot. The iron-hearted Lombard replied by striking his heavily spurred heel on the floor ; at which signal, a troop of wild-looking gasindj rushed into the room and surrounded the person of the Queen. Gundenberga looked upon the affrighted group of her handmaidens ! They could only weep and tear their flowing hair. She looked into the court-yard of the palace ; it was occupied by armed men, who had made her attached servants prisoners. She felt that she could offer no resistance but such as would be at once undignified and futile ; and then the high-minded woman, summoning up all her spirit and nerve, waved her hand to the chieftain to lead on where he list. At the gate of the palace the Queen was mounted on a horse, and a thick veil, or cloak, which effectually concealed her person, whilst it prevented her seeing, being thrown

over her, and a man taking her bridle-rein in his hand, the cavalcade left Monza and proceeded across the plain of Lombardy at a brisk pace. They never stopped till nightfall, and then it was that the hapless Gundenberga, whose mind was utterly overwhelmed, was informed she was at her journey's end. In dismounting from her horse she threw off her covering, and saw to her horror that she was standing at the foot of an old and massy tower, that, black and stark, rose in the dim twilight. No peaceful cottage—no vestige of human habitation was near it! it stood alone in savage solitude, and seemed a den made for deeds of blood and secrecy.

As Gundenberga, carried forward by the gasindj, crossed the threshold of its gate, she felt as if she had passed the threshold of death; and though no words or signs of terror escaped her, she inwardly and earnestly prayed that Heaven would assoil her from the sins of life, and give her strength to meet her doom. She was borne up a winding and dilapidated staircase, which terminated at a low, black, iron-bound door. This door was opened, and she was thrust within a small chamber—the gasindj lit a cresset-lamp that was suspended from the ceiling, and then, depart-

ing, fastened the strong door, without saying a word to the royal captive. A few minutes after, she heard the tramp of horses' feet, which being soon lost in distance, the awful silence of the grave succeeded. A dreadful thought occurred to Gundenberga. "They are gone!" she cried, "and have left me here to die the most horrid of deaths—of hunger!" Distracted, she looked round the murky room, most imperfectly illuminated by the small and solitary lamp: there was a chair, a table, a large crucifix rudely carved in wood, and a humble pallet. On the latter she threw herself, breathless and exhausted, and covered her eyes and throbbing temples with her cold hands. She had not been long in this attitude of despair, when she heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs—they stopped at her door, and she fancied she distinguished, mixed with the noise made by the withdrawing of the bars that secured it, the rattling of swords. "Merciful Heaven!" cried she, springing to her feet, "is my fate then to be more immediate? Are they coming to destroy me? Am I to die now?" A man entered the room—he looked not like the minister of murder, for he was old and bending under the burden of a basket of provisions, and some articles of fur-

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niture, and his dress and physiognomy denoted an Italian and not a Lombard. In the most penetrating tones the Queen addressed herself to this domestic, and asked why she was thus imprisoned, and what was to be her fate; but he only shook his head and answered not. Again, and more earnestly, seizing him by the arm as she spoke, did she ask the same questions. The Italian again shook his head, sighed deeply, and pointed with his finger to his open mouth. Gundenberga looked and discovered to her horror, that the poor wretch's tongue had been cut from its roots—a punishment for political or other offences, not unfrequently inflicted by the conquerors on the Italians in those times of barbarity.\* The unhappy mute deposited his basket, spread a coverlet on the pallet, arranged the other few things he had brought with him, and bowing respectfully, and it seemed commiseratingly to the Queen, left the chamber and closed

\* It would be unjust, however, to confine these cruelties to the Lombards—they had been practised long before their conquest of the country, and continued to be so long after their fall. The Church of Rome might have set an example, and yet we find it continually avenging itself on its enemies in the same mode. But it was among the Greeks of the falling empire that the burning out of eyes, the cutting of tongues, hands, and other horrid mutilations, were most frequent.

the heavy door on her. Shut out from every means of obtaining information as to her present condition and its cause, she busied her burning head with wild conjectures. That which assumed the character of probability to her eyes was, that Arioald, by some unexpected revolution, had been hurled from the throne or killed, for her noble nature would not permit her for a moment to believe that her cruel treatment resulted from her husband's orders. The intense sufferings were at length suspended by a deep and merciful sleep.

When Gundenberga awoke, the sun was high, and his cheerful rays illumined, as if in mockery, the gloom of her living sepulchre. She was parched with thirst, and faint with hunger:—the basket on the table stood before her, and on unclasping it she found it contained a small vessel of water, another of wine, and some plain viands. Eagerly she grasped the vessel of water, and eagerly was she about to drink it, when the dread idea of poison flashed across her mind, and she put it down untasted. She passed a day of horror. At the approach of evening, her cell-door was again unbarred, and the same sad old man entered with another basket of provisions. On seeing the one left the night before untouched, he pressed the Queen,

with signs, to partake of its contents. "There is poison in those draughts, or in those viands," said she, in a hollow whisper. The mute shook his head negatively, and renewed his invitations. She watched his countenance : if there was poison there, he certainly did not know of it—nay more, he drank of the water and the wine, and ate of the viands he had just brought. The fear of this mode of destruction now quitted her, and the Queen Gundenberga partook of the peasant-like repast laid before her.

We will not enter on the long monotony of sufferings endured by this virtuous woman, but turn to one who, in the possession of blessed liberty, and with the gay, open sky above him, and the fair earth all free before him, suffered far more than she in her dungeon : this victim was the royal attendant who, won by the gold of the traitor Adalolf, had perjurally borne testimony against the Queen. From that fatal night in the forest, when he made the guilty, impious oath, he knew no peace. His conscience harassed him by day and by night ; and in the weakness of his superstition he fancied that St. John the Baptist, his protecting saint, by whom he had sworn—and falsely sworn—incessantly pursued him, like the Furies of ancient times, with



fiery scourges, and with threats of torture that dried up the marrow in his bones. And in process of time, so much did this dread and this conviction of a supernatural interference gain upon him, that whenever he approached a church, he felt an invisible hand\* thrust him back from the porch, so that he could no longer enter therein and pray to his God. Months, years, every hour of which was overcast by his crime, passed away, and the future promised no repose. At last he could bear the burden no longer; and imparting the whole of the nefarious secret to a hermit, he instantly fled from Lombardy to the states of the Greek Exarch of Ravenna.

The duty, or the task, thus left to the holy man was replete with difficulty; but, it should appear, he

\* This superstition of the invisible hand belongs to the times. According to the chronicles, an impious Lombard was thus punished by St. John the Baptist for having violated a royal tomb in the church of Monza. Paul Warnefrid, who tells the story, swears that he had it from those who had seen the miraculous fact. A Protestant may smile at the doubts of the Catholic Muratori. "Pare anche strano," says he, "che San Giovanni Batista, beato in cielo, si prendesse tal cura del sepolcro di un Principe eretico, condannato da Dio alle pene infernali."—*Annali*, Ann. 652. The tomb in question was that of Rothar, the lawgiver and benefactor of the nation—but Rothar was an Arian!

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acquitted himself with ability and success ; for some two months after, ambassadors arrived at Pavia from Dagobert, the King of the Franks, to demand of the Lombard monarch, Arioald, satisfaction for his ill-treatment of his wife Gundenberga, a princess connected by blood with the Frank king, as being daughter of Theodolinda, whose father was Garibald the First, Duke of Bavaria, and whose mother was Gualdrada, widow of Theobald, King of the Franks. When the cause of the cruel imprisonment was explained, one of the Frank ambassadors (they having probably pleaded in vain, with the testimony of a poor hermit based on the confession of a fugitive menial, who was no where to be found,) proposed what was impiously called the " Judgment of God," or a decision of guilt or innocence by means of a duel. Arioald was obliged to conform, and his favourite Adalolf was met on the field by a warrior named Python, who sustained the Queen to be void of offence, and her accuser, his opponent, to be a calumniator and traitor. For once, at least, the chances of the sword and of single combat were in favour of right : Adalolf was slain by the Frank ; and Queen Gundenberga, after three years' confinement, was liberated from the tower of Lomello, or Lomellina, situated in a then soli-

tary spot between the Po and the Tesino, and restored to honour and her throne, on which she continued to reign happily for many years.\*

\* Fredegarius. In Chronic. ch. 51.

## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

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### *Seventh Century.*

A.D. 633 to 664.

#### LOMBARD EPOCH CONTINUED.

AN alliance seems to have existed between Arioald the King of Italy, and Dagobert the King of the Franks, for they both turned their arms against the Slaves, or Slavonians. Little or no effect resulted from this warfare, which was preceded by an exchange of royal courtesies that marks the moral condition of the period. "Friendship!" said Sicard the Frank ambassador to Samon the Slavonian King, "It is impossible for christians, the servants of God, to hold friendship with dogs!" The pagans had heard of the unchristianlike life led by King Dagobert and his subjects, and Samon replied, "If you are the servants of God, we are God's dogs, and, as you are committing so many deeds offensive to God, we have his permission to bite you!" \*

A.D.  
635.

Arioald, the husband of Queen Gundenberga, died; and the Lombards leaving to the Queen the same liberty enjoyed by her mother Theodelinda of disposing of the crown, she gave it to Rothar, or Rotharis, Duke of Brescia. This Rothar also was an Arian; and as the Queen, and by this time a great portion of the Lombard people, were of the orthodox faith, each city of the kingdom had two bishops,—the one catholic, the other Arian. A most re-

636.

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\* Fredeg. in Chronico, cap. 68. Apud Muratori, Annali, ann. 635.

markable—a unique example of mutual tolerance for those days.\*

A.D. 643. Rothar drew up and propagated a code of laws, which

with its amendments made by his successors, has merited very distinguished praise. For the Lombard laws themselves see Muratori, *Scriptores Rerum Italicarum*. Tom. i. part 11. "*Les Loix des Bourgignons (see Montesquieu. Esprit des Loix. l. xxviii.) sont assez judicieuses : celles de Rotharis et des autres Princes Lombards, le sont encore plus.*" "The ignorance of the Lombards, in the state of paganism or christianity, gave implicit credit to the malice and mischief of witchcraft; but the judges of the seventeenth century might have been instructed and confounded by the wisdom of Rotharis, who derides the absurd superstition, and protects the wretched victims of popular or judicial cruelty." Gibbon, chap. xlv.

653. —Was memorable for the persecutions sustained by Pope Martin V. Still subject to the Eastern empire, Rome saw her Pope forcibly torn from her bosom by the Greek Exarch and conveyed to Constantinople. As early as this time the Saracens had made descents in the island of Sicily, and Italy saw herself threatened by a new and ferocious enemy.

662. Grimoald, Duke of Benevento, (which tributary Lombard state had vastly increased in power,) with the assistance of Thrasimond Count of Capua and others, ascended the throne of Italy, having treacherously assassinated the King Godebert.

663. The Emperor Constant made an unsuccessful attempt to recover Italy from the Lombards. He went in person from Constantinople to Athens, and from Athens he sailed to the Italian port of Taranto, whence he advanced into the

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\* Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 636.

Duchy of Benevento. He met with success in the plains of Apulia and the open country, but the fortified cities gallantly defended themselves, and Benevento the capital, though commanded by a Lombard youth, defied his arms. A treaty was agreed upon, and the Emperor retired to the city of Naples, which, though pressed on every side, still remained to the Greeks. After a repose at Naples, Constant repaired to Rome, where he kissed the Pope, and offered up fervent prayers. After twelve days' residence at Rome, he again took the road for Naples, carrying with him "from the queen of cities, all the statues and works in bronze that formed her ornaments, and even the copper sheets \* that covered the roof of the ancient Rotunda."† From Naples the Emperor went by land to Reggio, at the extremity of Calabria, and before the end of the year left Italy for Sicily and the city of Syracuse.

A.D.  
663.

The holy legends of Saint Barbato, Bishop of Benevento, belong to this period, and they are worth referring to, as containing some particulars of Lombard superstition, not noticed elsewhere. It appears from them that the Beneventan Lombards, like most other barbarous people, retained an attachment to gentile rites and pagan superstitions, long after they had been baptized christians. The object of their special adoration was a viper, and in every house was carefully preserved an image of the noxious reptile. Besides the viper, they adored a certain tree, and prayers, if not sacrifices, were offered up in its shade. Moreover, they attached to its branches a piece of leather, and then galloping away from the tree with their reins on their horses' necks, they threw their lances or darts be-

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\* Le tegole di bronzo.

† Muratori, Annali, ann. 663.

hind them at that piece of leather !\* “and happy the man who could thus cut a piece off,—he ate it to himself with great devotion !” Before he was honoured with the mitre, Saint Barbato had preached with unction against these practices, so unworthy of a christian people ; but he preached in vain until the hour of danger when the Greek army, under the Emperor Constant, laid siege to Benevento.

Romoald, the young duke, commanding there, then listened to Barbato, and promised to extirpate the idolatrous abuses on condition that Heaven should save the city from the enemy. The saint boldly ratified the bargain, and stood security † from the powers of the other world to the Lombard prince. The Greek emperor, as we have seen, raised the siege, which was no sooner done than the servant of God ran to the tree, and with his own hands cut it down to the roots, and covered with earth the spot whereon it had stood. Some time after, Barbato, created Bishop of Benevento, discovered that the duke still kept in his private cabinet (he might well have wished to retain it for the value of the metal it was made of) a golden viper : he waited his opportunity until one day that he was absent hunting, when presenting himself to Theoderata the duke’s wife, and a truly catholic and pious princess, he spoke to her with such effect, that she made the trea-

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\* Superstition was sometimes brought to the aid of precept and salutary practice. To throw the dart with accuracy, to charge unerringly with the lance, were most essential qualities before the invention of gunpowder ; and what better exercise could the Lombards have than this game of the sacred tree and leathern target ?

† “Del che si fece malevadore Barbato,” says Muratori.

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surer consign to her the idol, which she immediately broke in pieces. Of the gold, a chalice and a patera were formed of admirable size, for the service of the true Church, and the duchess was enabled to pacify her husband for the pious theft she had committed. At a later period the Lombard duke would have prodigalized on Barbato the riches of the Church within his states, but the saint would accept only of the poor diocese of Siponto with the holy and miraculous grotto of Saint Michael on Mount Garganus,—an important spot in the Italian annals of the middle ages.





## The Wandering King.

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Tra male gatte era venuto il sorco ;  
Ma Barbariccia il chiuse con le braccia,  
E disse : State in là mentr' io lo 'nforco.

DANTE, *L'Inferno*.



## The Wandering King.

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“ IN the year of our salvation, six hundred and sixty-one, and the ninth of the reign of Aribert, a Bavarian by birth, and King of the Lombards, death took the sceptre from his hands, and he was buried in the church of San Salvator, which he himself had built, beyond the occidental gate of Pavia.”\*

This virtuous monarch left behind him two sons, Bertarid and Godebert ; and by his will or dying arrangements, which provided that the kingdom of Italy should be equally divided between them, he annulled all the good of his reign, and prepared sufferings for his subjects and ruin for his children. Bertarid, the elder of the two princes, fixed his residence in the good city of Milan, and Godebert remained in the palace of Pavia ; but their father

\* Paulus Diaconus, l. 4, ch. 53.

was scarcely cold in his grave, ere fiery hate broke out between the royal brothers. Bertarid, the first-born, saw with spite his younger brother made equal to himself; and Godebert seems to have been persuaded at an early moment, how much more pleasant it would be to reign alone, and to have an undivided crown, as the Lombard kings before him had. Our peaceful propensities may die effectless for want of sympathy or echo; but it is never found, in this good world of ours, that men who are inclined to quarrel and to plunge in war are unprovided on either side with encouraging or provoking spirits. The flames of mad, unnatural discord were cherished to such a degree, that the minds of the brother kings were wholly consumed by them, and they no longer entertained view or wish, but to seize, the one on the states of the other. Full soon they had recourse to arms, and the Lombards were treated with the fratricidal spectacle of their banners opposed to each other on a field of blood. By supposing the younger to be the weaker of the brothers, we admit of some excuse for the guilt of Godebert, who despatched a favourite, Garibald Duke of Turin, to call in Grimoald Duke of Benevento, to assist him in his war against his brother Bertarid. But the ambas-

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sador was a traitor, and no sooner had he arrived at Benevento, and seen the power and wealth of that state, than he proposed to the Duke Grimoald, that he should take up arms, not for the young King Godebert, but to seize the kingdom himself.

The Duke of Benevento had valour and ambition equal to any enterprize. The envoy's representations were most seductive, and patriotism might have excused one of them. "Alas!" said Garibaldi, "what has not the kingdom suffered already — what has it not still to suffer, under the divided government of two kings—youthful, inexperienced, and driven on with insane hate against each other? On the other hand, you, Duke of Benevento, are of mature years, noted for valour in the field, and wisdom in the council-chamber; lift but your lance, and both parties will rally round you, and leave the boys. You can and you must save Italy, and restore the good system!" The aspiring heart of the warrior was won by this syren song,\* and, without losing time, he marched with a strong body of troops towards Pavia, leaving the city and duchy of Benevento to the care of Romoald his son. The steps of Grimoald were secretly pre-

\* "Piacque il canto di questa Sirena all' ambizioso Grimoaldo."—Muratori, Annali.

ceded by his emissary Thrasimund Count of Capua, who, passing through the cities of the dukedom of Spoleti and of Tuscany, prepared men's minds for the great political change, and gained friends and partisans for the Duke of Benevento. Thrasimund, indeed, was so successful in his missions, that when his employer reached the Emilian Way, above Modena, he joined him with a numerous and devoted army.

With these forces, and a purpose carefully concealed, the Duke of Benevento advanced to Piacenza, whence he despatched the traitor Garibald to inform his master of his much desired approach. The young King received the returning messenger with a transport of joy, and flattered himself that with the Duke of Benevento's aid, he should have nothing to fear from his brother. He was artfully advised to receive and lodge the duke in the royal palace where he himself dwelt. When Benevento reached Pavia, the gates were thrown open to him, and he was welcomed as a deliverer; but before his audience in the palace, the perfidious Garibald whispered in the ears of the King, that the duke might entertain treasonable designs, and that it would be well to wear armour concealed under his robes, at the approaching interview. At an hour

appointed, the hall of audience was thrown open, and the youthful sovereign met half-way his powerful vassal or ally, and they embraced. "Ha!" exclaimed the Duke of Benevento with well feigned horror, at feeling arms beneath the King's dress, "am I betrayed!" He again embraced his sovereign, but that time a short dagger was drawn, and the youthful Godebert fell dead from his embrace.\*

On learning this fatal news, Bertarid the King of Milan wept too late the enmity between him and his brother which had caused the catastrophe; but the Duke of Benevento did not allow him much time for the tranquil indulgence of grief; so rapid and decisive were all his movements, that he was almost immediately before Milan with an army and a suite of Lombard chieftains that seemed to increase with every hour. Overpowered with horror and panic, Bertarid fled from the city, and so great were the difficulties attending his escape, that he was obliged to leave a wife and an infant son behind him. These fell into the hands of the victor; and it was esteemed in that era an effort of

\* Paul. Diac. Bossi, Storia d'Italia, cap. xxiv. "E Grimoaldo trovando il re armato nell' abbracciarlo, colse quel pretesto, e colla sua spada l'uccise, dopo di che, la reggia occupò."



sublime virtue that he did not put them both to death. He sent them prisoners to a castle in his distant city of Benevento. After these important transactions, which left him undisputed master of Lombardy, Grimoald had no difficulty in inducing the national diet assembled at Pavia to proclaim him king; and to strengthen his grasp on the "iron crown," he gave his hand, so recently wet with her brother's blood, to the sister of the late Godebert and of the fugitive Bertarid.

About three years since these events in Italy had elapsed, when one night two travellers sought refuge from storm and darkness in a rustic cabin on a ridge of the Trentine Alps, that looked towards the plains of Lombardy. Their garments were old and soiled, their sandals were torn, their beards matted, and their whole appearance denoted they had come from a far-off land, and without the comforts which even in those days were thought essential to long way-faring. Their spirits seemed as much dulled as the cloth of their coats, and they sighed frequently, until supper was ready! But when that meal was finished—they had not spoken a word during its progress—their hosts were astonished at the revolution in their humour; and as

they conversed the one with the other, they began to wonder who and what they could be.

“Pile up the wood on the hearth,” said the younger of the travellers, after astonishing the mountaineers with his loquacity; “and, Onulf, fill up another cup of wine. It is long, you know, since we have tasted the juice of the grapes of Italy!” —“Long, indeed,” said his companion with a sigh, pouring out the wine; “but whence, kind hosts, may be this good liquor?” —“Our districts are cold and poor,” replied a peasant, “and our goat-skins are filled far away. The vines that furnish these ruby draughts grow on the sunny slopes of Rocalda!” The inquirer trembled as he withdrew the cup from his own lips, for the man had named his native place and the familiar haunts of his early years. “Onulf,” cried the younger of the two, “another cup to Rocalda! Why do you look so pale, varlet—we shall be there to-morrow.” —“Ay, and there, and then what will betide us?” murmured Onulf, who from some cause or other was much agitated. “Fear not!” said the other: “is not your mind resolved like mine?—or would you have me again wander over the face of the un-pitying earth?—or would you leave me, and by

separating your fate from mine, insure at once your own safety?"—"I have sworn never to quit your side," said Onulf, "until \* \* \* and I will keep my vow, and you are cruel to suspect me of other purposes."—"Dolt! I suspect you of nothing," said the young man playfully, "except a plot for spoiling the pleasures of the present moment. Is it not pleasanter here, by the side of this blazing hearth, than away there, where we have been, among the snows, and the glaciers, and the giddy ravines? Are not these honest mountaineers better society than the Huns, and the Avars—ay, or even some of the Franks we have visited? Is there not more wine in that skin to make us gay to-night, and to-morrow shall we not see Italy again? I am a philosopher, Onulf, and you are none; and the long experience of a haphazard, trust-to-providence kind of life has been utterly thrown away upon you, if you have not learned to be happy on such an opportunity as this!"—"I have been happy on slighter grounds," said Onulf, speaking in his ear, "but to-morrow!—your perilous resolution which you will not alter—*do* really depress my spirits somewhat to-night!"

"Between rest and journeying—between to-morrow morning and this night, twelve round

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hours have to elapse! And pray how long is it now since you or I have been able to count on twelve hours' repose and safety? Have a conscience, Onulf! twelve hours are an age to men in our circumstances,—and so fill the cup again, and let us enjoy as much of them as we can!" And saying this the gay wanderer took the wine from his obedient companion, and having made a right manful draught of it his own, passed it round to the mountaineers, who sat gazing in stupid wonderment at men who by their own confession had been among Huns and Pagans. A few more draughts, and Onulf, who would have moralized his companion into a melancholy, was as gay as he: even the peasants left off wondering who they could be, to laugh at their jokes: the pine fire burned most cheerfully—when, as it would happen, the wine-skin was exhausted, and instead of a gushing stream, answered with a sober sad sigh to the pressure of the bacchanalian hand. What was to be done?—joviality could not halt there: but there was not another skin in the cabin; the old host was quite sure of that! And yet on the accidental display of a tiny piece of gold by the young traveller, which showed that if he could drink he could also pay, another skin, and a plump one too, was produced — also by accident

perhaps. With such good society the night wore pleasantly away, and it was a late hour when the travellers betook themselves to a bed composed of dried leaves and wolf-skins, where they found a renewal of pleasure in that sound sleep that fatigue aided with wine, can bestow. With the morning, however, came less agreeable sensations; the adventitious stimulus was exhausted; they knew that every moment they drew nearer to danger; and it was in a somewhat sad, and a very reflective silence that the travellers pursued their journey. Yet, on emerging from a deep and gloomy ravine, when they saw full before them, smiling in the morning sun, the fertile plains of Italy—their lovely, native land from which they had long been exiles—a rapture of delight thrilled their hearts; and, after a silent flash of tears, gave words to their tongue. “Onulf,” said the young man, pointing to the south, “there is the world’s garden, whose recollections has made us sigh so often! One of my heart’s wishes is accomplished, for, come death when it may, I have seen Italy again!”—“And how beautiful she looks!” cried Onulf. “Bless that wide-spreading plain—that broad river that flows through it—and those distant blue mountains! Bless those vine-clad hills, and the hundred brooks that

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babble down their sides, and those tall poplar trees that grow by the streams, and the ilex that waves its green boughs on the steep mountains! Bless them all, for they are beautiful, and their like is not seen in the world!" With frequent exclamations like these, they descended the steep Alps, whose Italian side is incomparably *more steep* than the reverse; thus resembling the inner side of a stupendous mound or dike, erected to secure a fair champaign from the ravages of the waves. Alas! that they should have proved so inefficacious in repelling the successive inundations of foes that have ravaged fair Italy, and drunk the waters of her river Po tinted with blood!\* Our travellers, whose excited feelings rendered them insensible to fatigue—and the labour of climbing a mountain is nothing, as will be acknowledged by the experienced pedestrian, to that of its long steep descent—continued their journey by narrow paths, so rough and headlong that they seemed made only for the feet of the goat or the chamois, and at last gained the fair plain. They prosecuted their way with increased speed, and towards noon came in sight of the *castella* or village of Rocalda. "Here we will rest," said Onulf; "it is

\* Filicaja's Sonnet.

twelve years since I left my humble home to enter your father's service, and I have never seen my native spot since—there will be time too to say a *paternoster* and a *requiescat* at my mother's grave, and then we will continue our journey!" He had scarcely uttered this pious resolve, when a Lombard noble, with his suite, was seen advancing towards them by the road that led to the village. They had their reasons for wishing to avoid such a rencounter, and turned to the right into some fields. But the Lombard, who observed their digression, spurred his horse, and, galloping towards them, bade them halt. "What men are ye," cried he when he came up to them, "that avoid meeting us on the highway? Are ye foreign spies, for your garbs are strange?—or subjects, and true to King Grimoald?"—"I should know that face and voice," said the young man to Onulf. "Yes! it is Count Baudo, once my sire's liege—and now he shall know who I am!"—"In the name of Saint John the Baptist!" whispered Onulf, "have a care!"

"Villains and churls! do you not answer me?—Let this teach you better manners!" and the Lombard raised a lance he carried in his hand, as if to strike.

The younger of the travellers retired a few steps, and throwing off a thick fur cap that almost concealed his face, and crossing his arms on his breast, said boldly, "I am what I am. Does Count Baudo know me now?"

"I do not," said the Count, "and still I desire that information of you!"

"Then have three years, and persecution, and sorrow and toil, much altered me," exclaimed the traveller, "for you have seen this face ere now—Ay! Count Baudo, and trembled at its frown!"

"Baudo has not been wont to tremble," replied the warrior proudly, "and again I say,—Who are ye?"

"I am Bertarid, sometime sovereign of you and of Italy, and still the son of the good King Aribert!" exclaimed the young man.

"What words are those? Bertarid—you! and in this hapless condition?" cried the warrior, much moved.

"I had brief time to make my toilet," said the fugitive prince, "when I fled from Milan, and, in sooth," he looked at his uncouth tattered attire, "the garment-makers on the banks of the Danube have neither the materials nor the skill of those



who dwell by the Tesino and the Po. And I have been a pedestrian wayfarer since I parted with my friends the Huns !”

“ Prince Bertarid,” said Baudo, who had attentively examined him as he spoke, “ I recognize you—and by that gaiety of spirit which misfortune has not broken ! But why here in the lion’s den ?—whither are you going ?”

“ To Pavia,” replied Bertarid.

“ To Pavia !” exclaimed the Count with astonishment.

“ Ay ! to the court of him who holds my place—to Grimoald !” returned the Prince.

Baudo rode back to the road, and with a sign of his hand bade his followers return to the *castella*. He then approached the Prince, and dismounting spoke to him with compassionate respect, if not with friendship.

“ Know you not,” said he, “ that Grimoald is firmly established on the throne,—that Italy has never been governed so strictly,—and that we all, from the lowliest chief to the highest duke of the Lombards, dread his severity and vigilance ?”

“ It is on this firm establishment and security I count,” replied Bertarid ; “ for what can he now have to fear from me ? and why should he not per-

mit me all I desire—a quiet, modest life, in my own country?”

“But your rank, your rights, your descent,” reasoned the warrior,—“all must render you an object of suspicion to Grimoald, however modest and sincere may be your present wishes.”

“Count Baudo, report speaks fairly of the magnanimity of Grimoald, and the voice of Heaven and earth would be raised against him, should he stain his hands with the blood of one who voluntarily throws himself on his protection.”

“He was an invited guest, and he slew your brother by his own hearth,” rejoined the Chief.

“To gain a crown,” said Bertarid, but not without shuddering, “and now he hath it.”

“And will Grimoald hesitate at any crime which he may think necessary to preserve it?” added Baudo.

The dethroned King mused sadly for a while, and then said :—

“Hark ye, Sir Count! this is my last resource—I have pondered on my fate, and am resolved—I go to Pavia! I have wandered so long, and have suffered so much, that, although with a spirit active for the enjoyment of life, and for whatever temporary pleasure fate may throw in my way, I some-

times fancy I would rather meet death at once, than prolong such a life. When I escaped from the walls of Milan at the approach of Grimoald, I crossed the Alps, and with this faithful man, my only attendant, I reached, after a thousand perils, the residence of the Chagan of the Huns; I claimed his protection, and the barbarian generously accorded it. My life among the Pagans, the people of strange gods and abominable customs, was not a pleasant one; but amidst them I was safe, until Grimoald discovered the place of my retreat, and despatched a peremptory ambassador to intimate to the Hun that he must give me up, or at least withdraw his countenance and dismiss me from his territory. A war of extermination was the alternative. The interests of the moment imposed on the Huns the necessity of preserving peace, at any price, with the Lombards; and the Chagan, too generous to give me up to my enemies, secretly dismissed me, with a small purse of gold.\* Since that moment, I have led the vagabond life of the accursed Jew—no one spot in this wide world would sustain me,—now here, now there, wretched every where! To day I have been received with open arms; on the morrow, driven forth as an

\* Muratori, Annali, ann. 664.

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object of danger or suspicion. Where I have disclosed my rank, I have speedily found motives to suspect that my hosts, to captivate the good-will of a powerful monarch, were devising the means of giving me over to Grimoald. And I have fled. Where I adapted my bearing and language to the lowliness of my appearance, I have been treated as a fugitive hind, whom every barbarian might revile or spit at, and thence also I have fled. Even among gentler tribes and kinder hosts, the wounds of fortune have been unjustly attributed to the faults of the wounded. In truth, I have been a ship without sail and without rudder, driven to various ports and shores by the cold blasts of disastrous fortune. And when on these wild voyages, how would my heart beat, when I heard, as at times I would, those who spoke of my native land!—of fair Italy, in which I was bred and nourished till I attained the age of manhood, and where, with due permission, I desire to repose my tired soul, and finish the time that is given me to live !”\*

\* The latter part of this speech is imitated from Dante's lament on his own exile, than which I know nothing more eloquent and touching. “ Poiché fu piacere de' cittadini della bellissima famosissima figlia di Roma, Fiorenza, di gittarmi fuor del suo dolce seno, nel quale nato e nodrito fui fino al colmo della mia vita, e nel quale, con buona pace di quella,

The heart of the Prince's auditor was a kind but not a bold one. The first impulse of Baudo was to invite the fugitive to his home and his hospitality ; but the dread of Grimoald, whose power and vigilance and severity he had by no means exaggerated, deterred him, and he contented himself with saying :—

“ Prince Bertarid, your melancholy history brings tears to my eyes, and I no longer wonder at your desperate resolution. God go with you on your way ! I will be no hindrance to your steps, and may they lead you to better fortune than I foresee ! For my sake, mention not this meeting !” and, respectfully saluting, he galloped away.

desidero con tutto il cuore di riposare l'animo stanco, e terminare il tempo che m'è dato. Per le parti quasi tutte, alle quali questa lingua si stende, mendicando sono andato, e mostrando contra mia voglia la piaga della fortuna, che suole ingiustamente molte volte essere imputata al piagato. Veramente io sono stato legno senza vela e senza governo, portato a diversi porti e foci e lidi dal vento secco che vapora la dolorosa povertà ; e sono apparito agli occhi a molti, che forse per alcuna fama in altra forma m'aveano immaginato ; nel cospetto de' quali non solamente mia persona inviliò, ma di minor pregio si fece ogni opera, si già fatta, come quella che fosse a fare. \* \* \* \* Oh patria mia ! Quanta pietà mi stringe per te, qual volta leggo, qual volta scrivo cosa che a reggimento civile abbia rispetto !”

IL CONVITO.

“A very churl!” cried the Prince indignantly. “Is this his courtesy to his sometime king?”

“Let us be thankful for what we have,” said Onulf, speaking after a long silence: “he might have bound us hand and foot, and, presented in that manner, Bertarid would have a worse chance with Grimoald, than when freely presenting himself.”

“You are right,” replied the Prince, “for so much I am Baudo’s bounden servant. And now let us hasten to the village and procure dresses less likely to attract attention on the road. Then for Lodi with all the speed we may.”

We may spare the reader the particulars of a rustic toilet, and the journey across the Lombard plain, and meet the travellers at the fair city of Lodi, where they arrived without accident. Here, as it had been previously concerted, they were to part, the devoted Onulf going on to Pavia, and the Prince remaining in secret, until he should receive an answer from Grimoald. The separation of master and servant, who had hardly been out of each other’s sight for years, was most painful, and provoked by the uncertainty of the future, and of their ever meeting again on earth.

The devoted follower, whose fears were more

for his royal master than himself, reached the capital in a few hours, and obtained without difficulty an audience of the King.

The heart of Grimoald bounded with joy on hearing that the fugitive Bertarid was within his states ; but his first thoughts were, to secure by his death his future tranquillity. More humane feelings however succeeded, and he determined to give the dethroned prince the humble asylum he sought, and leave him to the enjoyment of the life of a private individual in his dominions. Onulf could scarcely credit his good fortune when he heard Grimoald accede to his master's propositions, and pledge the word of a king that Bertarid might come to his court without danger or fear. With this message he returned to Lodi, and with his master speedily re-appeared at Pavia.

On entering the royal hall, Bertarid would have knelt before the King, but Grimoald embraced him, (he had no dagger in his hand this time !) gave him a fraternal kiss, and assured him with a solemn oath, that henceforward he was safe, and should experience nothing but kind treatment from him.\* A palace in Pavia was assigned to Bertarid, and it was the King's care to provide him with all

\* Paul. Diac. lib. v. cap. 2.

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that was considered in those times essential to the domestic economy of a person of rank.

It could not but happen, that among the citizens of Pavia there would be some attached to the de-throned prince, and who, though they might not even contemplate his restoration to the throne, would be anxious to contribute to his happiness in the inferior condition in which they saw him. They visited him at his residence, and as his manners were attractive, and his spirit most convivial, their visits soon became both long and frequent. These innocent circumstances were misrepresented to Grimoald by some of his courtiers, and Bertarid soon had to learn that the King's suspicions were awakened, and that his situation was not so safe as it should be. Addicted by temperament and habit to wine, he now increased his potations, and studiously exaggerated their effects; and as the first Brutus had blinded his tyrant by an assumed idiotcy, so he thought to lull the apprehensions of his, by gaining the celebrity of a confirmed drunkard—a character incompatible with lofty aspirations or ambitious projects. Had he at the same time shut himself up from society, he might have succeeded, but this he could not do.

Meanwhile his enemies were at work, and Grim-



oald, to whom they were incessantly representing that he was on the eve of losing his throne, at last despising the solemn vow he had registered in Heaven, and the rights of hospitality and humanity, determined that Bertarid should die. The traitor had recourse to art, prudently desiring that so horrid a deed should be perpetrated with as little noise as possible.

On a certain evening Grimoald, sent from the royal table (a token of friendship and consideration still prevalent in eastern countries, and perhaps then recognised by the Lombards) a present of choice dishes, and an abundant supply of precious wines, with the view that Bertarid, by banqueting and drinking, might reduce himself to a helpless state of inebriety, when it would be easy to dispose of him as the tyrant wished.

Whatever may have been the virtues and the vices of the prince, he seems to have possessed in an extraordinary degree, the secret, if it is one, of securing the fidelity and affection of attendants. He had sat himself down to carouse on the insidious draughts, when a menial whispered in his ear the whole of Grimoald's plot. Instead, therefore, of drinking wine, Bertarid had water put in the silver cup, which he drank at frequent intervals to the

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King's health. As soon as he could, feigning drunkenness, he retired to his chamber, and summoned the faithful Onulf to consult on what was to be done on this new crisis of his fortunes. But they scarcely had time to collect their thoughts when they heard a noise below, and on looking out saw that the house was surrounded by the guards of the King. The next moment a happy inspiration came to Onulf. He and another confidential servant attired their master in the dress of a slave, and loading on his shoulders a mattress, with bed-clothes and a bear's skin, Onulf drove him before, swearing at him most lustily, and even beating him with a stick. On reaching the beleaguers without the house, the guards inquired what music was that. "Ah! Sirs," replied Onulf, "this ragged rascal had prepared my bed in the chamber of that foul drunkard Bertarid, who is snoring there, up-stairs, drowned in his wine. I will no longer stay with that madman! To my home! to my home!" and giving a fresh oath and blow to the prince, they both passed on undetected.

Shortly after the King sent an order that Bertarid should be brought to the palace. The guards entered and knocked at the prince's door. A voice within begged them for charity to let his

poor master sleep a few minutes, for he was really so overpowered with wine\* that he could not stand on his feet. This was the voice of Bertarid's steward, who had shut himself up in the chamber on his master's departure. A messenger went to Grimoald with this request, but anon returned with an imperative command to carry the drunkard forthwith to the palace.

"Oh, for charity, let my poor master sleep a little longer, and make less noise!" replied the steward.

"Open the door!" cried the guards, "and let us obey the King's orders!"

"I cannot leave my master's head! he will be choked in his wine!" said the steward.

"Open the door, or we will force it!" bawled the guards furiously.

"Presently, presently, my masters! only a little moment!" was the answer from within.

At length the guards, who perceived that the steward was temporizing with them, carried their threats into execution, and broke open the door of the chamber. Their surprise and mortification

\* "*Sì cotto dal vino*" is the familiar and expressive Italian phrase used by Muratori.

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were great, when, instead of seeing the prince, only the domestic appeared as its occupant.

“Slave! where is your master?—where is Bertarid?”

“You may see he is not here,” replied the steward.

“But where is he?” cried the guards, who had searched every corner of the apartment.

“I do not know; but I can tell you where I wish him to be,—where you can never find him!” said the domestic boldly.

Duped and exasperated, the soldiers seized the poor Lombard by his long hair and dragged him into the presence of the King, as one accessory to Bertarid’s flight, and deserving death. To their surprise, Grimoald, after having ordered them to release the steward, turned mildly to him, and questioned him as to the mode of escape employed by the prince. The domestic felt his last moment was approaching, yet he clearly described what had passed, and congratulated himself on the part he, as a faithful servant, had sustained for his master.

Having heard him to the end, the King turned round to his guards and household, and asked what such a man, who had laboured to elude his orders, merited.—“A thousand torments and death!”

was the universal voice. But the King's magnanimity triumphed.

"Not so!" exclaimed he. "By my God! he merits every reward, for he hath not hesitated to expose his life to save his master!" and then, addressing the steward, he added: "From this moment, be numbered among my servants—ease and affluence shall be yours;—and if you but preserve for your new master the same fidelity you have shown for Bertarid, I shall be the gainer!"

The following day it was known throughout Pavia that Onulf had not escaped with the prince, but had taken sanctuary in the church of Saint Michael the Archangel. On the King's word of honour being pledged for his safety, he left the asylum of the altar and appeared at the royal palace.

To Grimoald, who was desirous of knowing the farther particulars of Bertarid's flight, he replied, that he had lowered the prince from the walls of the city with a rope; and that he had been unable, alone as he then was, to make good his own descent, which he fain would have done, to follow his beloved master.

"You too have done well!" cried the King with proper feeling: "depart in peace, faithful and

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noble man—with liberty, I accord you the tranquil enjoyment of whatever property you may possess in this our city, or in our states elsewhere.”

Onulf bowed and retired. Yet a short time after, on appearing at the palace and being asked by the King how his life passed, he candidly replied that he should prefer dying with his old master Bertarid, to living elsewhere in the midst of pleasures. Grimoald then summoned and interrogated Bertarid’s steward, and hearing from him a similar answer, he dismissed them both, with servants, horses, and other valuable presents, and a guard moreover of his own troops to escort them on their journey. “And thus,” in the words of the annalist, “having both made up good and abundant baggage, they went away to France to find their most beloved master Bertarid.”\*

That young prince, whose life was destined to abound in such singular adventures, on escaping from the walls of Pavia, swam the broad Tesino, and finding a horse at pasture in a neighbouring meadow, he mounted it, and with all possible speed rode to the city of Asti, where he had some tried friends. From Asti he repaired to Turin, and probably not fancying himself safe from Grimoald

\* Muratori.

in any part of Italy, he speedily took his departure thence, again crossed the Alps, and this time sought refuge not by the Danube, but the Seine or Loire.

In Clothaire III., King of Paris and Burgundy, the fugitive found a prince less fearful of the Lombard power, and more inclined to war than the Chagan of the Huns, his former host; for, on exposing to him the unjust usurpation of Grimoald, the strength of his own party in Italy, and the facility of his recovering his throne, the French sovereign prepared for hostilities, and marched an army towards the Alps, the year after Bertarid's second flight. The forces of Clothaire took the route of Provence, entered Italy by Piedmont, and arrived with none or slight opposition under Asti. But there ceased their triumph. Grimoald, who enjoyed the reputation of warlike valour united to all the artifices of war, met them with a formidable army. For some time the Lombards and the Franks seem to have remained in sight of each other without engaging; but one afternoon that the latter made some demonstrations, Grimoald, as if seized by a sudden panic, broke up his camp and retired on Asti. He retreated, but he left a formidable enemy to contend with the Franks. He abandoned on the ground a portion of his bag-

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gage, an immense quantity of provisions, and wines the strongest Piedmont produced. The Franks, who may have been short of rations in their own encampment, no sooner fell upon these good things than they began to make the usual use or abuse of them. The retreating Lombards were forgotten, and by nightfall, disordered and drunk, but few of the Franks were in condition, not to follow them, but to stand on their own legs. The bountiful host was at hand to make them pay for what they had eaten and drunk ! At the dead of night, when buried in sleep and inebriety, Grimoald rushed upon them, and with such slaughterous effect, that few escaped to tell the tale of their reverses in France.\*

The result of this expedition, besides destroying all Bertarid's sanguine hopes, may well have cooled the affections of his ally ; but Clothaire III. died, sanguinary revolutions, and other sovereigns, of brief reigns, succeeded in France, and the fate of the fugitive Lombard was indeed miserable and uncertain. When, after vicissitudes of fortune, all but equal to his own, Dagobert II. grasped the French sceptre, Bertarid saw arrive at his court a

\* Paul. Diac. According to whom, the field of slaughter, very near the city of Asti, was called in his days " Rio."



friendly embassy from his eternal enemy King Grimoald. This could not but excite his alarm; and fearing some awkward trick from the members of the embassy themselves, he, who had fled so often, again took to flight, and with no other suite than the faithful Onulf and his steward. And now, whither could he go? He had tried the greater part of the continent of Europe, from the Danube to the Po, from the Po to the Seine, and had found no resting-place! But the deep sea flowed between that continent and an island formed for liberty:—the Anglo-Saxons were hospitable and of good faith—he determined to repair whither the oppressed from all lands have since sought and found an inviolate sanctuary—to England.

The prince and his attendants reached the French coast, and saw before them, on the edge of a dark stormy sea, and beneath a sky scarcely less gloomy and troubled, a long, low, white ridge, the humble exterior that our glorious native land offers to the gazer from a foreign shore.

“Onulf,” said the Prince, with a feeling of despondency, “this is not all so inviting as fair Italy seen from the Alps!”

“Alas! no!” replied the follower; “but, unlike false friends, it may improve on closer acquaintance:

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—it looks rough and repulsive, but it may afford a safe asylum, which is more than we can say of any spot we have hitherto wandered in!"

"Amen!" said Bertarid, and he embarked with his suite, to try the terra incognita.

Scarcely, however, were the sails unfurled, and the vessel put to sea, when a person on the strand demanded, with a loud voice, whether Bertarid were on board.

"He is here," was the reply.

"Then tell him," said the same voice, "to return to his home, for Grimoald his enemy died three days ago!"\*

The exile's heart leaped in his breast at such an intimation, and impatient to speak with him who gave it, he ordered the mariners to return to shore. But when on land, not a person was to be seen.

The information, if indeed given, must have been miraculous, considering the short time of three days, and the distance from Italy to the Manche, and the superstition of the age authorized him to believe that the voice was the voice of God. The visit to the Anglo-Saxons was abandoned, and Bertarid, by cautious and rapid journeys, hastened to look after the Lombards.

\* Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 671.

Arriving once more, and with transport and impatience, at the bold confines of Italy, he again despatched Onulf as his messenger, with instructions to meet him at a certain spot on an hour appointed.

His long sufferings were now to end; for when he reached the place of rendezvous, he found not only Onulf, with confirmation of the reported death of the usurper,\* but a number of the Lombard chieftains and officers of the royal court, provided with the regalia, and all that was proper for his reception as their king. To the nobles was joined a multitudinous assemblage of the Lombard

\* The death of King Grimoald is thus related by the Lombard historian. For some indisposition he had a vein opened, nine days after which, shooting at the bow with all his force, to strike a distant pigeon, he burst open the vein, and this wound killed him, though it was rumoured by some that the doctors applied poisoned medicines to his arm, on purpose to send him to the other world. The following character of the man by Muratori (we may spare the reader his discussion whether Grimoald were an Arian or an orthodox Catholic, is brief and quaint.

“Fu principe temuto da tutti, gagliardo di corpo, arditissimo nelle imprese, calvo di capo; nudriva una bella barba, e in avvedutezza ebbe pochi pari.”

During his reign he improved the code of laws, and disapproved, though he could not prevent, the abuse of duelling, or the absurd practice of referring men's guilt or innocence to a trial at arms.

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people ; both classes long since tired of Grimoald, who had not rendered a usurped crown popular by mildness and his subjects' love, but had kept it on his head through his violence and their fears ; and both now, with tears of joy and demonstrations of affection and enthusiasm, welcomed back their old master, who, after nine years of exile and sorrow, returned to his country and his throne.\* Bertarid entered his capital Pavia, which he had quitted by dangling at a rope, amidst a nation's joyous acclamations, with a retinue of nobles and warriors, and Onulf his preserver by his side. He gave the brightest lustre to the throne he re-ascended ; and Paul the Deacon, who recorded his eventful life, terminates with this eulogium :—

“ He was a loving prince, a good catholic, endowed with rare piety, a scrupulous observer of justice, and, above all, charitable and the friend of the poor. His misfortunes had taught him mercy and humility, virtues rarely learned in high and prosperous fortunes.”

Romoald Duke of Benevento, the son of the late usurper, did not attempt to dispute the crown with

\* “ Bertarido comparve di nuovo in Italia, e ricevuto fu con gioja dai Longobardi, che l'antico loro signore desideravano.”—Bossi, Storia d' Italia, cap. xxiv.

Bertarid, and on his application, at once gave up Rodelinda his wife, and his son Cunibert, who, ever since his first flight from Milan, had been kept in prison at Benevento.

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Seven years after this happy restoration, the following facts occurred, which are too interesting and honourable to the Lombard king to be passed over in silence.

A certain Wilfred, Bishop of York, driven from his home by some intrigue among the Anglo-Saxons, reached the dominions of Bertarid on his way to Rome. Whilst there, messengers arrived from England, offering immense sums to the king if he would throw the bishop in prison, and prevent his going to Rome. The exiled ecclesiastic appeared at the palace, and was informed by the king of the answer he had given his enemies.

“ In my younger days, I also was driven from my country. I went a hapless wanderer, and sought and found refuge from a certain king of the Huns, and of the sect of the Pagans, who, with an oath to his false God, pledged himself never to give me into the hands of mine enemies, nor to betray me. After some time the ambassadors of mine enemies came and promised with an oath to the same king, to give

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him a bushel full of gold coins if he would place me in their power, that they might kill me. To which the king answered, 'I would expect death from the Gods if I committed this iniquity, and trampled on the vow made to my divinities.' Now, how much the more I, who know and adore the true God, ought to be far from such a crime? I would not give my soul to gain the whole world!"\*

\* To Eddius Stephanus, a cotemporary, who wrote the *Life of Saint Wilfred of York*, we are indebted for this beautiful passage. See Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 664; but Mabillon has inserted the whole of the saint's life. See *Sæcul. Benedictin.* t. iv. p. 1.



## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

A.D. 671—774.

### *Seventh and Eighth Centuries.*

#### LOMBARD PERIOD ENDED.

THE Roman bishops and popes were every year increasing their influence and pretensions, but the Vatican was frequently disgraced by unseemly discord, and at times, two, or even three priests or monks pretended to the dignity, to gain or secure which, they would employ the temporal arm. An instance may be worth giving. A.D.  
671.

The Archdeacon Pasqual, seeing that Pope Conon was at the point of death, intrigued with Platyn the Exarch of the Eastern Emperor, whose authority Rome still recognised, and by the promise of a present of a hundred pounds of gold, induced the Imperial officer to order those who represented him at Rome to elect Pasqual immediately on the Pope's death. The majority of the clergy, and a part of the Roman people, rejected the choice, and proceeded to the election of a certain Theodore. The popular Pope was the more active of the two, and seized and occupied the interior of the Lateran Palace, while Pasqual assembled his forces without. The furious schism was verging to a civil war, when the wisest among the Romans determined to prevent it, by electing a third pope, which was done in the person of Sergius, a Sicilian. Theodore presently submitted, but the Archdeacon Pasqual was more obstinate, or counted more on the arms of the flesh. In fact, the Greek Exarch appeared suddenly at Rome, and insisted on the recognition of Pasqual. The mass of the Romans, however, by this time adhered to Sergius; and the Greek, indifferent to aught but his promised bribe, agreed to leave them the Pope of their 687.



A.D. 687. choice, on condition of their paying him one hundred pounds of gold. This was done, and the Church of Rome must have been poor at the time, if, to pay it, they were obliged to pledge the golden chaplets and other ornaments suspended before the tomb of Saint Peter.

688. About this time, Cunibert the Lombard king (son and successor to Bertarid) married Ermelinda, a daughter of an Anglo-Saxon king reigning in England.

690. Cunibert was driven from his throne by Alachis Lombard Duke of Trent and Brescia, but was restored shortly after. The story of the fall of the usurper is curious.

Alachis, on his rapid march to recover Pavia, crossed the river Adda, but there he was brought to pause by the presence of an army commanded by the King Cunibert. The King, anxious to spare the blood of his people, challenged the traitor to single combat, but Alachis dreaded his valour or his strength. "I know Cunibert for a drunkard and an idiot," said he; "but nevertheless, I remember, when we were both youths, we found in the Palace of Pavia some sheep of extraordinary size, which Cunibert, seizing by the wool on their backs, could lift up in the air with one hand—a thing that I could never do." The armies advanced against each other in the field of Coronate, not far from Como; but before the combat began, Zeno, a deacon of the church of Pavia, a person devotedly attached to the King, requested that Cunibert would permit him to wear his royal arms in the fight, and this from the consideration that if he (the King) were to fall, all would be lost, whereas the death of a humble deacon were of small import; and should he survive and be victorious, Cunibert's glory would be the greater for having conquered the usurper by the arms of one of his servants. The gallant King did not relish such advice; but, mastered by the prayers and tears of his

friend the priest, and of all those who were about his person, he at length consented, and resigned his arms to the deacon, who at once put himself at the head of the troops, where he was taken by both friend and foe for Cunibert. The battle began with fury. The usurper Alachis, knowing that if he could dispose of Cunibert, victory would be certain, found him, or rather his armour, in the *melée*, and charged with such numbers of his warriors, and with such vigour, that the Deacon Zeno was thrown from his horse and slain. Those of Cunibert's troops who witnessed the fall of him they thought their king, turned and fled, and the royal army was thrown in confusion. But when, at the command of the exulting Alachis, some of his followers dismounted, and removing the helmet to cut off the head of their victim, discovered to him, not the well-known features of the King, but the shaven scone of a priest, his disappointment and rage were boundless, and he cried aloud that nothing was done as yet ; that the battle was still to fight ; but if God gave him victory, he vowed to fill a well with the noses and ears of priests.

A.D.  
690.

Meanwhile Cunibert, galloping among his dismayed army, raised his visor, to show them that their King had not fallen. They rallied, but before again proceeding to blows, Cunibert again proposed single combat. Several of the tyrant's followers urged him to accept the challenge. Alachis replied, that he saw in the royal standard the image of Saint Michael the Archangel, before which he had taken his oath of allegiance, and that he could not fight with Cunibert. "My Lord," cried a warrior, "it is through fear you look at that standard ; but this is not the time for such reflections !" A general engagement was therefore renewed ; Alachis was defeated and killed ; those of his army who escaped the sword and the lance were

A.D. 690. drowned in the waters of the Adda: the sacrifice of clerical noses and ears was spared, and King Cunibert, returning to Pavia, raised a sumptuous sepulchre over the body of the devoted deacon\* who had been slain in his stead.

696. The city of Ravenna, the residence of the Imperial Exarch, was so badly governed by the Greeks, and such were the ferocity and brutality of its population, that they were accustomed, young and old, nobles and plebeians, and of both sexes, to amuse themselves on Sundays and other holidays with combats, throwing stones at each other with slings. This year the most dreadful tumults ensued from the brutal practice, and the combat was renewed within the city of Ravenna, not only with stones, but with clubs and swords. The party conquered meditated a sanguinary and treacherous revenge. On a Sunday they invited their opponents to a dinner, simulating peace and friendship:—they murdered all their guests, and hid their bodies under ground, or threw them into the *cloaca* of the city. If in the dark ages I have attempted to elucidate, the Church of Rome and the clergy are frequently found preeminent in bloodshed and crime, for they were men like the rest, and exposed to the same destructive influences of ignorance and barbarity, still a tribute of praise will now and then be demanded by actions of theirs, conceived and executed in the true spirit of christianity, which redressed the wrongs that temporal governors disregarded, and preserved humanity from sinking utterly to the ferine state. On the present occasion, the Archbishop of Ravenna ordered penitential processions and fasts for three days, after which the

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\* Paul. Diac. lib. v. c. 38 et seq. Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 690. Bossi, *Storia d' Italia*. Lib. cxi. cap. 24.

bodies of the murdered were found and decently buried ; A. D. the murderers were punished, their houses were levelled with the ground, and so great were the horror and aversion inspired by the ecclesiastic, that no man would touch their furniture or other moveable property, which was burned in a heap, and the site thenceforward went by the name of the "Street of the Assassins."

The Roman Church, at this period, was subject to unjust and not unfrequent persecutions on the part of the Emperor at Constantinople, the most important consequence of which was, the rise of the Popes in respect and power.

Gisolf, the Duke of Benevento, without the orders or approbation of the Lombard king, attacked the Campania of Rome : he took Soro, Arpino, and Arce, burned and sacked many other places, and carried away a vast number of prisoners. Pope John VI. came to the succour of humanity, and his ambassadors (his priests) and some gold induced the Lombard duke to return to Benevento, giving up his captives.

The Slaves, or Sclavonians, who had already been troublesome to Italy, made a formidable irruption into Friuli, and killed in battle the Lombard duke of that province. This fragment of their history is extremely romantic and chivalrous, and shows how much the Lombards piqued themselves on their personal courage and fidelity, and "the point of honour."

About the same time their king, Aribert II. the most cruel monster perhaps that ever sat on their throne, to secure the friendship of the Apostolic See, made to Pope John VII. a donation of extensive territories in the Cottian Alps.

The Lombard king, Liutprand, added some laws to the 713. code, and in the preamble (with or without the consent

A. D. of the Roman Church) he styles himself "Christian and Catholic King of the Lombard nation, the beloved of God."\* In the course of this reign, several other additions were made to the laws, all tending to prove an advancement in civilization and the science of government.

727. For some time Italy had been convulsed from one end to the other, by the Iconoclastic heresy; but it was in this year that the intrepid Pope Gregory II. animated the Italians to resist the Greeks, and bade defiance to the Emperor at Constantinople. The worship of the holy images was insisted upon; it was declared a sin or an heresy to pay tribute to the Emperor; and as the Lombard King, Liutprand at this juncture attacked Ravenna, the seat of the Greek government in Italy, it is probable he did so with the consent of the energetic Pope. An unsuccessful conspiracy was undertaken by the Greeks and their partisans to put Pope Gregory to death within the city of Rome. The next year, besides Ravenna, Classe, and many other places of the Exarchate, were taken by the Lombards. It was this co-operation of the Lombards that saved the Apostolic See from ruin. In less than two years, Ravenna, and the other cities of the Pentapolis, fell again into the hands of the Greeks. About the same time Liutprand waged a less fortunate war against the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento—Lombard princes who had long considered themselves almost wholly independent of the kings of Lombardy.

735. The heroic victor of the Saracens, Charles Martel, Governor by name, but, by fact, King of the French monarchy, had long entertained a friendly correspondence

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\* "Christianus et Catholicus Deo dilectæ gentis Langobardorum Rex."—*Leges Langobard.* p. 11, t. 1. *Rer. Italic.*

with the King of the Lombards; and now that he saw the hour approaching when he could assume for himself or his children the name and the crown of a monarch, he sent his son Pepin to the court of Pavia, begging Liutprand to accept him as a child of honour or adoption. King Liutprand gladly consented, and the function was performed with all solemnity, the King having with his own hand cut off the hair of the young Prince Pepin, which, according to Paul Warnefrid, signified in the style of those times, that thenceforth he held him as his own son. Shortly after, having made him many and magnificent presents, he sent him back to France to his natural father.”\* A.D. 735.

At the prayer of Charles Martel, who was again attacked by the Saracens, Liutprand marched with a formidable army to his aid. At this movement the Saracens abandoned their enterprize. This event was immediately followed by others of a most important nature, that convulsed Italy and prepared the ruin of the Lombards. The testimony of historians is contradictory, and the facts would be too long to examine. In another war between Liutprand and the Duke of Spoleto, the King was accused of having devastated part of the territories appertaining to the Pope; whilst he, on his side, was indignant at his conquered enemy (the Duke of Spoleto) being received and protected at Rome, whence he soon issued, and it was said, under the Pope's protection, and certainly with Roman troops as allies, to renew the war against the King of Lombardy. As early as 728-9, Gregory II., hard pressed by the Lombards, had invited Charles Martel into Italy to protect him against Liutprand and the Greek Emperor at the same time; and now (in 740) the invita- 739.

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\* Muratori, Annali, ann. 735.

tion was pressingly repeated by Gregory III., who saw the states of the Church ravaged, and Rome herself threatened, by the irritated Lombards. But Charles satisfied himself with returning presents and most dutiful messages to the Papal nuncios; Gregory III. died, and the tiara descended to Zachariah, who, though by birth a Greek, felt for the honour of Italy, and saw the imprudence of recurring, as his predecessors had done, to foreign arms. A pacific embassy reconciled Liutprand, who, after a short time, resigned to "Saint Peter" the towns he had occupied. Unfortunately, however, Liutprand continued to alarm Italy "with a vexatious alternative of hostility and truce,"\* the popes continued inimical, and the people unhappy.

A.D. Liutprand died. Ildebrand his nephew, who had been  
744. associated in his government nine years, was deprived of the crown seven months after his death, and Rachis Duke of Friuli was elected.

749. A truce which had existed between the Lombards and the Greek exarch was broken this year; and, irritated by some acts of treachery on the part of the Romans, Rachis seized several towns of the Pentapolis and besieged Perugia. Pope Zachariah hastened to spare blood, and such was the effect of his tears and representations, that the King not only relinquished the siege, but his throne and the world, and shortly after with his wife and daughter received the monastic habit at Rome. He was succeeded by his brother Astolf.

752. Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, was recognised as King of France by the Pope, and his master, the legitimate King Chilperic, was made a monk. This same

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\* Gibbon, chap. xlix.

year, Astolf, with the natural ambition that had animated A.D. his predecessors, made war on the Greek exarchate, and 752. avowed or betrayed his intention of uniting Italy under one Lombard sceptre.

Pope Stephen II., who had in vain remonstrated, re- 753. paired to France, where he induced Pepin to take up arms and chastise the Lombards.

The Pope returned to Italy in the rear of a strong army 754. that beat the Lombards at the *chiuse*, or passes of the Alps. The victorious Pepin then besieged Astolf in Pavia, and soon induced him to treat for peace. The Lombard King engaged himself by solemn oaths, giving hostages for their fulfilment, to restore all the towns and territories he had occupied to the Pope, and then Pepin returned to France.

Instead of restoring what he had promised, Astolf, in a 755. fury of revenge, marched against the Pope, who had repaired to Rome. He is accused of having exercised great violence and cruelty in the open country, of having stolen from the churches without the walls sundry bodies of saints, (relics of matchless value in those days,) and finally of having laid siege to the city itself. At his first apparition, Pope Stephen had despatched envoys by sea, to claim again the interference and protection of the French king, but time passed and he received no answer. It was then he resorted to the extraordinary expedient of sending a letter to Pepin, purporting to have been written by the Apostle Peter himself, who summoned the French King, in the most pathetic terms, to hasten to the aid of Rome. Eternal life in paradise was his reward if obedient and prompt, and the alternative was eternal perdition. Such an invitation could scarcely be declined: Pepin again crossed the Alps; and Astolf, who seems throughout to have made very false estimates of his powers of resistance, was even more unfortunate than the pre-



- A.D.  
755. ceding year. Again besieged in Pavia, he purchased peace by a large sum of money, and the obligation to surrender not merely what he had promised before, but several additional districts to which hitherto the popes had never pretended. The victorious king repaired to Rome, and then it is that the donation of the exarchate and the Pentapolis, which certainly were not his to give, is said to have been made by Pepin to Stephen—a donation on which thenceforth the popes mainly founded their right to the sovereign possession of the territories of the Church, or the patrimony of Saint Peter. Yet the act or instrument of this donation was never produced; and Ariosto, with wicked wit, places it with many other strange and lost things—in the moon.
756. Astolf died without children, and after some violent discussions in the Lombard diet, Desiderius, with whom the monarchy was fated to expire, ascended the throne. He was soon opposed by an ex-king of the Lombards, the same Rachis, who had renounced the crown for the cowl, becoming a monk in the monastery of Monte Casino. To strengthen himself, Desiderius sought the assistance of the Pope, with ample promises of obedience and restitution, and he was principally indebted to Stephen for his kingdom and the quiet retreat of his rival, who returned to the Benedictines.
758. We find the Pope (Paul I. who had succeeded to Stephen II.) entreating Pepin again to carry his arms into Italy, to oblige the Lombard king to keep his promises; while Desiderius complains, on his side, that the Church of Rome had excited the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento to rise against him, the Pope even giving his benediction in private to the arms of the rebels. These Lombard dukes, evidently at the instigation of the Pope, declared

themselves the lieges of King Pepin, and also claimed the protection of his arms.

The Lombards, who had been in such constant warfare with the Church, were called upon by the Faithful to chastise a sacrilegious intruder in the chair of St. Peter, and it was Desiderius who deposed the false Pope Constantine, and procured for the Church the liberty of election. The most horrible cruelties were committed by the Romans on the schismatic or unsuccessful party. The tearing out of eyes was a familiar atrocity. A.D.  
768.

The new Pope, (Stephen III.) who owed the tiara to Desiderius, was further indebted to him for his life, the Lombard king saving him from a conspiracy of the Romans. 769.

Bertha, the widow of Pepin and mother of Charlemagne and Carloman, who now occupied between them the vast Frank monarchy, visited the Lombard king at Pavia, and treated for the following intermarriages:—Giala, her daughter, and sister of Charlemagne, was to be given to Adelchi, the son of Desiderius; and two daughters of the Lombard king were to be given, one to Charlemagne, and one to his brother. Such a triple alliance, by strengthening the Lombards, could not but be opposed to the ambitious views of the Church of Rome, and the project no sooner reached the ears of Pope Stephen III. than he showed his implacable hatred and his dark ingratitude to Desiderius, to whom he was so deeply a debtor, by writing a letter, in which the King and the whole Lombard race were loaded with the most vituperous terms, to dissuade the Frank monarchs from the match. This furious epistle succeeded in part: Carloman refused his spouse elect, but Charlemagne married his. 770.

Charlemagne, without alleging offence or cause, repu- 771.

- A.D. 771. diated his Lombard wife and sent her back to her father, who profoundly felt the insult. At the end of the same year Carloman died—his brother Charlemagne seized his states, and his widow fled with her sons to Italy, where she sought and found an asylum in the Court of King Desiderius.
772. The disputes between the Lombards and the popes, which had scarcely ever ceased, were renewed with great violence. Desiderius, advancing towards Rome, proposed that the Pope (now Adrian I.) should anoint and recognise as kings the orphans of Carloman, dispossessed by their unnatural uncle Charlemagne. On this condition he would complete every engagement he had contracted with the pontiffs. But interest and fear bound the Pope to the powerful Frank monarch, and he pertinaciously refused. On this the Lombard king seems to have devastated some of the church territory—the Pope again clamoured for help from beyond the Alps—Charlemagne marched, and the melancholy overthrow of the Lombard monarchy happened as is detailed in the following narrative.

## **The last of the Lombards.**

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I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;  
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still : thus Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more.

SHAKSPEARE.



## **The last of the Lombards.**

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IN a lovely and secluded valley in the lower acclivities of the Tuscan Apennines, and in the rear of a village, there stood in the year of our redemption 772, a considerable mansion or castle, which had not been built by the hands of the barbarians, but in its style, magnitude, and distribution referred to the days of the Roman empire, and offered a resemblance to the ancient villas of emperors or patricians as we can now trace them in the descriptions of Vitruvius, and the ruins of them that yet remain.

A concurrence of fortunate circumstances had preserved this edifice in the midst of the general ruin that befel Italy, but perhaps it was indebted to nothing more than to its local situation. Retired from the high-roads, and far out of the line of communication between the great cities of the peninsula, it was necessary to seek for it, ere it could be

seen ; and to eyes more practised than those of the invaders, the dark, narrow gorge, its only access from the Tuscan plain, would hardly have betrayed the road to, or even the existence of, an inhabited and comparatively prosperous district. Successive streams of barbarism and desolation had swept by it, but it had remained one of the few happy oases in the wilderness of general misery, retaining in a prominent degree the language and the usages of the Romans. The descent might be dubious, and the style might savour of the ridiculous, at a period when an unnatural trio—the Lombards, the Popes and the Greeks—occupied all Italy, and when there was *no* empire ; but Leontius, the occupant of the castle in the valley, claimed as his ancestors some of the great names of old Rome, and called himself a patrician of the Roman empire. If we allow him all his claims, the noble of the empire had returned to the poverty and primitive simplicity of the citizen of the early republic, for like Cincinnatus he was a farmer and cultivated his own estate. Deficient however as he may have been in what we consider wealth, he lacked none of the essential comforts of life, and a family of sons and daughters grew around him, such as the wealthy cannot always boast.

Late in an October evening, Leontius was sitting with his family round a large and cheerful fire. The night was dreary and stormy, the heavy rain pattered on the broad leaves of the maroni, or chestnut trees, that grew round the house, and they might have pitied the condition of those exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," or, by a less amiable process, have increased their own comfort by reflecting on the sufferings of others, when in a pause of the noisy gale they fancied they heard the sound of voices crying as if for help or guidance. "Hark!" said Lucilla, one of the fair daughters of the Roman "what voices are those at this hour and in such a night?"

"The voices of the wolves, I suppose," said Leontius: "what else can they be?"

But as wolves are not apt to pronounce such words as "Hilloa! ho! hilloa!—a light to guide our steps, in the name of the Virgin!" and as these sounds were soon distinctly heard, the Roman rose, and taking some branches of the resinous pine that were blazing on the hearth, descended to see what it might be, followed by one of his sons.

Seldom was aid more opportune; for, when they went out, they discovered, by the aid of their bright torches, two men on horseback advancing to



the edge of a considerable cliff, which in that direction formed the embankment of a mountain stream that ran at the back of the house. Another step or two forward, and by a precipitous descent the benighted wanderers would have found themselves with broken bones in the bed of that torrent.

"Back, back!" cried Leontius, waving the burning pine as high as he could to light them: "to your right there is a tall rock; behind it there is a path—take *that*—it will lead you to the edge of the stream, and we will show you where the bridge is." The strangers made brief reply to show they had understood his directions, and Leontius and his son ascended the stream a few hundred yards.

The family within-doors, who had all quitted their comfortable fire-side, and were on the tip-toe of expectation as to who the visitors might be, presently saw their father and brother return with two men wrapped up in large riding-cloaks with hoods that entirely concealed their persons. The first duty of hospitality was to disencumber them of these streaming garments. Leontius and his son did this; but the surprise of the domestic circle was greater than their pleasure, when they saw two Lombard warriors stand before them!

To refer to a somewhat less remote period, and to our own country, the effect of this appa-

rition was kin to what would have been produced on the minds of a Saxon family by the sudden intrusion of a couple of haughty Norman barons; and though the rule of the Longobardi had now lasted nearly two hundred years, the Italians still continued a distinct people,\* and the seclusion of the Roman establishment in this Apennine valley had kept them almost strangers to their conquerors, whose insolence and ferocity however they had heard recorded in many a woeful tale. They could not, however, expel those whom they had admitted, and it behoved Leontius moreover, as a prudent man, to behave courteously to these stray members of the ruling powers. Yet would it have been curious to observe the workings of the Italian's mind, while doing this. He knew the low estimation in which he and his country were held by the Lombards, who, according to their own assertion, were wont to designate every thing essentially vile by the epithet "Roman," and he, at the same time, made it his proudest boast

\* Some Italian writers have insisted on the fusion of the Lombards and the Italians into one people, which can hardly have been, when we see one code of laws recognised for the Italians, and another for the Lombards. Approaches to the union must however have existed after two centuries, and it might have been effected but for the interference of new conquerors.

that he was a Roman noble, and entertained of the Lombards an opinion not a whit more favourable than that which had been announced by Pope Stephen,\* who with more energy than elegance qualified them as a perfidious, filthy, and leprous race, unworthy of a place in the list of nations, and in every way abominable. Whilst tendering his services, and offering his hospitalities, Leontius strived to maintain a bearing and semblance of dignity, and while conscious of his political inferiority, he aimed, and at times ridiculously enough, at a tone of equality with his guests, who, to do them justice, were mild and well behaved, and neither in manners or person disclosed any of the traits of the revolting portrait drawn by their inveterate enemy.

In truth, before that evening closed, there was one of the family, the young and lovely Lucilla, made the discovery that the younger of the strangers was a very handsome man; and as she met the glances of his fine, large blue eyes, which were frequently cast on her, and evidently in admiration, the Roman maiden already felt that it would not be impossible to love a Lombard. Indeed, in the course of the evening, on either side many of the antipathies instilled by theory or prejudice disappeared before the imme-

\* In the letter he wrote to dissuade Charlemagne from his marriage with the daughter of King Desiderius.

mediate and direct charities and sympathies of human nature, and both parties were glad of the chance that had brought them together,—an accident explained by the Lombards as having resulted from their quitting a numerous company with whom they were travelling, to find a shorter road over the mountains. The business on which they were way-faring did not seem to be of an urgent nature, for they loitered the next morning, and an invitation from Leontius to pass the day at his *castello* was immediately accepted by the younger of the Lombards, to whom his companion seemed to pay extreme deference.

When time is short, lovers do well (or ill, as it may happen,) to make ready use of it; and the manners of the age, and the simple single-heartedness of the Roman girl, must be her excuse, if Lucilla heard that day, and for the first time, the protestation and the sigh of a lover; nor did she see the handsome Lombard take his departure on the following morn without having been consoled by the assurance that he would come again.

And he came again. Within a few weeks he reappeared in the solitary valley, and one, two, three days glided away with exquisite happiness; but Lucilla's hopes—for she could already contemplate, though reprobated by her church, and opposed by

her father's prejudices, a union with a Lombard chief—her fond hopes, were for ever blighted, when on bidding her adieu, and kissing the tears from her innocent eyes, the stranger informed her, she had entertained and loved—her King!

The information was but too correct, the Lombard being no less a personage than Adelchi, who was associated with his father Desiderius in the kingdom of Italy. At the time of his first accidental appearance in the valley, he was secretly accompanying an important embassy to Rome, and the beauty of Lucilla attracted him thither on his return.

The same charms made him sigh all the way back to Pavia; but once there, amidst the splendour and the cares of royalty,—and the latter presently came heavily upon him,—it could hardly be expected he should occupy himself much about his mountain-adventure. But the sport, or the capricious tenderness, or the easily disposed of passion of a thousand-ways-occupied man may be lingering anguish or death to a passionate and solitary woman, and we repeat but an old tale in saying that the lovely Lucilla drooped from that hour.

More than a year had passed since that stormy night when (*she* was the first to catch the ominous

sounds) the voices of the strangers were heard in the valley, and Lucilla was seated by the same fire-side and with the same objects around her as then. The fate of Italy as well as her own had undergone a change in that interval. Charlemagne, invited by the popes, had descended the Alps to redress the grievances of the "Holy Church," and the throne of the Lombards was tottering to its fall.\* Events of such importance had reached even the secluded mansion of Leontius and the ears of Lucilla; but it was not till

\* "E quando 'l dente Longobardo morse  
La Santa Chiesa, sotto a le sue ali  
Carlo Magno vincendo la soccorse.

DANTE, *Parad.* c. 6.

Yet the poet must have known that the fortunate Frank undertook the war of Italy from motives more powerful than those of assisting the bishops of Rome. "Altro era il motivo della guerra che si gettava negli occhi de' popoli, altro era quello che si chiudeva nel petto de' dominanti. Bisogna risalire più alto per ritrovare la segreta cagione che mosse Carlomagno allo sterminio dell' ultimo re Longobardo. Desiderio in faccia alla politica Francese era reo d' un imperdonabile delitto: egli avea dato asilo nella sua corte, a' disgraziati figliuoli di Carlomano (suo fratello) de' quali, come l' ambizione non ha nepoti, Carlo invadeva l' eredità ed insidiava la vita: E Papa Adriano, stromento di sì basso delitto, ricusava egli pure di riconoscere gli sciagurati fanciulli."

*Bibliot. Ital.* No. lviii.

now, at the conversation of a friend of her father's who had just returned from some town in Tuscany, that she betrayed any interest in what was passing. The news of this Italian was, that the Franks had besieged and taken Pavia the Lombard capital, and slain Desiderius; and that the triumphant Charlemagne was now preparing his march to Rome with King Adelchi, a prisoner in his train. At this intelligence, Lucilla drew her hands across her brow, and was observed to remain a long while as if entranced: she arose at last, and retired with an expression of wildness and desperate purpose on her pale, wasted countenance, which was recollected afterwards by her family, and understood when too late.

The following day there was woe in the house of Leontius, for his fairest daughter had quitted it, and was nowhere to be traced. Meanwhile Lucilla, attired as a peasant lad, was traversing, and on foot, the bleak and stony Apennines. She might be sinking with bodily fatigue, but her ardent soul was animated with a feeling and intensity of purpose, all but equal to the performing of miracles. Adelchi, who had been humble enough to love her, might forget her in his elevation and prosperity; but now, in the days of sorrow, the King might recollect an Italian maiden, and the lowly might aid the

exalted. She would seek him in his prison,—she would follow him through the vast world—and if she could but die for him she had loved, (what now was her life?) her destiny would be accomplished to her heart's best wishes.

Such thoughts and persuasions had occupied her from the moment she heard of Adelchi's ruin, and these, with a passionate heroism and a devotedness that only love knows, carried her through a long, toilsome journey, and a thousand perils, to the gates of the "eternal city," where she arrived in time to see Charlemagne's pompous entrance. Alas! how unworthy of her ancient freedom and fame, and her glorious capitol, and her "trebly hundred triumphs!"

Yet must we pause a moment to describe the pageantry accorded by the timid and ambitious Pope to this new foreign conqueror,—to this new transalpine occupant of Italy, and master of the "world's mistress"—Rome.

Adrian I., who then occupied the papal chair, and had been the promoter and a principal actor in the late revolution, which was to transfer the kingdom of Italy from the barbarian Lombards to the barbarian Franks, had received due notice and was properly prepared for the reception of his royal visiter. Rejoicing in his success, he sent as far as the city



of Novi, or thirty miles, the magnates and the *senators* of Rome, (did these men not know the ancient value of the title, and blush at its debasement?) as a fitting deputation to welcome Charlemagne.

The conqueror's progress towards the apostle's tomb had been expressly timed ; and to identify the pomp and solemnities of religion with his mundane success, it was on Holy Saturday that Charlemagne approached Rome's degraded walls. At a mile from the city, he was met by the unwarlike papal troops, and hundreds of children bearing branches of palm and of olive in their hands, who thence preceding his steps, with songs and shouts pronounced the joyful welcome of the King of the Franks. The banners of Rome were unfurled around him, and one of them bore the proud impress of the ancient republic. A numerous *stuol* of ultramontane warriors, wondering at all they saw, marched with Charlemagne, and his rear and flanks were protected by a division of his army. When nearer to the city walls, a holier procession went out to encounter him ; and at sight of the crosses and the relics of the Vatican, the proud conqueror dismounted from his horse, and on foot, with the retinue of his princes and noble officers, he humbly advanced to the temple,

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in whose porch Pope Adrian, in the midst of his clergy, awaited him. A flight of steps led to that porch, and as the King of the Franks ascended them, he made a spectacle of his humility, and kissed them one by one. Beneath the porch the Pope and the King embraced with studied cordiality; and then Charlemagne taking the right hand of Adrian, they entered the church of Saint Peter's—" *dove con santi ed orazioni restò onorato l' arrivo di sì grand' ospite.*" The duties or ceremonies of religion being performed, the King and the Pope entered the city, but not until they had reciprocally sworn an oath for their safety, or that the one should not commit offence or violence on the other—a curious fact in the history of the times, which may show how much confidence and good faith existed between the vicerent of Christ and the worldly monarch. The following day being Easter Sunday, the consoling mystery of the Resurrection was observed with all the splendour that the wealth and ingenuity of the age and of Rome would allow. With impious pantomime and stage trickery, the Saviour of men was seen by the bodily and vulgar eye to rise from the dead, while the Pope and the King again embraced each other in the background of the sacrilegious mimicry. Two more days were devoted to the

festivities of the church ere Adrian proceeded to the business of the state ; but on the third day the Pope was importunate that the King should confirm the privileges and donations made by his father Pepin to the Church of Rome. Charlemagne was obedient and liberal, for he even added to the territory already granted to the patrimony of Saint Peter's ; and the diploma, or his act of confirmation and reintegration, was solemnly placed on the high altar of the Vatican.

During these important proceedings, that might interest the fate of millions, where was she who was abstracted and absorbed by the fate of one? Alas ! Lucilla had looked in vain in the procession for her royal captive lover ; and after that disappointment she contrived to ascertain that the news of her Italian friend in the valley—the news that had so determined her—was incorrect or premature. Pavia, though closely blockaded by an army Charlemagne had left behind him, had not yet fallen, nor was Adelchi a prisoner. She closed her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven in silent thankfulness at this intelligence ; but the sequel of the conversation from which she gleaned it repressed her hopes and her momentary joy. Although (it was said) the capital of the Lombard kingdom

had not fallen, from the condition to which it was reduced it was impossible it could hold out when the victorious Charlemagne should reappear before its walls, which he would do in a few days. Verona then would be the only city that resisted the conqueror; but its state of defence was even weaker than Pavia, and Adelchi—(how did the heart of the Roman maiden heave within her whenever she heard that name!)—Adelchi, who commanded there, must fall into the hands of Charlemagne, from whom he could hardly expect mercy.

Her generous, devoted love now presented another and a longer journey to Lucilla, for she resolved to reach Verona, and to trust to chance (or perhaps she had confidence in a merciful Providence) for the means of seeing or serving the object of her heart's idolatry. To this end the masquerade which concealed her sex, her youth, and her loveliness, was artfully rendered still more impervious, and hiring herself as a *palefrenier*, or groom, to one of the courtiers of the Frank king, she took with him the road to Lombardy. Charlemagne's return was, as had been predicted, speedily followed by Desiderius' surrender, and Lucilla witnessed at Pavia the captivity of the father, mother, and sister of her royal lover. The history of the

latter, or of the fair Ermengarda,\* the daughter of Desiderius, was by this time familiar to Lucilla. Married in the bloom of her youth and beauty to Charlemagne, who had *now* worked the ruin of her race, that haughty monarch, for causes that are still a mystery, and without imputing to her the shadow of a crime, had repudiated her after little more than one year, had sent her back to her father, and at once taken another wife; thus converting into a copious and reasonable source of hate what had been intended to consolidate the good-will and friendship of the Frank and Lombard sovereigns.†

Lucilla might have wept before over this domes-

\* History has not preserved the name of the unfortunate daughter of Desiderius with any accuracy. By some she is styled Ermengarda, by others Berta, whilst others call her Desiderata. *Muratori, Annal. ann. 771*. I have employed the name adopted by Count Manzoni (*See Adelchi Tragedie*) and other modern Italian writers.

† This deed of Charlemagne's, which has never been justified or explained, had such an effect at the time on Adelard, a cousin of the King, (and after death a saint,) that he became a monk, thus wishing to escape ever again being concerned in such iniquities. "Gemebat puer beatæ indolis quod.....rex illicito uteretur thoro, propria, sine aliquo crimine, reprobata uxore. Quo nimio zelo succensus elegit plus sæculum relinquere adhuc puer, quam talibus admisceri negotiis." See Life of Saint Adelard by Pascasius Rodbertus, a cotemporary and disciple of the saint.

the tragedy, but her interest was immeasurably increased when she traced in the pale but still beautiful features of Ermengarda a likeness—a strong likeness—to her brother. From that moment all her ingenuity was directed to the mode of obtaining an interview with this unfortunate wife and daughter of a king, from whom her ardent fancy suggested she might obtain some information, or perhaps means whereby to enable her to be of service to Adelchi. The difficulties of accomplishing this were great,—the overcoming of them did honour to her wit and ingenuity; and the Roman maiden, in masculine and vulgar attire, *did* at last stand in presence of the Lombard princess, and alone. But here her presence of mind, or her fortitude, utterly failed her: she knew not how to begin,—how to account for her interest in the cause of the King Adelchi;—she felt she could not disguise the secret of her sex when she spoke on that subject, and to a woman. Speechless, trembling, she fell at the princess's feet, and bathed them with her tears. A glimpse of the truth struck Ermengarda before Lucilla had spoken a word; but when, encouraged by the gentle friendly tones of the sister of Adelchi, she declared her devotion to the King, and her resolve to serve him, or to die in the attempt, her

disguise dropped from her, and she stood revealed a woman and a lover—and what save a loving woman could be capable of such devotedness? At other times Ermengarda might have been more chary, certainly more curious, as to this Italian paramour of her royal brother; but now there was time for the indulgence neither of prudery nor curiosity; and every chance, however feeble it might be, was to be resorted to, in order to save Adelchi, whom she loved with all a sister's tenderness, from the hands of the ruthless Charlemagne. A ring—Adelchi's gift,—a purse of gold, (for, in all operations, money was as essential then as now, though a small quantity went much farther,) the names of some of the warriors and attendants with her brother at Verona, and some other points of instruction, were hurriedly given by Ermengarda to Lucilla, and they parted for ever with a tearful embrace.

The hands of Charlemagne had already been deeply steeped in blood, and in perspective he saw it flow from many hated veins, or enemies that might give him ground for apprehension. Adelchi, for example, was in the prime of manhood, enterprising and bold; but age and sorrow had subdued the energies of his father; and Desiderius, with his

family, was magnanimously condemned to the imprisonment of a French monastery, where, if we may lend credit to the monkish chroniclers of the period, his penitence was so efficacious, and his sanctity so well rewarded, that at his approach the heavy doors of the churches moved on their bronze hinges, and opened to him without the agency of mortal hands.\*

But we must leave him with the "odour of sanctity" upon him, and return to the fortunes of his more worldly son. Not many days after her interview with his sister, his Italian mistress, riding as a horse-boy in the train† of one of his enemies, saw across the plain the broad waters of the Adige, and the towers and beleaguered walls of Verona. Her impassioned soul fluttered at the sight, and she would have flown like a bird—like a stork to its nest—to the midst of that enclosure of horror that contained her heart's affections. At the approach of Charlemagne, he was met by a suppliant and melancholy retinue; and as we reflect on this scene and others, we may feel inclined to revoke, or marvel at, the award of the successor of Saint Peter, who had declared the successful king of the Franks

\* Malvecius, Chron. Brixian. tom. xiv. Rer. Italic. and Chronic. Novalic. p. 11, t. ii. Rer. Italic.

† "A horse-boy in your train to ride."—*Marmion*.



to be the darling son of the Church—the just, the virtuous, the champion of Christ and the apostles—a second David. At the head of the procession that now met him under the walls of Verona, were the widow and the sons of Carloman, his deceased brother, whose royal inheritance he had usurped, and whose lives had been probably spared only by timely flight. The fugitives found refuge in the court of Desiderius, who, to the last moment, extended a bountiful, though perhaps a political, protection to them; but now Adelchi, driven to extremities, and shut up in a famished city, which might soon experience the horrors of a successful assault, had counselled them to throw themselves by time on the generosity or mercy of Charlemagne. The widow and children of his brother were admitted to his protection, but a horrid veil of mystery hangs over their after fate! The monks and churchmen, the only historians of the period, and who were all favourable to the ally of the Pope, never once make mention of what became of them,\* “in all probability in order not to reveal a fact that turned to the discredit of Charlemagne, that is, his little humanity towards his innocent nephews.”

\* Anastas. Bibliothec. in Hadriani I. Papæ Vit. Apud Muratori, *Annal.* ann. 774.

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Lucilla, whose intelligent mind had acquired much knowledge of the world in little time, still could hardly conceive the existence of so much sin and sorrow ; and the ardour of her passion, and her constant occupation in endeavouring to detect what was passing in the besieging camp, and to be useful to the besieged Adelchi, saved her from the heart-withering reflections her recent experience might have suggested, and from the impotence of despair. Though defended by a hero, the fall of Verona rapidly approached. Famine raged within the walls, and treachery was at work without. It would be long to tell how Lucilla became mistress of a plot by which one of the gates of the city was to be betrayed to the troops of Charlemagne,—how she gained admittance within the walls, and stood at last by night before her lover Adelchi—alone before him, as she had stood before his sister, but, ah ! with feelings still more wild ! If an unseemly attire, and the dye of berries, and fatigue, and a scorching sun, disguised the Italian maiden, long-suffering, privation, exertions extended beyond the strength of nature, and at last despair, did almost as much for her lover. Where was the robust yet graceful buoyant figure, where the gay, handsome face that had captivated her in the valley of her father, and had first awakened in

her young heart the boundless sense of love? His frame was emaciated and bent, his cheeks were sallow, his brow wrinkled, his eyes hollow and ghastly, and his flowing beard turned grey and matted. But thus, was he less dear? Ah, no! The being beloved, the object of a pure, ineffable, and all self-denying passion, unlike every other object of human possession and price, wins on affection as it loses its own adventitious advantages, and Adelchi was now dearer, far dearer, in his sickness and woe than ever he had been before. Indeed, since the moment when, previous to his last departure, and beneath the shady chestnut trees of the paternal estate, he had revealed his rank, she had been wont to think of him with awe: the story of his reverses and falling fortunes had diminished this; but it was not till now that he stood with his arms crossed, and his head sunk on his breast, that she felt she durst approach him with something like the familiarity of affection.

“Youth, you have most importunately sought our presence,—may I ask the object of your visit?” said Adelchi to the silent and trembling visiter, who trembled still more at the deadly hollow sound of his voice. Her reply was forced out word by word.

“Prince—King! I am one who would save you

with my life:—I am come to show you that there is still devotion and fidelity to your cause, and”——

“By heavens!” interrupted Adelchi, “I have need of the conviction; for, since the day I was foiled at the passes of the Alps, I have scarce known aught save treachery:—my chiefs have betrayed me; my Lombards, my own blood and race, have one by one fallen away from me!—but, menial, what is this to you?”

“Menial!” cried Lucilla, throwing back her clustering hair from her forehead, and approaching the solitary lamp that lighted the apartment. “You have called me by a milder and a fonder name, Adelchi!”—“Ah! do I dream?” cried the King, grasping her arm, “or is a miracle performed, and the Italian maiden of the valley, here before me?” “Lucilla!” faintly articulated the young Roman—she could say no more, but, giddy and oppressed, well nigh fainted in the arms of the King. In his misfortunes and abandonment, Adelchi’s heart might glow for a moment at the affection and devotion even of a solitary individual; that individual too was a female, and young and handsome, and already familiar to his tenderer feelings—yet, on reflection, he wished, in the generosity of his nature, she had not shown her love for him by deeds that might

end in her own destruction. Something like this, which he expressed to Lucilla, revived all her energies.

“Adelchi, my King,” said she, “these considerations for my fate should have preceded or prevented the scenes in my native valley, where you vowed you loved me, and taught me to love you—now they come too late! The destruction of my happiness was completed at one blow, when, departing thence, you told me the distance that must separate us, and indeed it is not much to sacrifice a valueless life!”—“But, my sweet Lucilla,” replied Adelchi, “you cannot bear, you cannot imagine, the horrors that await those who linger within these walls! Do you hear those groans? they are some of my few remaining faithful subjects expiring of famine. I would not see you exposed to sufferings like theirs—like mine!”—“It is to save you from these, at the risk of sharing them with you, that I am here. You must flee with me, and instantly,” said Lucilla firmly. The King shook his head incredulously, and sighed. “Is flight so easy from these doomed towers, and through the host of enemies that hold me at bay?” The fair daughter of Leontius then concisely but energetically explained the interview she had had

with Ermengarda, the use she had made of her money and advice, the means she had resorted to in order to facilitate his evasion in disguise, and to procure her own admittance within the walls of Verona, and she ended by disclosing the treachery that was to deliver the gate of the city to the besiegers, and by pressing again the necessity of instant flight. Adelchi might have believed his generous Roman maiden inspired with superhuman intelligence and spirit; the surpassing talent and perseverance she had displayed in an enterprize of so much peril and difficulty, the justness of her reasoning and conclusions, and the firmness which, after the first moments of irresistible tenderness, she had assumed, all justified his reliance on her, and he would have followed her, when a sense of shame at abandoning those who had remained true to his standard till the last, and then a generous desire of making some of the dearest of his friends the companions of his flight, impeded his steps. Lucilla, who had tenderly drawn him to the threshold of the door of the tower in which the interview took place, hurriedly remonstrated. "My lord! my lord! this cannot be; we must depart alone. You cannot save your friends; yet a minute's stay and you may lose yourself: the posts I have bribed may

be changed; those who await me under the walls may be scared away; even now the Franks may be within your betrayed gates. Adelchi! you would not be the captive of Charlemagne?" "No! but I will flee to wound him, and now I swear to traverse the face of the whole globe to raise enemies to the usurper!" The Lombard girded his heavy sword to his side, took his redoubtable mace in his hand, and giving a casket containing some gold and jewels, the melancholy wreck of his royal fortunes, to the devoted Italian, he desired her to conduct him whither she list. They had scarcely passed the Lombard guard at the battlements by the tower, when a tremendous tumult, and flames that suddenly rose on the darkness of night, informed the fugitives that treason had kept its promise, and that the "furious Frank" was master of the devoted city of Verona.

The hurried steps of Lucilla paused before a little postern gate in a solitary part of the fortifications, of the existence of which not even Adelchi was aware. She clapped her hands. The signal was answered from without, and the low door turned on its hinges. The door opened on the narrow ledge of a cliff that rose perpendicularly from the bed of the river Adige, and two men in disguise stood ready

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with cords to lower the fugitives to a skiff that lay close under the rock. The skiff was gained and a silent boatman rowed it across the tranquil waves of the Adige, that were now red with the reflection of the conflagration. In a dark nook where they landed, the habiliments of a Frank warrior were found for Adelchi ; and a guide, silent like the rest, who all did the bidding of Lucilla, as if she had been a mighty necromancer, and they the spirits subjected to her control, conducted the King and her through rough, broken ground from the banks of the Adige to an open meadow, where he disappeared. During the passage from the river, which had been almost entirely performed on their hands and knees, and over rocks, or through thick brushwood, they had several times caught the voices of the exulting Franks, who were hurrying to the scene of carnage ; and now, as they advanced a few steps, the Lombard king saw full before him a group of soldiers belonging to one of the beleaguering posts. Forgetful of his disguise, he laid his hand to his sword ; but Lucilla again clapped her little hands, and presently a groom appeared with two led horses. " All is well," said the menial, who spoke to Lucilla in her own language ; " our post has not been visited ; we have kept this avenue clear for your escape ; take



the path to the right that leads to the hills, and fear not Charlemagne !” The heroic girl having mounted, Adelchi vaulted in his saddle : the steeds were urged to their full gallop ; they were strong and swift :—and thus the last of the Lombard kings fled, lighted by the fire of his captured city, which by this time cast a lurid glare over the whole atmosphere.

From the banks of the Adige to the mouth of the Arno was a long journey, and it was made longer by the state of the country, which every where seemed devoted to the conqueror, and obliged the dethroned Lombard frequently to take unfrequented circuitous paths. The fatigue and privations of the way were great even for a warrior’s strength ; but at last the free waves of the Mediterranean danced before them, and at Porto Pisano\* they found a vessel belonging to the independent and already commercial republic of Pisa, which soon wafted them beyond all fear of the Franks.

Lucilla had saved her royal lover : his gratitude was proportionate to her heroic deeds : the flame of his love revived even from the ashes of his consumed fortunes ; and when hope came with it, his ambition was made the servant of his love, and his

\* Paul. Diac.

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ardent resolves to recover his kingdom were strengthened by the pride and bliss he should feel on placing the Roman maiden by his side on the throne of Italy. Lucilla was happy : a languor had succeeded the intense excitement and unparalleled fatigue she had undergone : her strength began to fail her from the moment her task was completed and Adelchi safely embarked at Porto Pisano. The morning and evening breezes, which wafted their galley over summer seas, blew on a pale cheek, and she must have felt the precariousness of health ; yet still was she exquisitely happy, and with her lover by her side, she forgot all the world, and herself in him. Happiness like this, and repose, might have restored health ; but, alas ! in a fatal hour, the King landed on the coast of the Peloponnesus to communicate with a general of the Eastern emperor, to whom he was now repairing to supplicate for assistance. Lucilla, who could not bear him a minute from her sight, went with him : they slept on shore one night ; the place was unhealthy—for Greece, fair Greece ! was already desolated. She returned on board with the endemic fever. The assiduous, unwearied care—the tender, passionate affection, that may have sweetened her last moments, could not prolong them. Their bark was now gliding through the maze of

the clustering Cyclades ; and as she gazed on these fair sunny islands, she felt she was fast hastening to other regions, whose gloomy portal was the grave ! Yet was Adelchi unable to conceive this, and he started as at the intimation of an unthought of calamity, when to soothing caresses, and words that would cheer her with future prospects, she solemnly replied, " Adelchi, I am dying !" His agitation was increased when, on looking in her eyes, he thought he saw an expression he had never seen there before. It was some time ere he could reply, " Not so, my love ; away with these vain fears ! the fever will but have its course ; our journeying will soon be over, and you shall have rest—"—" In the grave," murmured Lucilla. " No, my loved preserver ! in my fond arms, within the secure walls of Constantinople ! and when I take you thence, it shall be to place a royal crown upon your beautiful brow."—" A cypress wreath—a coronal of death," said the fair Roman. " Yes, my lord—my love ! you will give me this, and see me quietly interred in one of these remote islands !" The thoughts of Italy and home here flashed on her mind, and she shed some tears. The Lombard still clung to hope ; and it was not with the idea of performing her obsequies, but in order to procure her assistance, and a more conve-

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nient domicile than a confined ship, that he ordered the mariners to steer for Milo, to which they were now near. The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and the sides of the lofty, peaked mountain of Milo were of the hues of the deepest purple as they made the island, and, propelled by oars, the galley glided into the confined, rock-girt strait, the entrance of its well-sheltered and magnificent port. Lucilla was lying on deck, supported by Adelchi, who was speaking of the superior degree of comfort she would find here, and hoping the island might contain some Greek skilled in the healing art. She faintly grasped his hand, and raising her eyes to his face, said indistinctly, "Heaven assoil my soul! but it is painful to leave you, Adelchi!" Her heavy eyelids dropped—he took her in his arms—he felt a brief shivering. The galley anchor was cast off, but before it grappled the sand of the deep harbour, the fugitive, hapless Lombard embraced a lifeless body. Adelchi saw it not, but the next moment a star—a bright and solitary star—appeared above the high hills to the right of the port, as if the fledged spirit of Lucilla had repaired to the heavens, and looked earthward in loveliness and purity. The remains of the young Roman found a quiet grave in Greece, with such obsequies as her lover could command;

and the ill-fated Lombard, who thenceforward never knew rest, continued his voyage to Constantinople. He kept the vow he had made on his escape from Verona, and wandered through the world to raise up enemies to Charlemagne ; and if success did not attend his embassies, nor victory his banners, he had at least the warrior's satisfaction, after a life of consistent perseverance and innumerable perils, to die a warrior's death ; for, after long years, in the Calabrias, at the extreme point of the Italian peninsula, he was slain in a pitched battle with the detested Franks.\*

\* " Adelchi—quel giovane ardente, che nuovo Annibale andò ramingo dopo la caduta del suo regno cercando a Carlo un nemico, finchè la sua lagrimevole tragedia ebbe fine nei campi della Calabria !" —Bibliot. Ital. No. 68.

Adelchi had not much to praise in the conduct of men while in life, and, like many others, he has been rudely treated in death. Two Italian poets of our days, who have sung in an epic poem and a tragedy the fall of the Lombards, have described him as pusillanimous, the blind instrument of his father's will, and have made him die ingloriously at Pavia. This is at once transgressing against history and poetry, for his real character and fate contained much of the elements of the latter. The epic is the " Italiade" by Cav. Angelo Maria Ricci : the better known and more deserving tragedy is " L' Adelchi" by Conte Alessandro Manzoni, now indisputably the first poet of Italy. Nothing but their accordance in subject, and in an act of injustice, could have suggested the mention of the two names together.

## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

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### *Eighth and Ninth Centuries.*

THE PERIOD OF THE FRANKS, OR CARLOVINGIAN  
EMPERORS. A.D. 774 to 884.

CHARLEMAGNE, who had thus overthrown the Lombard dynasty, seems to have felt a greater predilection for conquests in the North, than in the South of Europe. A.D.  
774.

With his means, it would not have been a work of much time or difficulty to have rendered himself master of the whole of the peninsula, with the island of Sicily; but, as soon as he had dethroned Desiderius, he recrossed the Alps, to turn his arms against the hardy Saxons, leaving an important part of Italy still in the hands of the Lombard Dukes of Benevento.

It has not lain in our way to mention them; but, during the stormy period we have passed through, the republic of Venice, and the three little commercial states of Gaeta, Naples, and Amalfi, had gradually grown up in independence and consequence. At the commencement of the Carlovingian dynasty, Venice and Amalfi kept up the commercial intercourse of Christendom with the countries of the East, which they alone continued to do until the time of the first crusade.\* The kingdom of the Franks, the duchy of the Lombards, were great states; the Greeks still retained considerable possessions in the Calabrias and in Apulia; but it was the miniature republics we have named that, by cultivating trade, laid the foundation of other laws and rights than those of the devastating sword.

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\* Hallam. Gibbon. Muratori.

A.D.  
776.

The rebellion of the Duke of Friuli (a Lombard) called Charlemagne from the wilds of Germany into Italy. His arms had their usual success. The monk of Saint Gall, his biographer, has thought fit to inform us that, the weather being cold, the King wore, while he was in Friuli, a sheepskin cloak. The following anecdote conveys a better idea of the times than chapters of general history and dissertation. It confirms besides two facts, namely, the commercial spirit of the Venetians, and Charlemagne's indifference to the elegancies of dress,—an inferior though not perhaps an unimportant part of civilization.

While the King was at Pavia, a number of Venetian traders, who had learned his arrival, repaired thither with their most costly merchandize, the produce of Oriental industry and ingenuity, which they had imported from the East. The delighted courtiers of Charlemagne soon emptied the magazines of the merchants, and appeared before their master in all the glories of silks, embroidered stuffs, and fine furs.

On a certain holiday, when thus equipped in gala, the King, after attending mass, proposed a hunting party; and the day was bitterly cold, and it rained hard. Those gaudy but light dresses were speedily soaked by the rain, and torn by the branches and bushes of the forest; nor were they much improved when, after the chase, the noble sportsmen all crowded round the blazing wood fire, drying themselves as best they could. Their finery was reduced to a pitiful state, and Charlemagne insisted they should put it on and appear before him the following morning.

"What trumpery is this?" cried he to the drooping gallants. "Tell me now which dress is most useful and precious,—mine (*his sheepskin*) which cost me a *soldo*, and continues white and uninjured,—or yours, which you have

paid so much money for, and which you can never use again?" A.D.  
780.

After massacring a vast number of Saxons, and baptizing still more, Charlemagne again took the road from Germany to Italy, and, crossing the Alps, passed the Christmas at Pavia.

At the festival of Easter, he went on to Rome, where 781.  
Pope Adrian baptized his two young sons, Pepin and Louis. A few days after, the Pope anointed them as Kings, the one of Italy, the other of Aquitania. From this year the name of Pepin appears with his father's as King of Italy. Some pretensions of the Roman pontiff's, as to territory and immunities, were evaded by Charlemagne.

It appears to have been during this visit to Italy that Charlemagne, who never knew how to write, began to study grammar under Peter of Pisa. On returning to France, he carried some Italian professors (such as they were!) with him. Paulus Diaconus, the Lombard, to whom we are indebted for the history of his nation, flourished at this time. On the overthrow of Desiderius, to whose court he was attached, he enjoyed for some years the hospitality of the Duke of Benevento: he afterwards became a Benedictine monk at Monte Casino, and was honoured with the friendship and correspondence of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was again at Rome. On his return 787.  
thence to France, he took with him a number of good Roman singers, to instruct the French churches in the pure "*Canto fermo*," or Gregorian chaunt.\* The *Mona-*

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\* It is not correctly ascertained whether we are indebted to Gregory the Great, or to Gregory II. for this simple and sublime church music.



*chus Engolismensis* adds that he provided himself also with more grammar masters, who disseminated the study of letters in his ultramontane dominions.

A.D.

788. Adelchi, the Lombard prince, was killed in battle.

791. The city of Rome suffered immense damages from the overflowing of the Tiber. The ancient Flaminian gate and the bridge of Antoninus were washed away.

797. Death of Paulus Diaconus at Monte Casino.

799. Some of the principal inhabitants of Rome conspired against the Pope (Leo III.) They attacked him on Saint Mark's day as he was heading a religious procession. They threw him to the ground, and endeavoured to tear out his eyes and tongue. He was however rescued, and speedily protected by the Duke of Spoleto. The Pope was infinitely more revered in the countries beyond the Alps, than in Italy and Rome; for, when Leo III. repaired to Paderbon, where Charlemagne then resided, to consult on measures to punish and tranquillize the turbulent Romans, the whole court and army were drawn out to receive him. At his approach, every troop fell prostrate to the earth and begged his benediction; and Charlemagne himself descended from horseback, and, after many humble salutations, embraced and kissed the Pontiff.

800. Charlemagne was again in Italy. He reconciled the Pope and the Romans; and on Christmas day, and in the Church of the Vatican, in the presence of the Roman clergy and people, Leo III. as Charlemagne was about to retire, placed on his head a crown of gold, at which all present shouted, as had been the wont at the succession or creation of Emperors:—"To Charles, the most pious Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor, life and victory!" From this date Charlemagne changed his style from the royal to the imperial, calling himself "Emperor of the Romans and Augustus."

A tremendous earthquake ruined many cities of Italy.

A.D.  
801.  
802.

Venice was much agitated about the choice of a certain bishop. The Doge Giovanni and his son Maurizio threw the Patriarch of Grado, their spiritual superior, from the top of a lofty tower, whither he had fled for refuge.

All Italy was thrown into ecstasies by the discovery at Mantua of a piece of sponge which (it was pretended) had been soaked in the blood of Christ. This piece of sponge was the subject of a correspondence between the Emperor and the Pope.

About this time the Doges of Venice began to coin money. The republic was split by violent dissensions. One party appealed to the Greeks, the other to the Franks: both were guilty of the fault of putting in peril the independence of the little state.

Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, attacked Venice. He seems to have taken several of the islands that form that singular city, but to have been repulsed with great loss at the Rialto. He returned to the continent, and died shortly after at Milan.

Venice was included in a treaty of peace made this same year between Charlemagne and the Greek emperor, but the Venetians obliged themselves to pay henceforth an annual tribute to the kings of Italy.

Charlemagne, now advanced in the vale of years and suffering those infirmities which conquerors and kings have to share with the meanest of their subjects, was afflicted by the sudden loss of Charles his eldest son.

Charlemagne died at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was succeeded as Emperor by Louis the Pious, his only surviving legitimate son. Bernardo, a natural son of Pepin, was King of Italy.

Fresh dissensions in Rome between the Pope and part of the citizens, which were only ended by the temporal arms of the King.

- A.D. The young King, Bernardo, was dethroned and deprived  
 817. of his eyes by his *pious* uncle Louis. The unhappy prince, and a friend who suffered the same punishment with him, died three days after, of spasms and grief! Five years after he had slept peacefully in the grave, his imperial relative felt the pangs of remorse:—"magno cum dolore flevit multo tempore, et confessionem dedit coram omnibus Episcopis suis, et iudicio eorum pœnitentiam suscepit, propter hoc tantum, quia non prohibuit Consiliarios hanc crudelitatem agere. Ob hanc causam multa dedit pauperibus, propter purgationem animæ suæ."<sup>a</sup> Such were the customs of those times, but would not those times have been still worse without the check of religion or the church?
819. Lothaire, the son of Louis the Pious, was associated with his father in the empire, and declared King of Italy.
827. The translation of the bodies of saints from Rome to France, Germany, and other ultramontane countries that did not abound in such precious relics, had become wonderfully frequent. At times, when the foreign devotees had not the money to purchase, or the Romans the inclination to sell, these bodies were stolen from the churches, and carried beyond the Alps. The Romans however had their revenge, for they frequently sold to the *simple* strangers, false relics, and the bones of the greatest sinner: the sweepings of a churchyard might be palmed on them as the miracle-working remains of saints.
828. The Saracens, who so often devastated the shores of the Christians, were astonished by the apparition of an Italian armament on their own coasts. Boniface II. Count of Lucca, with some Tuscan, Corsican, and Sardinian nobles,

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<sup>a</sup> Theganus de Gest. Ludov. Pii, ap. Muratori.

formed and commanded the expedition, which landed between the ruined cities of Utica and Carthage.

It behaved with great gallantry, but had no important results; for, in this very year, the Saracens first obtained a footing in Sicily, which island still belonged to the Emperor of the East, and was governed by a Greek from Constantinople. This year was farther distinguished (and the Venetians, of a certainty, thought this by far the greatest event) by the translation of the body of St. Mark the Evangelist from Alexandria to Venice. The way in which this important relic was smuggled over is worth relating, as, true or false, it conveys a trait of the times.

The caliphs of Cairo had been in the practice of knocking down the Christian churches, to procure materials for the construction of their own mosques and palaces. A similar profanation threatened the chapel in which reposed the body of Saint Mark. Alarmed and dispirited, the priests of the chapel yielded to the prayers and the gold of two wealthy Venetian merchants, who were anxious to enrich their own country with the venerable relics. But still two difficulties remained:—to conceal the pious theft from the Christians of Alexandria, and to deceive the Saracens, who attentively examined every object shipped by the foreign traders. The ingenious Venetians remembered that the Mahometans abhor swine's flesh, even as the Jews. They therefore packed the body of the saint in a deep wicker basket, and heaped above it a quantity of pork. On opening the basket and seeing the abhorred meat, the infidels hurried the bearers on with it; so that the sacred deposit reached the ship in safety, and, after having encountered tremendous tempests on its voyage, was received in Venice with inexpressible transports of joy.\*

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\* Lettere su Venezia. Sanuti. Muratori.

About this period the disorders of the Imperial family became evident to the world, and Louis the Pious had to feel the pangs of filial ingratitude.

A.D. 829. Lothaire, the King of Italy, made a journey into Italy, where he complained that he found the study of letters almost extinct.

830. The sons of Louis the Pious broke out into open rebellion; and Lothaire, returning from Italy into France, distinguished himself by his cruelty, and endeavoured to force his father the Emperor to become a monk.

832. Fresh troubles between the Emperor and his turbulent sons. Palermo taken by the Saracens, who were already masters of Messina, Catania, and the greater part of the island of Sicily.

833. The Saracens from Sicily ravaged the coasts of Italy, threatening the cities of Porto and Ostia by the mouth of the Tiber, and even Rome herself.

The unnatural contest of children against their father was again renewed. Lothaire went into France from Italy, carrying with him the Pope, to act as umpire. The spot where the conferences were held was afterwards called "The field of lies."

834. The brothers quarrelled among themselves, and Louis and Pepin liberated their father, who was harshly kept as a prisoner by Lothaire. Towards the end of the year a pacification took place, and Lothaire returned into Italy, which for some years might be considered as entirely separated from the empire.

836. Lothaire suffered a dangerous illness and quarrelled with the Pope, whose temporal power in Italy he observed with displeasure.

Louis the Pious was prevented from undertaking a journey into Italy by the incursions of the Normans, who kept a great part of France in constant alarm.

Giovanni, a doge of Venice, fell a victim to a conspiracy of the populace. He was seized in a church whither he had repaired to perform his devotions on his birthday—deprived of his hair and his beard, and forcibly ordained a monk (the usual lot reserved at this period for unfortunate political characters) in the church of Grado. A.D. 837.

Invited by the Neapolitans to assist them in a war with the Prince of Benevento, a strong fleet of Saracens arrived from Sicily,—one of the numerous instances of that fatality with which the Italians have been accustomed to summon the most perilous and destructive aids in their internal quarrels.

Louis the Pious, whose health was rapidly declining, felt anxious to reconcile his sons, and himself with them. Lothaire obeyed the paternal summons, and went into Germany, where his father then was. He kneeled at the Emperor's feet—was forgiven—and accepted that portion of his vast states that his sire chose to allot him. 838.

Pietro, the Doge of Venice, proceeded with a numerous fleet against the Slavonians, who occupied Dalmatia, and infested as cruel pirates the Adriatic and neighbouring seas. A treaty was made, and at the islands of Narenta, Drosaico, the Slavonian prince, confirmed it: they were to renounce for ever their piratical mode of life. It was not likely that a written treaty should effect so great a reformation, and we afterwards hear of these marauders; but it is pleasant to see Venice, in her infancy, attempting to establish some of the rights of humanity and civilization. 839.

In this or the following year, the Venetians sent sixty ships of war to the relief of Taranto, that was beset by the Saracens.

The Beneventans assassinated their prince, Sicard. He was a monster and deserved his fate. But from this

time the division and decline of the vast duchy of Benevento may be dated.

A.D. 840. The Emperor Louis the Pious died. He was scarcely in his grave when his sons were again up in arms to dispute the possession of different parts of the Empire.

These wars belong rather to the general history of Europe than to Italy, and have been often related. They ended in a partition. This partition, however, gave a fatal blow to the empire of the Franks. For seven years after (847), the treaty of Mersen abrogated the sovereignty that had been attached to the eldest brother and to the imperial name in former partitions: thenceforward, each held his respective kingdom as an independent right.\*

During these unnatural dissensions, and whilst Lothaire was seeking to extend his dominions, Italy, the fairest he might ever hope to possess, was continually ravaged in her southern provinces by the Saracens, who but too frequently were invited and subsidized by the inferior princes at war with each other. "And thus the infidels continued to profit by the discord of christian princes, to the ruin of their innocent people."† The annals of Italy offer nothing more interesting than these paltry but devastating wars, with the robbing of the monasteries of their wealth, and churches of their relics; and the period of the Frank or Carlovingian emperors in Italy, which terminated in 884, may be dismissed with the following brief and important remarks of Machiavelli.‡

"The changes of this epoch were favourable to the aggrandizement of papacy. When Pascal I. assumed the

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\* Hallam's Middle Ages, chap. i. part i.

† Muratori. Bossi.

‡ Delle Istorie Fiorentine, lib. i.

pontificate, the parochial clergy of Rome, who being on the spot, and about the person of the Pope, had always a superior influence in the elections, arrogated to themselves the splendid title of cardinals. The cardinals eventually excluded the Roman people from the right of voting, and then the Pope was rarely elected save from their own body. Whilst Italy was in the hands of the Franks, her position and political order were partially changed, principally from the Pope's having acquired more power in temporal affairs than he had possessed under the Lombards; and from the Franks having introduced the name and government of counts and marquises, in addition to those of dukes, which had been brought into Italy by Longinus the Exarch of Ravenna. After the reign of several Popes, the tiara (in 843-4) fell to a Roman called 'Osporco,' who, from the ugliness of his name, had it changed into that of Sergius—and this was the origin of that mutation of names which always takes place in the elections of the Roman pontiffs." A.D.  
840.





## **The Pope's Daughter.**

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**"Non la conobbe 'l mondo mentre che l' ebbe."**

**PETRARCA.**

**"But she I mean, is promised by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;  
And kept securely from resort of men."**

**SHAKESPEARE.**



## **The Pope's Daughter.**

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**THE** Saracens, animated with the wild enthusiasm of a novel and intolerant faith, which blessed the sabre of the victor, had advanced in a rapid career of conquest, and, at one time, the apprehensions that all Europe would be submitted to them and the Koran were not altogether unreasonable.

Towards the middle of the ninth century, when the splendid heritage of Charlemagne was governed by weak princes divided against themselves, the infidels insulted not only the Italian, but all the line of coast on the Mediterranean occupied by Christians—frequently penetrating far into the interior of those countries, and at times seizing and retaining strong places. Many of the islands that speck and adorn the inland sea were in their possession, and from Sicily the Saracens would attack the Calabrias and the shores of what is now the Neapolitan kingdom with great effect. An expedition, more than usually strong and well appointed, sailed from Sicily

to take possession of Ponza, Ventoteno, Ischia, and other islands situated between the mouth of the river Tyber and the gulf of Naples. It failed in its object ; but a strong castle at the head of the Neapolitan bay fell into their hands, and offered an admirable point whence to prosecute their predatory incursions. This fortress stood on the Cape of Misenum, whose scenic beauty will not be easily forgotten by those who have sailed round it, or gazed on its abrupt cliffs from Baiæ, or Puteoli ; and the castle itself might have pretended to some interest, being that in which Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, had passed the years of captivity that intervened between the throne and the grave. The sweeping invasions made from this and other points, and the ravages committed throughout the South of Italy by the barbarous Saracens, became so tremendous, that at length all the efforts of the Pope and Louis II., who then held the imperial sceptre, were united to make head against them. The Emperor, who was in Italy, and in the duchy of Benevento, summoned his Italian subjects of every degree, and from every part of the peninsula, to join his standard before Luceria, a strong city in Apulia. This rigorous edict was given as if for a holy war, which that might justly be deemed,

whose object was the expulsion of the Saracens ; but it contained a singular measure, or standard, of property and faculty. \*No person who possessed in moveable property the value of the fine fixed by law for a homicide could be exempted from the conscription ! (The price of a human life in those days I do not find mentioned.) Every marquis and count—which titles originally implied military grades and command—was to march with his troops, under penalty of the confiscation of his estates ; the *gastaldi*, or *chatelains*, were similarly bound ; and even the abbots and abbesses were menaced with immediate degradation from their high offices, if they sent not their full quota of vassals to the Imperial army. The force thus raised, though numerically great, was of dubious quality, and, except in the inhabitants of the districts most exposed to the Saracens, there was perhaps little of the daring spirit of patriotism, which in some instances may supply the deficiencies of military science and discipline.

The ashes of the ancient Romans in their sepulchral urns might have felt a chill colder than that

\* “ Qualunque persona che tanto possedesse in beni mobili di poter pagare la multa di un omicidio, (singolare misura delle facoltà) era tenuta a recarsi all' armata.”—Bossi, *Storia d'Italia Antic. e Mod.* lib. iv. cap. 6.

of death as the parody of a Roman army assembled within the degraded walls of the eternal city. The superstitions of the age, the vast tendency to monachism, and a cumbrous hierarchy, had rendered prominent in the wasted population of Rome a mass of dreaming cenobites and pusillanimous priests. To make up her quota for the Christian army about to war on the Saracens, it was necessary to draw on these unwarlike classes, and cowls and scapularies marched in the ranks, mixed with steel casques and breast-plates. Yet were there some among the Romans of whom the ancient legions need not have been ashamed: their barons, whose audacity and untractableness were to be better known at a somewhat later period, were fierce and brave; and the plebeian population of the "Trastevere" might have offered then, as it does now, figures and countenances to recall the idea of their ancestors, the conquerors of the world. But among the Romans who obeyed the summons of the Emperor Louis, there was not a man so gallant and noble as the young warrior Lamberto, whose illustrious birth was the least of his qualities. He had not hesitated a moment to take up arms, though hesitation might almost have been excused in him, as, on reception of the imperial edict, he was betrothed, and on the eve of being

united to the fairest daughter of Rome—youthful, ingenuous, and passionately attached to her lover. He had affectionately striven to reconcile his young mistress to this award of fate, and now stood, though with feelings less firm than he might have desired, by her side on a terrace that overlooked the Tyber, to take his last farewell. The fond and gentle Stefania listened to his often-repeated assurances of constancy and love, and to his confident hopes, that victory would soon restore him to Rome and to her; yet she wept as she had done before—and as the fatal moment for their parting approached, she again intreated him to avail himself of the facilities his rank and position afforded him, and not repair to the cruel and distant fields, whence he might never return. Lamberto, as he felt the balmy breath that came with her hurried words, and watched her tears, so “too convincing, dangerously dear,” in the eyes of woman, almost regretted he had stolen this interview; and even then, if her beauty and tenderness had taken the sword from his side, the warrior might have reprehended, but the lover would have excused him—

“Non era il volto suo cosa mortale,  
Ma d'angelica forma; e le parole  
Sonavan altro, che pur voce umana.”

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\* Petrarca.



The beauty, too, of the scenery, softened by the approach of evening, and the flowing river and vesper breeze, and the numerous voices of summer birds in the brake beyond the Tyber,—all seemed to unite supplications with the pale and weeping Stefania, and to woo him to tranquillity and love. Lamberto was almost yielding to these winning influences, when the impatient neighing of his war-horse, that he had secured at the foot of the terrace, recalled him to himself and his duties.

“I must go, my Stefania,” said he, after an effort. “But do not weep thus. Again I tell you, I shall soon return.”

“Alas!” replied the maid, “the sword of the cruel Saracen—fire—sickness from the unhealthy field—may each and all interfere with the keeping of this promise.”

“Nay, do not fear! Our cause is just—the necessity for rising in the defence of Christian Italy against the Pagans is imperious. Religion and humanity bless our arms, and God and the saints will protect the soldiers of Saint Peter!” said the young warrior.

“But to what distant regions may not the Emperor lead you? How long, how very long may it be ere I shall see you again!” sighed Stefania.

"The edict is but for the defence of Italy ; I shall neither cross the Alps nor the seas," replied Lamberto ; "and should the war be prolonged on our own coasts, I have permission and the power to return and fulfil my dear engagements."

"Alas, alas !" said the weeping bride ; "my heart dies within me—I have the presentiment, that on your leaving me, I shall be left defenceless and helpless to some horrid misfortune ; and yet I feel, could such things be, that I have the courage to follow you to the field, and to share in every danger that may arise."

"My sweet, my generous Stefania ! fear not for me, but still less for yourself ! Protected as you are, what can harm you ?"

"And yet I do fear," said the maiden, trembling, "and feel, I know not wherefore, that should the fury of the war spare you, I shall not live to welcome your return."

Though Lamberto shuddered at the supposition, he said encouragingly, "My Stefania, this is but the depression of your spirits, or the haunting of some dream ; and your nurse there, who seems impatient at this long farewell taking, will inform you that dreams are to be interpreted into the very reverse of what they shadow forth."

"So may mine prove!" said the maiden, and, averting her face to hide a fresh torrent of tears, she presented her hand, and murmured a sad and almost inaudible adieu to her lover. Lamberto pressed her hand to his bosom and his lips, and repeating a farewell as tender as her own, rushed, while his resolution lasted, from the terrace, and, mounting his steed, galloped towards his troop.

By daybreak the following morning the Roman forces had all assembled before the Vatican, situated beyond the then existing walls of the city, and the rays of the rising sun shone on such a military array as had not been seen there for a long time. The echoes of the Seven Hills were awakened by the blasts of the martial trumpet, and the genius of old Rome might have looked down with some degree of complacency, as this effort was at least to be directed against a foreign and a barbarous enemy, and not expended, as so many had been, in internal broils and self-destruction.

The *armigeri*, or body-guards of the great counts and nobles, accustomed to arms and a species of discipline, bore a good military appearance. They were chiefly on horseback. But the gathering of vassals, lay and ecclesiastic, could pretend to nothing of the sort. Their weapons were of almost

every possible variety, but the short, firm sword of the ancient Romans was scarcely seen among them, and the organization of the legion, which had rendered infantry so redoubtable, was utterly unknown, though the works of Polybius remained to detail its secrets and effect. The Imperial banner floated in the van; but the Pope's colours, with the keys of Saint Peter, (which in a few ages, surmounted by the tiara, was to assert a superiority over the insignia of all the temporal sovereigns of the earth,) were modestly unfolded in the rear of the army. When every thing was ready for departure, Pope Adrian, attended by his cardinals, who were not yet proud princes of the Holy See, but simply priests of the parochial churches of Rome, or deacons,\* came forth in simple stole, and a humble mitre on his head, from the temple where he had celebrated mass, and, standing in the front of the portico, waved his hand,

\* Chiamavansi allora, Cardinali in Roma, quei, che erano veri e proprj Parrochi di qualche chiesa Parrocchiale, o Diaconi, cioè veri e proprj Rettori di qualche Diaconia, o sia Spedale." . . . . "Lo stesso si trova praticato in Ravenna, in Milano, in Napoli, ed in altre città. Ma anche allora in gran riputazione e stima erano i Parrochi e Diaconi di Roma, perchè principali ad eleggere il Papa, e massimamente perchè i Papi per lo più si eleggevano dal corpo d'essi Parrochi e Diaconi." —Muratori, Annali, ann. 853.

and blessed the troops, who knelt at his benediction. Religion infused for the time a spirit that was wanting: the Roman levies then marched with something like enthusiasm,—those being the boldest who had a bond of security on fate, in the possession of the efficacious relic of some saint, or a sword or spear that had been rubbed against the treasured steel that wounded the side of our Saviour.

In the evening after the marching of the troops, and about an hour after the “Ave Maria,” an ecclesiastic, mounted on a mule and followed only by one attendant, was seen riding slowly along the banks of the Tyber. He alighted by the terrace which had been the scene of Lamberto's fond adieux, and thence entered a large and solitary house, where in a moment the lovely and sorrowing Stefania was in the affectionate arms of her father, for such was the visiter—and the visiter was Pope Adrian himself!

Catholics may be scandalized; but it is an historical and notorious fact, that though celibacy was recommended, it was not absolutely insisted upon as essential to the clerical profession, and a dogma of the infallible church, until the twelfth century; and in earlier ages many of the most distinguished bishops—nay, some of the popes themselves—had been married men before they renounced the world

for the ecclesiastical life. Even thus had it happened with Adrian II.\* He had a wife named Stefania, and a family, of whom an only daughter now remained, before he entered the church; and even when his sanctity or his ambition was rewarded with its supreme post, he could not eradicate the private feelings of nature, (a Protestant may regret that the attempt were ever made,) but he continued to love his child with intense and absorbing affection. In what relation the Pope stood to his ex-wife we are not informed, but she lived with her daughter in the outskirts of Rome, and must occasionally have seen her husband in his visits, which were always made as privately as possible. To establish his darling child had been his principal care. When elected to the chair of Saint Peter, he found no difficulty in contracting an alliance with the noblest of Rome, and the gallant Lamberto was the husband he chose for Stefania. He had seen the youth's departure, which he could not well oppose, with regret, and he now came to console his child, who hung on his neck and wept. Her revered father's caresses, his

\* *Annales Francor. Bertiniani.* Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 868. Bossi, &c. &c. Though the chronicler Bertin, or Bertino, was a Catholic saint, he does not, in recording this marriage, express any horror.

encouragement, and affectionate admonitions, soon however restored the young bride to calmness, and to the sense of what she owed her kind parent. She exerted herself to please him—the hour passed, and when the fond father, charmed with her filial love and docility, took his leave, he promised that Lamberto should soon return from the wars.

The quick intercourse by letters—that admirable improvement of modern times that does so much for our comfort, and may alleviate the pangs of lovers' separation—was unknown in those days of turbulence and general ignorance. Lamberto had been absent many weeks, and his bride had never heard from him, when, one morning as she was walking on the terrace with her nurse, she saw a distant horseman galloping towards her solitary abode. He came on with such speed that she could soon perceive he was a warrior, and one of superior condition. Her heart beat wildly. About the length of a couple of bow-shots from the garden walls the road or path divided—one arm branching off towards the Campagna di Roma, and the other leading to the front entrance of her house. She was breathless as the warrior approached the division :—which road would he take? His gallant steed soon an-

swered the question—he took the way to her door, and the over-agitated Stefania fell into the arms of her nurse, exclaiming, “It is he!—he is come at last!”

Soon, however, recovering herself, the young bride ran with love's speed to the house and the outer gate, where the domestics were holding parley with the armed visitor, who announced himself, not indeed as Lamberto, but as the bearer of an important message from him. This was a cruel disappointment; but the minor pleasure of learning his tidings remained, and impatient, and without consulting her mother, she ordered that the gate, never unbarred in those times of treachery and violence, without suspicion, should be opened to the stranger. The warrior entered, and followed Stefania to the apartment of her mother, whom they found engaged in prayer. Startled at the intrusion, the matron arose.

“A messenger, dearest mother, from Lamberto,” said Stefania, presenting the stranger, who respectfully bowed, and advancing produced to the ladies a curious ring, well known to both as having been worn by the absent bridegroom.

“By this token I am accredited,” said the warrior.



"You are—it is Lamberto's ring!" cried Stefania, pressing it to her lips; "but wherefore tarries he so long?—where is he?—how fares he?—what says my lord?"

"Lamberto is well—his sword is victorious—he tenderly salutes you with the information, that in a few days, whatever be the consequences, he will quit the Emperor's camp and return to Rome to claim his bride and celebrate his nuptials," replied the envoy.

"Heaven be praised for his well-being!" exclaimed Stefania and her mother; but the latter added, "But may there not be dishonour or peril in abandoning the Christian army?"

"There may indeed be suspicion of one, and risk of the other," said the stranger cautiously; "and for this he exacts from you a promise, that no mention be made to living soul of his coming. When here, he can justify and defend himself."

"His will shall be done, and may all tend to the best!" said the matron.

"You promise, then, to keep this important secret?" rejoined the messenger.

The mother and daughter replied, "We do, most solemnly!"

After having answered a number of questions con-

cerning Lamberto, suggested by the affection of the gentle Stefania, the warrior withdrew to partake of some refreshments prepared for him ; and soon after, having paid his devoirs to the ladies, he left the house.

That very evening the quiet mule of the Roman Pontiff stopped before the door which led to her who was more precious than aught else on earth, and, in the indulgence of his parental tenderness, Adrian experienced that degree of pleasure which nothing could equal. It was a curious and a touching sight to mark the Pope and the maiden. The whole Christian world were his children ; but he felt this to be a spiritual fiction, and the voice of nature within him told he had but *one child*—his own, and the fairest and dearest. The maiden, too, had been taught to consider the papal dignity as something above earth—allied to Heaven and the host of saints—but his familiar tenderness, and her filial return, assured her, that though now a Pope, her father was yet a mortal, and retained all his former feelings and affections.

Mindful of their promise, and fearful of trusting themselves on the subject of Lamberto's messenger, for truth will break out so naturally from ingenuous minds, neither Stefania nor her mother mentioned

his visit, and Adrian returned to Rome without knowing any thing of the matter.

Meanwhile the impatience of the bride, irritated by the assurance she had received that Lamberto would soon be with her, scarcely allowed her rest by night or day. The third—the fourth day had elapsed, and she began to feel that sickness of the heart which proceeds from delayed hope. On the evening of the fifth day, after having walked on the terrace, and watched with eager eyes across the country, until, overcome with fatigue, she was following her nurse who had retired to the house for vesper prayers, a gentle “Hist, hist!” and her name repeated in a subdued voice, arrested her steps. She turned in the direction of the sounds, and saw in the garden below the terrace an old gardener, who beckoned her to descend. Surprised at so unusual an invitation, she however went down to the garden by a flight of steps that led from the end of the terrace. The gardener, instead of waiting her approach, walked on towards the high walls that surrounded the grounds, nor stopped until he reached a cluster of trees that shut out all view from the house. Stefania followed him; but what was her alarm, when, on reaching the spot where he had paused, she found a man in armour standing in the dense

shadow of the trees. A scream died on her lips, but she would have fled, when the warrior, grasping her arm, made himself known as the messenger of Lamberto.

"Lady, you must excuse the means we have employed, and be silent," said the man.

"But what means this?" asked Stefania, recovering her breath—"How are you here in secret?—where is my Lamberto?"

"A very short distance hence, impatiently awaiting your arrival," was the answer.

"How is this, sir!" said Stefania; "even at the hour of the day it is, the doors of this house are open to my affianced—why comes he then by stealth?"

"Alas! lady, things are changed, fearfully changed! Lamberto has incurred the displeasure of the Emperor and of his Holiness the Pope—your marriage is forbidden, and another destiny and another husband await you."

"Lamberto is my affianced—our vows have been plighted, and I will have no husband but him," said Stefania energetically, although trembling in every limb and joint at so horrid and so unexpected an announcement.

"He expected no less from you, lady, and thus has dared to oppose to force and violence that may

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soon be employed against him and you, the resources of ingenuity and secresy. He expects your coming at a house not far removed from these garden walls, and a holy friar is with him to perform the marriage ceremony."

"So suddenly—so mysteriously!" mused Stefania.

"None other way is left, lady: when once married—once his—neither Emperor nor Pope will separate you; but *now* it is for you to decide, and that instantly, for every moment may render impracticable his well-laid plan, whether you will be his, or lose Lamberto for ever."

"I cannot lose him! I dare not flee to him thus! Alas, alas! and if I stay here I may never see him more!" cried the agitated bride.

"Of a certainty you never will! But why hesitate, fair lady, and throw away your only chance of love and happiness? Away, away with me, and in a few minutes you will be in the arms of an adoring husband!" and the secret envoy gently pulled her, but half unwilling as she was, towards the garden wall.

"But my father—my affectionate father!" cried Stefania with anguish—"and my fond mother with—Oh! I cannot leave my darling mother thus!"

"It is impossible she can accompany you; but

each instant your escape to Lamberto may be prevented, and he has sworn by every oath not to survive the disappointment of this his last and only hope."

"Oh, I must consult my mother! I cannot depart without her blessing," said Stefania, while tears rained down her youthful cheeks.

"This would ruin all;" and the messenger, continuing his gentle force, brought her to the foot of the lofty wall. They had not stood there an instant, when the voice of the old nurse on the terrace was heard calling the name of Stefania.

"Oh, let me return!—let me return!" prayed the lovely maiden to the soldier, who now held her arm faster than before.

"And lose Lamberto for ever?" whispered the man significantly—"No! it must not be, and I must serve my friend and master.—Hist! there, Barnabò!"

At his call the old gardener glided between them and the wall, and opened a low iron door that gave egress to the banks of the Tyber. The warrior clasped Stefania in his arms—in two strides he was beyond the garden walls—the iron door was closed, and this half voluntary elopement—half forcible abduction was completed. Stefania wept and wrung her hands—she could not return, nor could she walk

forward. The warrior took her light weight in his muscular arms, and carried her down to the edge of the river; but before he could place her in a boat prepared for their flight, she had fainted.

When she recovered, as if from a confused dream, she found herself gliding rapidly between the dark, rough banks of the Tyber, with the armed man by her side. She hid her face in her hands, and had only strength to say, "Oh, whither are you conducting me on this cold, deep river?"

"To a husband," was the brief reply.

The boat soon stopped at an ancient quay, now much dilapidated, where Stefania was made to descend. Not a hundred yards from the landing-place, a massy time-worn edifice reared its head in the uncertain and darkening twilight.

"Your husband awaits you there," said the warrior; "that is to be your temple of Hymen!"

"Alas!" said Stefania, "it looks more like a tomb!"

But at the same time the thoughts of her near approach to Lamberto, and her ardent love, whispered encouragement, and she walked on towards the dreary pile. The building, both in material and style of architecture, was such as had never been produced in the ages of barbarism; it was the ruin

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of an edifice, probably a temple, of the Roman empire, which, like many others, had been converted into a mortal residence. Within these old impenetrable walls the barons and nobles, even for some centuries after, set the popes and the oppressed Romans at defiance, and the relics of a classical age served as the castles of feudal tyranny and its worst excesses. Stefania trembled with awe as she stopped under its frowning walls, from whose fractured and irregular edges the dark ivy descended in long, broad threads, not adhesive to the masonry, but loose, and waving in the night-breeze like the banners of death. She looked in vain for a door to open, with a passionate, fond welcome from Lamberto. There was no door in the lower part of the edifice ; but anon, after a shrill whistle from her conductor, she heard a harsh, creaking noise high above head, and looking up she saw a narrow arched aperture in the wall thrown open. The light of torches glared through the opening, and she heard the harsh voices of several men. The next minute a folding flight of wooden steps, scarcely more convenient than a scaling-ladder, was lowered. Agitated by a thousand contrasting passions, and with a giddy head, Stefania could not ascend by such steps as those, and her conductor carried her up in his arms. She



landed in a narrow passage that penetrated the stupendous thickness of the wall, and opened into a vast roofless corridor where the wind caused the torches by which she was preceded to waver and flicker with strange effect, while, at the same time, their light disturbed innumerable tenants of the ruins, the owls and the bats, that moped and hooted, and flitted with wings mysteriously silent along and across the corridor. And where was Lamberto all this time? Was it thus he received his bride, who had abandoned her home, and all in the world beside, to attend his summons? It was for him to support her trembling steps.

Her conductor assured her he was engaged with the priest, and that she would instantly be in his company. He threw open a door at the end of the gallery; but, on following him into another passage, Stefania suddenly stopped, and, drawing her hands before her eyes, uttered a faint scream. Against the wall she saw, by a faulty light, a tall white figure, with a hand upraised as if to menace or admonish; and to her agitated senses it assumed the form of her mother—of that affectionate mother she had abandoned so precipitately.

“What fear is this? It is but a statue you start at,” said her conductor, and he ordered the attend-

ants to hold their torches to a niche where indeed was collocated an effigy of some divinity of ancient mythology.

The passage they were in descended considerably like the *vomitoria* of an ancient amphitheatre, and ended at another door, which being thrown open, Stefania found herself in a vast and lofty hall, whose obscurity was but imperfectly dissipated by torches stuck against the blackened walls, and a huge lamp suspended from the almost invisible roof. Beneath that lamp she saw the figures of a monk and a warrior clad in armour; and how did Stefania's cheek blush and her limbs shake, when the latter advanced to meet her, saying in a low voice, "You are come at last?" She could not raise her eyes to his, but took his offered arm in silence. The warrior too was silent. When at the end of the dreary hall, and beneath the lamp, he made a sign to the monk, who instantly, and with a hurried voice, began to read the marriage service as prescribed at that period by the Church of Rome. As it proceeded and came to that point where Stefania was to give the important response that bound her fate till death, she lifted up her timid eyes towards her lover's face, but it was concealed by the casque and visor he wore. With

something colder and heavier than steel at her heart, she again bent her eyes to the ground, wondering (if any of her confused ideas were intelligible) at the discourtesy and churlishness of her Lamberto. The ceremony was finished—she scarcely knew how—the monk departed—the hall was cleared, and Stefania blushing and trembling was alone with her husband, who at last removing his masking helmet, discovered to her eyes not the beloved features of her Lamberto, but those of an utter stranger !

The betrayed girl shrieked with horror, and fell lifeless on the floor of the accursed hall.

We must leave the innocent victim in that den of treachery and horror, and explain the circumstances which led to her abduction—facts than which, the dark, guilty period we are describing exhibits none more iniquitous.

Anastasius, the priest-cardinal, who bore the title of Saint Marcellus, descended from one of the richest and most noble families of Rome. His life was irregular and dissipated; but his heart was ambitious, and had no gentle feeling to interfere with the commission of any crime that might tend to the desired end.

Fifteen years before the date of the present nar-

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rative, in a council of the Church held at Rome, and presided by the zealous Pope Leo IV., he was excommunicated and deposed for non-residence and other ecclesiastical infractions. In spite, however, of this degradation, his power and influence in Rome were so great, that two years after, on the death of Leo, he was elected Pope by a strong faction of the Romans, while a more legitimate election had deferred the tiara to Benedict III. Whatever were the subsequent independence and pretensions of the Roman Conclave, it is certain that at this period the Pope elected at Rome was not consecrated or acknowledged as such, until the consent of the Emperor, the temporal sovereign, was obtained. The dignitaries chosen by Benedict, on this occasion, to carry the act of election to the Emperor for confirmation, were Nicholas, the Bishop of Anagni, and Mercurius, the master of the militia, both of whom being corrupted and won over by Anastasius, on presenting themselves at the Imperial Court, instead of promoting the interests of Benedict, pleaded in favour of the usurper. Nor did the ambitious priest's influence and manœuvres end there; for, on the approach of the Emperor's messengers, (sent to investigate the election,) they were met by some of the principal

nobles of Rome, the zealous partisans of Anastasius, and at the gates of the city two powerful bishops joined their advocacy on his behalf. On the other side two bishops, deputed to meet the Imperial envoys by Benedict, were detained by them and consigned to military guard.

The following day the Imperial ministers ordered that the clergy, the senate, and the Roman people should meet them at Ponte Molle, to hear the high will of the Emperor Louis. It was, that Anastasius should be Pope! Thus protected, the usurper entered the Vatican, and presently after occupied the Lateran Palace, where he tore the pontifical robes from Benedict, whom, after the harshest treatment and even blows, he condemned to confinement. "Then were incredible the lamentations and the tears of the clergy and the people, who on the next day assembled in the church of Saint Emilian, where repaired also with great haughtiness the Imperial ministers, accompanied by a strong body of soldiers, hoping to induce them to confirm the above-mentioned and iniquitous Anastasius. But they found in the bishops particularly, and then in the rest of the clergy and in the people, such constancy that day and the following one, all crying that they would have Bene-

dict, and were ready to die rather than accept the unworthy personage proposed to them, that the officers of the Emperor accorded in their sentiment, and having driven Anastasius out of the palace, restored Benedict to liberty."\*

The popes seem to have felt and resented injuries as much as other men; from Benedict, Anastasius could expect no grace, and he remained under the ban of the church during the dominion of Benedict's successor Nicholas. But on the accession of Adrian II., the father of Stefania, that benign pontiff, eager to reconcile and to forgive, withdrew the sentence of excommunication, and at the very commencement of his pontificate restored Anastasius to all his dignities. Such favours as these might have secured the gratitude of any man less perverse in crime than Anastasius; but it is the property of some villains to convert favours into humiliations, and to follow with a proud hate the givers of them. This did the rancorous priest. Anastasius, moreover, was but too well disposed to envy and detest any occupant of the Papal throne, which had once been his, and from which he could not forget how he had been hurled. But beyond all this, and innate malignity, or the inclination for

\* Muratori, *Annali*, ann. 855.

evil, for evil's sake, which is found in the bosom of some human fiends, there may have been other motives, such as the wealth of the Pope's only child, and the aggrandizement of his own family, or jealousy to Lamberto's, to actuate the abominable conduct of Anastasius. He had a brother named Eleutherius, and the layman was almost as great a villain as the priest; for he had at once embraced a project of stealing away the lovely daughter of Adrian, the contracted bride of Lamberto, and marrying her by force or fraud. The execution of the enormity was not easy. Adrian kept his heart's jewel in a coffer it would be difficult to break. The suburban villa where she resided was as strong as a castle,—she was protected by numerous servants, and never went out; but—

——“ Oh ! mischief ! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men ! ”

When Lamberto departed for the army, a warrior, a man of lost fortunes, whom obligations and a participation in former guilt had made the slave of Eleutherius, followed him to the field to watch his motions, and procure, if possible, some signet or ring, which, backing a feigned message, might gain him admission into the house of Stefania, and

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time to observe it and corrupt some menial. The long-worn and well-known ring of Lamberto was at last purloined: the emissary repaired to Rome, and we have seen how well his arts succeeded with the youthful, innocent, and unsuspecting Stefania.

The bloody Saracens at his palace gates, or before the altar of the Vatican,—an anti-pope with furious and overpowering partisans—a thunderbolt at his feet, could not have moved Pope Adrian, as did the news of his daughter's disappearance. He too well knew of what atrocities some in Rome were capable, and he tore his hoary beard and hair, and would not listen to advice or consolation. When the first paroxysms of his grief were over, he went to the fatal villa. The looks, the tones of the voice of the bereaved father were dreadful when he addressed the less energetic but equally afflicted mother.

“Woman! is it thus you take care of my soul's idol? Where is my daughter? Where is my only child?” His wife hid her face in her hands and wept.

All the domestics were summoned and examined. The old nurse told the circumstances attending Stefania's disappearance, and added for her mistress, who dared not speak, an account of the visit of the warrior, and the surmise, the hope, that his daugh-



ter was with the returned Lamberto. From the loyalty of the young warrior,—from the utter uselessness of such a measure as elopement on his part, who could at any time claim his affianced bride, and from many other circumstances, Adrian knew this to be next to impossible. Yet he hastened to the palace of the young man's father. Lamberto had not returned,—had not been seen by the family, or any one in Rome.

The efforts used by the Pope to discover who were the ravishers of his daughter soon made the atrocious affair known throughout the city; and as a great reward was offered to any one who could give even the slightest intelligence, an old fisherman hurried to present himself to Adrian. On the preceding evening, as he was mooring his skiff for the night at a spot somewhat lower down the Tyber, he saw a female figure, in white robes, land at the quay, and, struck at an unusual occurrence, he watched her to the walls of Eleutherius' stronghold. Here was some ground to go upon, and with the consciousness of his own charitableness, and the good he had done to Anastasius, Adrian summoned that prelate, confidently hoping that he would employ his best endeavours to induce his sinful brother, at least to restore the maiden he had

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stolen. The villain came but to revel in the spectacle of the affliction his iniquities had created. A false oath was a trifling addition to the sum of his crimes, and he swore at once, that he knew nothing of his brother's deeds, and would labour, if Stefania really were in his hands, to make him restore her to her father. He then retired, muttering as he passed through a crowd of priests and attendants in the anterooms of the Vatican, that it was unseemly and irreligious for the universal father of the Christian world so to occupy and humble himself about a stray lapwing of a girl. But the affections of Adrian met with more sympathy in other bosoms, and his beneficence had not always been thrown away, as on the incorrigible Anastasius. A few good friends, on learning the news brought by the fisherman, assembled in consultation, nor did they part until they had arranged a feasible scheme.

The exercise of the chase was indispensable to the existence of Eleutherius, and it was imagined that, even situated as he now was, he could not resist the temptation of one who should invite him to some extraordinary sport. Accordingly, on the second morning after his inglorious exploit, at a very early hour, when the vapours still hung over the river and the marshy plain, a peasant blew a hunter's

horn at the foot of his castle walls, and gave a detailed account of such a congregation of wild boars in a neighbouring wood as had not been witnessed for years. There were at least a dozen patriarchs of the forest, each with tusks as long as the messenger's horn, and he could promise they would give gallant play to the Lord Eleutherius, whose arm alone was worthy of killing them. The bait took. He had been but too long already with a crazed, fever-burning girl, who had wildly rejected his love, and now was delirious:—it was a fine morning for the sport, the spot scarcely beyond the shadow of his own strong fortress; for all events he had a body guard with whom few would cope; so Eleutherius descended from his impenetrable abode with his suite, and followed the peasant. Their hasty and silent footsteps had crossed the verge of a little wood, when, as if by enchantment, every tree on their flanks, van, and rear, seemed to give birth to an armed man, with sword or spear pointed at the ravisher.

“There are your boars with their long tusks,” cried the conductor as he glided behind a protecting oak. “Now try your valorous arm on them as you may.”

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Eleutherius, foaming with rage, grasped his hunting spear with one hand, and drew his weighty broadsword with the other, but his followers did not show their wonted alacrity, in following his example, as the force opposed to them evidently quadrupled their own numbers.

"Ha!" cried Eleutherius, "am I thus treacherously beset—betrayed?"

"And do you think that you alone are to employ false messengers?" said a warrior. "Is it for you, Sir, to talk of treachery—you who can betray a young and helpless woman?"

"But what would ye of me?"

"The instant restoration of the Pope's daughter," cried many voices together.

"That lady is my wife!—Ha! now tell me what right ye possess to interfere between us?"

"Mother Church denounces such marriages, and excommunicates those who perpetrate them. But we lose time!—Guards, seize this sacrilegious thief!" At the order of their leader, the armed men, advancing from the surrounding trees, contracted their circle, and some of the boldest rushed upon Eleutherius, who was presently disarmed and seized. At the furious voice of their chief, most of the vil-

lain's followers at last drew their swords and seemed disposed to maintain a very unequal combat, which must have soon ended in their destruction.

"Put up your blades!" cried the warrior, who commanded the opposite party: "we have no quarrel with you, and would not shed your blood. Nor do we want aught with the traitor you serve, but the restitution of the lady, the bride of another, whom he has stolen most foully!"

"Against him who moves a finger in so detestable a cause as that of the ravisher's," cried an ecclesiastic, who advanced with a crucifix in his hand, "the Holy Church will pronounce the direst of her anathemas."

His followers threw their swords to the ground, and twenty daggers were planted against the traitor's breast.

"Restore the Lady Stefania, or hie to hell, with all your guilt upon you!" exclaimed the leader, who brandished a broad poniard before his eyes.

"I know not your authority—but I cannot resist your force. What are the conditions of the surrender?" said Eleutherius grinding his teeth.

"For you—life and liberty immediately that Stefania is in our hands. The benignant Adrian seeks but his daughter, and not your punishment,

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which he leaves to Heaven and your own conscience," replied the priest who had before spoken.

"If I give her up, I remain still in your power," said the villain, who had too often broken word and faith not to suspect others. What is the pledge you give me for my safety?"

"The vow of a servant of Christ!" replied the priest, and he raised the silver crucifix he wore at his bosom to his lips.

"Then lead on to the castle, and take these daggers from my betrayed and unprotected person," said Eleutherius, in a tone of mingled ferocity, fear, and humiliation. The weapons were sheathed, and closely surrounding their captive, the partisans of the Pope marched towards the ruin. When the horn sounded beneath those gloomy walls, the consternation of its garrison was great to see their master a prisoner in the midst of an armed multitude; but they soon understood the cause of such an arrest, as Eleutherius ordered them to bring forth the captive lady.

"But my Lord — in the state she is in?" inquired one of the attendants in the fortress.

"Ay — so they will have it!" replied Eleutherius. "She must be carried. Away! let my bidding be obeyed instantly."

The men retired from the door-way, and shortly after fearful shrieks were heard echoing within the old building.

“They are murdering the Lady Stefania!” exclaimed the Romans, and again their swords and daggers were brandished. But the next moment the unfortunate victim was seen alive and struggling in the arms of an attendant.

The steps were lowered at the order of Eleutherius, — the maiden was carried down them — consigned to her deliverers, and in what a state! A violent fever seemed to consume her — her eyes glared with insanity — she knew neither those who were her enemies, or those who were her friends, and she shrieked — piteously shrieked, that they should not kill her, but restore her to her mother. The general indignation was so excited by this atrocious spectacle, that twenty daggers or more were again at the ravisher's breast, and some would certainly have been gratified by a home-thrust, had not the priest waved his silver crucifix and said—“My sons! I have sworn for the villain's safety.”

“And now, I call upon you to keep your oath,” cried the trembling miscreant.

“You are free!” replied the ecclesiastic,—“free

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from all but your damning sins ! Go and repent of them !”

With a smile of brutal scorn, Eleutherius withdrew, and, ascending the ladder, shut himself up in his lair.

The friends of Adrian made a sort of litter with their lances, and with all possible care carried his daughter into Rome, where the fond father's ecstasy at her recovery was checked by the condition in which he found her, and the reasonable fear that a crueller ravisher still than Eleutherius—that death would again deprive him of his darling, and for ever !

Contrary, however, to the most sanguine expectations, the lovely girl was in a few days restored to health and reason ; and Adrian, who could no longer suffer her to be out of his sight, lodged her with her mother, in a house near the Lateran Palace, his own residence.

Revenge, rage, the sense of humiliation received, and from which he could never escape either in his waking or his sleeping hours, waged dreadful war in the breast of Eleutherius, and other feelings equally intense in their nature predisposed him for the commission of fresh and darker crimes. He had entered into the atrocious plot entirely at his brother's instigation, or the suggestions of his own



ambition or malignancy ; the person of the bride was an object as indifferent as unknown ; but now he had seen Stefania, and his savage heart had felt her exquisite beauties. He loved her — but as a tiger loves !

His brother Anastasius, a demon in the garb of a man, and a churchman, was ever ready to fan the flames of his ire, and to urge him to the commission of deeds that nature might shudder over, but which would be sweet to him as tending to the ruin of his benefactor Pope Adrian. Well guarded, and in the city, where, in all classes, the admirers and friends of the Pontiff were predominant in number and influence, the traitor could not hope to succeed in again carrying off the person of Stefania, and every plot had failed, and added to his diabolical spite, when news was brought of the speedy return of part of the Roman army. \* \* \* \*

“ It is even as they rumour,” said the Cardinal Anastasius to Eleutherius, who sat with lowering brows and with arms dejectedly crossed on his breast. “ Lamberto will be in Rome before this moon ends, and, spite of her scapado, Stefania will be his wife !”

“ Stefania !—she !—of that boy !” cried Eleutherius ferociously.

“Ay! his wife,” continued Anastasius, “and, if you are peaceable, you may witness the marriage festival, or hear at a distance the chant of Stefania’s epithalamium!”

“By my soul’s eternal perdition!” exclaimed Eleutherius, who had bitten his writhing lips until the blood flowed from them, “she shall not be his” \* \* \* \* He could not add the hateful word.

“Wife!” rejoined Anastasius, who saw how he could work him up to madness.

“By hell! she shall not!” shrieked the villain, and he arose from his seat and paced the room with steps like those of an exasperated tiger in his cage.

“I shall live to see the offspring of Lamberto the grandchildren of Adrian—curses on him!” said the Cardinal.

“Never!” raged Eleutherius, and he stopped opposite to his fiend-like brother, with an expression and bearing that showed he was prepared for the most infernal of his purposes.

“But, Eleutherius, what can now be done to prevent it! Even were you to carry off the girl again, all Rome—and the Emperor Louis will be soon at home with an army—would fall upon you, and then” \* \* \*

"Ay! what can be done?—let me pause on that," said the less atrocious of the atrocious brothers, and he was soon lost in gloomy abstraction.

"Were she removed—were she dead!" muttered Anastasius, after some minutes, in a very low tone, and as if communing merely with himself, "'twere better than to see her Lamberto's wife."

"What say you there, brother?" cried Eleutherius, with a start.

"I was only musing," replied the Cardinal, with a collectedness of purpose, and a degree of composure essentially infernal. "I was only considering to myself that death was the only preventive."

"Ha! you opine well! It shall be done; the stripling Lamberto dies," said Eleutherius, clenching his right hand.

"And live there no other youths in Rome fit and willing to supply his place, and marry the Pope's daughter?" insidiously inquired Anastasius.

"Curses on them, they shall all fall! this hand has strength to smite each successive suitor."

"Eleutherius, this would be long work; you may fall instead of a rival, and a rival live to enjoy your dainty bride. 'Twere a way over long, and—"

"Show me a shorter and a surer," cried the maddened savage, "and at once I will take it!"

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"Her death would settle all," murmured the Cardinal, not as if answering his brother, but continuing his own musings.

"Her death—hers—whose death?"

"Stefania's," whispered the Cardinal, raising his full eyes to his brother's face.

"'Twas but last night, indeed, I dreamed I had slain her."

"Well, 'twas easily done," said the monster Anastasius encouragingly.

"A blow—one blow!—but"—and Eleutherius shuddered through trunk and limb.

"But what?" inquired the Cardinal; "'twas all over then; and if she could not be your bride, she could be bride to no one else."

"But I thought her dying eyes shot liquid fire into my heart—that the earth would not drink up her young crimson blood—that every drop as it fell, like the rods of the Egyptian necromancers, was converted into a serpent; and that each of the myriad, as they darted hissing before me, or crawled round my limbs with slimy and obscene embrace, had a thousand stings to sting me!"

"'Twas but an unreal dream," said the Cardinal; "but how will you bear the pangs of reality when Lamberto—?"

“Never!—she shall die!” exclaimed Eleutherius, and he rushed at once from his brother’s abode to execute his infernal purpose. By what means the monster gained admission into the well-guarded house, it is not known; but as Stefania was sitting that evening in her mother’s apartment, on a sudden, as if he had risen through the earth, the murderer stood before her with a long dagger in his hand. The matron rushed with a dreadful scream between him and her lovely daughter, and received in her own bosom the monster’s first blow. He seized the shrieking Stefania by the arm—the beauty of an angel only served to increase the atrocity of the fiend—he drove his reeking steel, reeking with her parent’s blood, to her heart; and though, as in his dream, one blow was enough, he dealt another, and another, and another!—nor did he quit the scene of his horrible butchery until he had brutally mutilated both daughter and mother.\*

In retiring from the house, the murderer, covered with blood, was seized by the officers of justice, from whom he in vain attempted to escape. He

\* Annall, Francor, Bertiniani, Muratori, Bossi, &c. &c. The concise words of Muratori—“Ambedue più che barbaramente le scannò ed uccise,”—open to the imagination an ample field of horror.

was there, in Rome, pinioned and loaded with chains, to answer for his crimes with his life ; but the lives of a thousand such as he, could not have paid for that of his beautiful, innocent victim.

Whilst these tragical events were passing in Rome, Lamberto, in the camp of the Emperor, had indeed been preparing his return to his beloved bride ; and he could undertake it with honour and favour, for the Emperor's campaign against the Saracens had been a successful one, and in every action the gallant young Roman had distinguished himself. At the sieges of Matera, Venosa, and Canusium, Lamberto's banner had been the first on the enemy's walls ; and when Louis II. converted the siege of Bari into a blockade, the impatient lover left the army, and with a sufficient escort took the shortest road that led from the Apulian plain to the Campanian. He had toiled over the rough and lofty mountains of Capitanata and the Abruzzi, and with a cruel coincidence in date, looked from a ridge of the Apennines on Rome, his native place, and the residence of his bride, the evening, and the very hour, that Eleutherius consummated his crime, and Stefania—the fair, the fond, who was to welcome his return, and reward his valour and his heart's affections—fell beneath the hand of an assassin.

With a silent but heart-eloquent thanksgiving to the god of battles, who had preserved him in so many perils for happiness like what was before him, and with a prayer that that bliss might endure, and he be made worthy of its enjoyment, the ardent young man pressed the flanks of his tired steed, and cantered over the solitary flats towards Rome. But the voice of death met him at Rome's gates!

We have not had the heart to describe the woe of the bereaved father; and we must bury the feelings of the maddened lover in the same silence. What satisfaction they could derive from the punishment of the murderer was soon their's; for, at the Emperor's command, Eleutherius was tried according to the Roman law, condemned and executed by "Missis Imperatoris." \*

The Cardinal Anastasius had fled. It appeared on the trial, that he had urged his brother to all his crimes; and a council of the Church solemnly excommunicated him, until he should appear to render an account of what he was accused of; but whether he was ever punished by mortal law, or

\* "Hadrianus Papa apud Imperatorem Missos obtinuit, qui præfatum Eleutherium secundum legem Romanam judicaret." Pagius ad Annal. Baron. "Et à Missis Imperatoris occisus." Eutrop. Presb. Langobardus de Imp. Rom.

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left to a more awful and unavoidable retribution, is not recorded.

To the heart-stricken Lamberto, two ways of disposing of his weary life remained, and were prescribed and sanctioned by the spirit of the age: he could enter the monastic order, or he could devote himself to arms and incessant war against the enemies of Christianity and the despoilers of his country. He chose the latter and the nobler course; and at the taking of Bari by the Emperor, a few months after, the scimeter of a Mahometan relieved him from the weight of existence.





## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

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### **Ninth and Tenth Centuries.**

FROM THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FAT, THE LAST OF THE CARLOVINGIAN EMPERORS, TO THE ACCESSION OF OTHO THE GREAT.—A.D. 888 TO 961.

AT the death of Charles the Fat, that part of Italy which acknowledged the supremacy of the Western Empire was divided, like France and Germany, among a few powerful vassals, hereditary governors of provinces. The principal of these were the Dukes of Spoleto and Tuscany, the Marquises of Ivrea, Susa, and Friuli. The great Lombard Duchy of Benevento, which had stood against the arms of Charlemagne, and comprised more than half the present kingdom of Naples, had now fallen into decay, and was straitened by the Greeks in Apulia, and by the principalities of Capua and Salerno, which had been severed from its own territory, on the opposite coast. Though princes of the Carlovingian line continued to reign in France, their character was too little distinguished to challenge the obedience of Italy, already separated by family partitions from the transalpine nations; and the only contest was among her native chiefs.\*

A.D.  
888.

Among these chiefs, however, two aspired to the royal dignity. Berenger Duke of Friuli, and Guido Duke of Spoleto. The choice fell on the former, and Berenger dated his reign from the death of Charles the Fat, and styled himself King of Italy, though a considerable part of that country continued to be independent of, or hostile to him.

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\* Hallam's Middle Ages, ch. iii. Part i.

- A.D. Muratori is of opinion that the celebrated "Iron Crown"  
 888. of the Lombards preserved at Monza was first used at the coronation of Berenger.\*
889. Guido Duke of Spoleto, who had been defeated by Berenger in a former battle, now beat his rival; and repairing to Pavia with a number of bishops, some of whom had fought† in his ranks, he made them proclaim him King.
891. Guido crowned as Emperor by Pope Stephen V. The popes who at first received their nomination from the emperors, were now assuming the right of naming the emperors. Yet at this very time they could scarcely maintain their authority in Rome, where continual ruptures took place between the clergy and the people.
892. Formoso, who had succeeded Pope Stephen V., invited the Germans to cross the Alps and deliver him from his tyrants, under which title were included the King Berenger and the Emperor Guido. The frequency of these fatal invitations justifies the melancholy assertion of Machiavelli, that "all the wars made by the barbarians in Italy at this period, were principally caused by the popes; and all the barbarians that inundated that beautiful country were called thither by the popes."‡
- During the internal wars between Guido and Berenger, the Italians, of necessity, paid attention to the fortifying of towns and castles, and some improvement was made in

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\* Annali, ann. 888.

† "In quelle armate alcuni vescovi ancora si trovarono maneggianti in vece di pastorali, lance e spade! \* \* \* regnava tuttavia in questo secolo un tale abuso!"—Muratori.

‡ Delle Istorie Fiorentine, lib. i. "This same mode of proceeding," adds the secretary, "continues even in our days, and it has kept and keeps Italy disunited and weak."

the art of defence, which became of importance afterwards, when the leagued cities of Lombardy were attacked by the Emperor Frederic. A.D.  
892.

King Berenger also implored the aid of Arnulph King of Germany, who sent him an army that did little good to his cause. We find a Bavarian cavalier in this army taunting the Italians, and telling them they do not know how to ride. The same taunts have been heard, in our days, from the Hungarians and Austrians. 893.

The following year, Arnulph descended into Italy with a powerful army. He took the city of Bergamo, which was valiantly defended; and the cruelties he committed there were so tremendous, that nearly all the cities of Lombardy and Tuscany at once submitted to him. He returned into Germany, and shortly after, death delivered Berenger of his rival Guido, who was however succeeded, at least in his title of Emperor, by his son Lamberto.

The Pope Formoso again invited Arnulph into Italy, proposing to create him Emperor, to the exclusion of the young Lamberto, who had been recommended by his dying father to his (the Pope's) protection. The politics of the court of Rome were, to prefer a foreign prince beyond the Alps, to a native sovereign, who would live and rule in Italy, and check the growth of that temporal authority every successive pontiff aimed at. 895.

Arnulph took by assault the city of Rome, where the widow of Guido attempted to sustain the right of her son Lamberto. The fierce German was crowned Emperor, so that Italy at this period had two emperors and a king. There were moreover two popes—Formoso, and Sergius whom he had displaced, but who still retained a formidable party. Arnulph, however, could not secure himself in Italy, and he recrossed the Alps, oppressed with sickness, and followed by the curses of the Italians. 896.

**A.D.**      Towards the end of this year, religion and humanity  
**896.**      were thus infamously set at nought by the head of the infallible Roman church.

Eight months after his election, Stephen VI., who was of the faction opposed to that of his predecessor Formoso, was guilty of an excess (I translate the words of the pious and orthodox Muratori) that will render his memory for ever detestable in the church of God! He caused the body of Pope Formoso to be dug up from the grave, and after a ridiculous function, having degraded it in a council "not assisted by the Holy Ghost," it was thrown into the river Tyber, while all his ordinances were declared to be null and void.

Italian history at this period is singularly confused; but there seems to be little in it to reward the pains which some have taken to give it arrangement.

**898.**      The young Emperor Lamberto was killed at Marengo (the scene of Bonaparte's splendid victory,—in the middle ages a vast forest abounding in wild beasts, but now an open and cultivated plain,) either by a fall from his horse, or by the hand of an assassin. Thus Italy was freed of one of her sovereigns; and as Arnulph continued sick and inactive in Germany, Berenger the king may be considered as her monarch.

**900.**      Louis, the King of Provence, made a descent into Italy, but was fain to retire on a humiliating treaty. To this year is generally referred one of Italy's most dreadful calamities—the first incursion of the Hungarians. These cruel pagans discomfited with tremendous loss a Christian army on the Brenta, penetrated as far as the monastery of Nonantola in the district of Modena, and after having killed many of the monks and sacked the place, they consigned it to the flames.

The monastery of Nonantola was among the very first

of the religious establishment in Italy—it was one of those preservative enclosures we may still revere, where the scattered fragments of literature and art were deposited, and where a few human beings existed, sufficiently intellectual to take an interest in, and to record the passing events. Without the aid of the monks, what should we know of Europe during the dark ages? A number of codices and chronicles were burned in the monastery. A.D. 900.

The jealousies of the powerful Italian dukes and of the Pope, prevented Berenger from establishing a unity of government. On the death of the Emperor Arnulph, Louis III. his son was proclaimed King of Italy. This Louis, as King of Provence, had already invaded Italy.

Louis III. was crowned as Emperor at Rome, and part of Italy obeyed him, whilst another portion remained faithful to King Berenger. 901.

The rapidly succeeding revolutions in those little states included in what now forms the Neapolitan kingdom, would excite our derision, and no feeling more serious, were it not for the detestable treachery, cruelty, and bloodshed that accompanied them. Dukes of Capua, of Gaeta, of Amalfi, of Benevento, of Salerno, pass before our eyes almost as rapidly as the royal spectres in the magic mirror of Macbeth : — they rush all to one fate—to a violent death ! And so nicely balanced are the vices of the different competitors, that we can seldom tell to whose party we should incline.

Berenger obliged the Emperor Louis again to leave Italy, with solemn oaths that he would never more return. 902.

In the gloom of the tenth century—the most calamitous period of Italian history—even the feeble light that irradiates the annals of the Roman church, wavers and is almost extinguished. But for one solitary writer of the 904.

A.D. 904. period (Frodoardus)\* we should be unable to trace the successions of the popes. From him we learn that this year Christopher, an usurper, was expelled from the chair of Saint Peter, and one Sergius elected Pope in his stead. This Sergius, by the way, had assumed the tiara seven years before, and that time he had been treated as an anti-pope and obliged to flee. In this year the most noble monastery of Monte Casino, which had been destroyed by the Saracens twenty-two years before, was partially rebuilt, and the monks returned from Teano, an ancient city near Capua, whither they had fled in the days of their troubles.

905. Unmindful of his oaths, the Emperor Louis again invaded Italy: he was at first successful, and Berenger was obliged to abandon Italy, or to conceal himself for some time. But that active rival came suddenly on him at Verona, made him his prisoner, and again sent Louis across the Alps — but this time without his eyes, which were torn out in his prison.

The Saracens established themselves on the river Gari-gliano, whence they infested the whole country.

Another host of Saracens from Spain committed dreadful havoc on the coasts of Provence and Liguria. They even penetrated inland as far as Turin, which city was however secure in its fortifications. The Italians, who were the first of the nations of Modern Europe to attend to the arts of military architecture, were now obliged, by these inroads of the Saracens and Hungarians, to cultivate it still farther. We have already said, that this afterwards produced important results, which it did more particularly for the liberties of Lombardy—and in this way.

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\* De Roman. Pont. p. ii. t. iii. Rer. Italic.

"In the general confusion and distress, the cities were left by the great nobles or feudatories to their own means of defence. They were reduced to the necessity of erecting walls for their protection, to train their burghers to the use of arms, to enrol them into a regular militia, and, finally, to commission their own magistrates to command them. The inferior orders of the people were forced into action, and taught at once to understand their rights."\* A.D. 905.

It was thus, subtracted from feudal influence, that the citizens of Lombardy preceded by many years the rest of the people of Europe in the establishment of popular rights.

We find the Saracens occupying a place strongly fortified on the river Garigliano, (which they continued to hold for years,) whence they infested the surrounding country. 906.

Theodora, a noble Roman dame, whose vices were no obstacle to her ruling in Rome almost as a queen, caused a lover of her's to be elected Pope:—this was John X. 914.

Berenger received the Imperial crown from the Pope. 916.  
The magnificent ceremonies are curiously detailed in the

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\* Mr. G. Perceval's History of Italy, Ch. i. Part I. It is curious to observe at this time the frequent permissions granted by the sovereigns of Italy to abbots and abbesses to fortify their monasteries and convents, generally situated in the open country, and commanding no respect from Pagans like the Hungarians and Saracens. In a few years these religious establishments resembled so many *places d'armes*; and motives of security, more than the love of the picturesque, may account for the lofty, commanding situations of many of them that rose in the middle ages.



- A.D. poem of Berenger's anonymous panegyrist, to which we  
906. owe much of the information we possess of this reign.\*

The darkness thickens as we advance in the disastrous and barbarous tenth century. The following prayer, addressed by the Modenese to their patron saint, is a curious specimen of the poetry, the fears, and the weakness of Italy at the time:—

“ Ut hoc flagellum, quod meremur miseri,  
Cœlorum regis evadamus gratia.  
Nam doctus erat Attilæ temporibus  
Portas pandendo liberare subditos.  
Nunc te rogamus, licet servi pessimi,  
Ab Ungerorum nos defendas jaculis.”

- 921-2. Adalbert, the Marquis of Ivrea, although married to his daughter, conspired against the Emperor Berenger, and with other nobles invited Rodolph King of Burgundy into Italy. Rodolph crossed the Alps, took Pavia, where he was elected and crowned as King of Italy by a powerful faction.

923. The Emperor Berenger asserted his rights on the field. A bloody battle was fought near Fiorenzuola, the horrors of which were augmented by the facts, that, through the diversity of factions, the father was seen to bear arms against the son, the son against the father—brother against brother—as but too frequently has happened in the insane civil wars of Italy. Fortune was adverse to the Emperor, who fled to Verona, where he was treacherously assassinated the following year. But Rodolph's reign was short; for, in less than four years, the Pope and another faction successfully invited, and aided Hugo Duke

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\* In Panegy. Berengar. lib. 4. See Muratori's collection.

of Provence, who obtained and wore the crown of Italy for twenty-one years, during sixteen of which he shared it with his son Lothaire. Under the violence and perfidy of the tyrant Hugo, the Italians wept, as they deserved to do, the gentle government of the Emperor Berenger, whom they had capriciously expelled. A.D.  
923.

We should have slight inclination, even if our limits permitted, to dwell on the atrocities of these times—the cruelties of Hugo, and the intrigues of the infamous Marozia,\* daughter of the Roman dame Theodora (whom we have already seen making a pope). The tyrant had despoiled nearly every one of his great vassals, and meditated the ruin of Berenger Marquis of Ivrea, and grandson of the unfortunate Emperor of that name, when that young nobleman fled into Germany and supplicated the aid of Otho the First. In 945 the fugitive entered Italy, and, though but slightly succoured by Otho, found himself in a condition to claim the crown disgraced by the humiliated Hugo. The great feudatories however, finding themselves again of consequence, endeavoured to preserve their power—not by accepting one rival for another, but by deposing Hugo, electing his son Lothaire to the crown, and confiding the administration of the kingdom to Berenger—thus securing, as they thought, a certain dimension and weakness in the government, which must be favourable to their views of ambition or independence. The events that ensued are correctly detailed in the following narrative.

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\* This Marozia became the wife of King Hugo in 932; but the year before, she had succeeded in placing the tiara on the head of a son of hers, strongly suspected of illegitimacy!

A.D. 961. Otho, having descended from the Alps a second time, deposed Berenger, and received at the hands of Pope John XII. the Imperial dignity, which had been suspended for *forty* years, counting from the fall of Berenger, the last emperor proclaimed by the popes. (Gibbon gives *seventy* years as the period of the Imperial vacancy, counting from the death of Charles the Fat, the last of the Carlovingians, and the last indeed, who by extent of dominion and unity of power might merit the name of Emperor. But the title, as we have seen, was conferred by the popes on several successive princes.)

Admitting Gibbon's view, still his date would be incorrect. From the death of the last of the Carlovingians in 888 to the accession of Otho the Great in 961, is a period of *seventy-three* years.

## The Captive Queen.

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\* \* \* \* \* Oscura tomba

Sotto i miei passi si spalanca \* \* \* \* Ahi come

Un nuovo gel freddo sul cuor mi piomba !

Morte n' emerge ; ella mi chiama a nome :

Ella si appressa, e a strascinar mi seco

L' arida man m' implica fra le chiome.

IL MARCHESE GARGALLO.

—————“ Of comfort no one speaks :  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs !”

SHAKESPEARE.



## The Captive Queen.

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THE desolating years for Italy that had revolved since the peaceful days when Virgil sang of the Mincius,\*—and Catullus, with perhaps more feeling, launched his bark on the Benacus,—had converted into solitudes the banks of that river and the shores of that lake; and a vast extent of forest, unproductive to man save in the game with which it abounded, now belted the Lago di Garda. It was in this district, as morn rose calmly over the mountains, and the grey of dawn was gradually bursting into oriental light, that Azzo, the Lord of Canossa, repaired with a gallant band of friends and dependents to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The place of rendezvous was gained as the full light of the risen sun dissipated the forest's gloom, which still however, so thick and luxuriant was its foliage, retained

\* See *Geor.* 2. v. 160. *Æn.* 10. v. 205.

a sort of twilight dimness and mysteriousness. The wide-spread, contracting *cordon* had been formed by the serfs, and the proud cavaliers plunging into the thickets of the wood, the *battue* was commenced. "The contest incessantly going on between man and the inferior animals, for the possession of the earth,"\* had here, as in so many other portions of the Roman empire, been abandoned by the nobler combatant; consequently there was no lack of game. The thronging denizens of the wild wood, driven by the serfs into a circle that gradually contracted, offered at every minute an aim to the hunters, whose horns and joyous cries, prolonged by echoes still more exhilarating, resounded on every side. Yet was there one of the party who partook not in the general excitement, but, buried apparently in other and more weighty concerns, soon quitted the chase, and sought a solitary path that led from the sylvan depth of the hunting ground to the open shores of the broad blue lake. He proceeded slowly on,

\* Where civilization is established, his dominion is undisputed; but where man proceeds in his career of improvement by slow and solitary steps, he has to fight his way against those quadrupeds who resist his power, till they find his resistance unavailing. If he recede, the beasts of the forest return to their ancient domain. Whatever man holds in this world must be held by an unceasing exercise of his energy.

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with his reins thrown on the neck of his docile courser. The deep thoughts that absorbed him made him all insensible to the objects by which he rode. These thoughts were not of a happy nature, for he sighed frequently, and unwittingly gave utterance to them at times in hurried, detached sentences. In this mode, without knowing it, he had exclaimed, "Yes, I may gain, but most assuredly I shall lose;" and the next instant, a person, in the garb of a Benedictine monk, crossed his path, repeating his words, "Yes, I may gain, but most assuredly I shall lose!"—"Ha!" cried Azzo, spurring his horse towards the monk, who now had stopped under a tree, "who is it that echoes my thoughts?"—"Why, by Saint Benedict!" replied the intruder, "your Lordship hath become a learned clerk, and your thoughts are syllogisms that would puzzle our wisest heads: thank heaven! my duty confines me to the recitation of the divine office at the choir; beyond which I know nothing, but that 'Jovis omnia plena.'"—"You know more than this, friar, or how could you repeat my thoughts?" said Azzo, stooping over his horse's neck, and gazing with curiosity in the face of the stranger. "To repeat the thoughts of others, and often without understanding them, is said to be peculiarly the occupation of a monk's life," was the



reply. "But are my thoughts inscribed on my face like the words in an emblazoned missal or well-written chronicle," inquired the warrior, "that you can read them there and repeat them?" The monk smiled ere he replied, "I know your thoughts, both past and present!"—"Ay," said Azzo, "then can you tell me in what direction they now run?"—"Not northward," replied the monk archly; "not in the forest's depth, nor in the train of hounds and huntsmen; they set thitherward," and he pointed to the south.

That simple act caused the warrior to tremble in his saddle, and it was with an agitated and angry voice he demanded of the meddling monk what he meant. The Benedictine shook his ample robes around him and replied, "I may mean nothing! I love the warm south, and so *may you*, without having your taste called in question. The south is a genial, happy clime; its skies are cloudless, fertile its plains—its hills, whose feet are festooned with vines, are crowned with many a holy fane; and there, on Monte Cassino, did the sainted Benedict preside. Rome is holy; Naples a lovely, and somehow a safe refuge:—hence, Sir Count, chose not the saint wisely in fixing his residence and his tomb between them?"

I "cannot read your riddles, or your holy legends,

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learned friar. I have no vocation for a saintship, and mine be a warrior's tomb," cried Azzo impatiently; "but you evade me and tamper with perilous thoughts." He paused, and gazed scrutinizingly in the monk's face, which was almost as expressionless as the trunk of the gnarled oak against which he leaned, nor did his voice betray any agitation when he said, "Count Azzo seems strangely moved at my pointing to the southward of him: yet such an intimation might be vague. From the foot of the Alps, near which he rides, there is a broad and fair space to the southern extremity of Italy; and between the placid waters of the Benacus and the troubled waves of Scylla are hundreds of towns, thousands of villages and *castella*, and objects too numerous for human calculation. Now these are all to the south, and mayhap I cannot point unerringly to the identical spot on which his contemplations are riveted. The Count gave no reply. The monk continued: "For example, to return to the south—the warm, the genial south,—whose very name gladdens my senses;—here, now, as we stand, you are to the south of me;—that rock is to the south of you:—Lake Benacus, there, is to the south of the rock; and beyond it, on its steep shore, still farther south, I see a lonely tower!—eh?" Azzo started like one

whose soul's secret had been discovered. "Friar! stranger, seer, or devil!" he exclaimed hurriedly, thou seemest acquainted with matters whereon my life—the life of one worth ten thousand lives like mine, depend! — Art thou to be trusted?—Say, who, what art thou?"—"I am not all I seem—not always to be a stranger, if Count Azzo persevere in his present intentions; and, though acquainted with sin, more of a seer than a devil," said the monk with provoking composure. "Thou art informed of the dark mysteries of the present," resumed the noble, after some meditation: "thou readest my secret thoughts as an open book on thy choir desk; but, tell me, canst thou peruse the future—will success attend my enterprize? Can my hand do what my heart desires?"—"Quod volumus facile credimus," replied the Benedictine coolly, and he fixed his searching eyes on the varying countenance of Azzo, who presently added, "Quod volumus facile credimus!" I am no clerk, but I understand as much Latin as that; but your answer is only in reference to my hopes, and wishes, and belief. You banter me, wise brother. True, I believe my plans, or part of them, to be of easy execution; but man is presumptuous, and a moment may defeat the plan of years! I remember the past,

I know the present, and you have detained my ear in vain, if you tell me not of the future.”—“Then, Count Azzo, I *do* tell you, that your cause will triumph, and Queen Adelaide, the desolate captive, be again Queen,—nay, Empress and mistress of fair Italy!”—“Heavens! be careful how you breathe that name!” said the Count with extreme agitation. “I dread even to whisper it in this woodland solitude!”—“Fear not, generous soldier!—but now we must part,” said the Monk, drawing his garments closely round him; “we shall soon meet again, and then you shall know more of me!”—“I would fain have that knowledge now,” rejoined Azzo; “my fate, the Queen’s, and the fate of my friends, are in your hands—can we depend upon you?”—“I will answer that question in the turret cell of yonder solitary tower;—and now, Sir Azzo, farewell!” and with these words the Monk glided like a spectre from where he had been holding converse, into the thickest of the forest. “By my soul! I am wrong to let this man of mystery escape me thus,” mused the astonished Count; “he may go at once to the court of the usurper, and Berenger’s wrath is death. I will secure him here!”

He could not pass on horseback into the gloomy, low-branched avenue through which the stranger

had disappeared ; but dismounting, he pursued his way on foot, calling lustily on the Friar to stop, as he had yet a question to ask him. The Monk was not to be seen ; and though a not very distant voice made the silent wood ring with the joyous cry of " Long live Queen Adelaide !" the Count laboured after him in vain, and at length gave up the pursuit in despair. To retrace his steps was a work of some difficulty, as he had gone heedlessly far into the most intricate part of the wilderness ; and when at last, worn out with fatigue, he regained the spot where his steed was tranquilly grazing, it was in no very good humour he mounted, and took the way to his castle. As he would not in such a mood be a pleasant travelling companion, we will leave him to pursue his journey alone, and describe the causes of his uneasiness.

The name of Adelaide, the mention of which in the solitude of a forest caused Azzo to tremble, had been sung in courts, and echoed by admiring nations. She was the daughter of a king,\* and a king's widow. At the early age of sixteen, as a pledge and an assurance of peace, she left the paternal court, and was married to Lothaire, the

\* Rodolph, Sovereign of Burgundy, was her father.

virtuous son of an iniquitous sire—of Hugo, the King of Italy. During the short life of Lothaire, he captivated the affections even of those who were irritated by his father's tyranny ; and the daily practices of his life were such as almost to justify the superstition of the times, which attributed a prolongation of it to miraculous interference ; for, previously to his marriage, when wasting with an incurable fever, he had recovered perfect health at the exposition of the body of Saint Colombano, in the church of Saint Michael at Pavia.\* The meekness and humanity of the son, whenever they

\* The cause of the exposition of this body, which was not brought from its resting-place to cure the Prince, is curious, and speaks much for the condition of Italy in these dark ages. The royal and wealthy abbey of Bobbio, in Lombardy, had been despoiled and ransacked by some impious but potent Lombard barons. The abbot and the monks sought redress from the King ; but Hugo, unpopular at home, and threatened from abroad, durst not irritate the powerful nobles by resorting to force for restitution. He ingeniously proposed that the venerated body of Saint Colombano should be brought to Pavia, flattering the monks and perhaps himself, that the sight of so sacred a relic would move the spoilers to compunction, and a voluntary surrender of what they had stolen at Bobbio. It does not appear that the success was complete, for the monks recovered but a small portion of the property they had lost. The prince, however, by gazing on the shrouelled corpse, got rid of his fever.

could be exercised, were counterpoises or correctives to the violence and cruelty of the father; and when Berenger, Marquis of Ivrea, was detected in a plot to overthrow his government, and Hugo, who deceived him by a simulated pardon and expressions of tender friendship, had sent secret orders to seize the traitor and put out his eyes, Lothaire gave him timely warning, and provided for his escape. When Hugo had completed his career of crimes,\* and the Italians could no longer tolerate his iniquities, the tyranny of his government, and his inordinate rapacity and total want of faith, the fugitive Marquis of Ivrea appeared in Italy, where he was hailed as a deliverer, to dispute the throne with the tyrant, who was speedily abandoned on all sides. Confident in the effect of virtues he himself had never practised, Hugo despatched his son to Milan to claim the crown of Italy, and then retreated across the Alps.

Lothaire appeared before the successful Berenger and the assembled people in the garb of a suppliant; and so correctly had his father calculated, and so touched were the people at his handsome, youthful appearance, his humility, and the remembrance of his many virtues, that with enthusiasm

\* See Bossi, *Storia d'Italia*, lib. iv. c. xli.

they raised him from the cross before which he had prostrated himself, and with one accord proclaimed him their king. Berenger concealed his ambitious projects in a ready acquiescence, and, acknowledging his benefactor as his king, contrived to retain every thing of the kingly quality, save the name. But he could not rest here; and after having, in a nominally subordinate situation, equalled the tyranny of Hugo, whom he had hurled from the throne, he completed his guilt by the most horrible ingratitude, in the murder of his son. The amiable and unsuspecting Lothaire was his guest in the Palace of Turin; and the poisoned cup\* is said to have been presented by Berenger himself, who, a few years before, had owed to him his eyes—perhaps his life. The monster ascended the throne, and endeavoured to persuade the widowed Adelaide to accept the hand of his son Adelbert; and when the virtuous and high-spirited woman rejected the proposal with indignation mixed with contempt and horror, he did not hesitate to recur to force.

\* The chronicler Frodoard asserts openly that Berenger poisoned Lothaire: and Liutprand, the secretary of Berenger, confirms the fact by saying that Lothaire, in saving Berenger's life (when detected in the conspiracy by Hugo), had lent a hand to his own death.



The Queen was shut up in a remote part of the Palace of Pavia, and for months subjected to the barbarous and unwearying persecutions of the usurper and his wife Willa, a woman described as every way worthy of the bed of a traitor and murderer.

Rosvida, a nun and poetess of those days, recorded the woes of Lothaire's widow in Latin verses. According to this cotemporary authority, the flowing hair of the lovely Adelaide was torn from her head, her face and delicate body were disfigured with blows and kicks ; she was denied the light of day, and had no attendant save a poor servant girl ; and the author of the moving rhymes betrays her sex, when, after enumerating these extreme calamities, she proclaims with equal pathos, that the Queen was robbed of her diamonds and jewels, and every gown, and other article of elegant attire.

This brutality, however, could not bend Adelaide to his purpose ; and knowing her popularity, and that with her personal beauty and mental superiority she might contract an alliance with some prince or noble, who with her aid could not fail in wrenching from him the crown he disgraced, Berenger durst not set her at large, but, after a last effort to compel her to obedience, he confined her

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in the solitary tower (the tower of the rock of Garda) on the lake of Benacus, where, at the time of the opening of our story, she had passed many months, forgotten by the thoughtless many, but pitied and revered by a faithful few. Of the friends she had left in the world, none was so ardent and devoted as Count Azzo, the Lord of Canossa, and none in wealth, power and valour, so well able to benefit the cause he should embrace. From the first days of her imprisonment, he had sworn to release her or die in the attempt, and his efforts had only been delayed by necessary caution, and for the completion of a magnificent scheme, whose success should give her with liberty a royal defender and the throne of Italy. His generous virtues were almost unique in his days, and are rare in our own, for his admiration of Adelaide—we might call it his love — was intense, and few could have blamed him had he contemplated the prize of her hand as her liberator's reward. Indeed, such thoughts would at times and involuntarily flit through his head ; but regard for her, who could not be safe from the tyranny of Berenger with a protector less powerful than a royal one, suppressed the aspirations of his heart, and he nobly persevered in those endeavours which, at the moment he com-

pleted them, would give the beautiful Adelaide to the arms of another. When however he pictured to himself the Queen at liberty—liberated by him—returning her grateful, enthusiastic thanks,—and then departing on her higher destinies, and leaving him for ever,—a chill would strike his heart, nor could he always repress such exclamations as he had uttered in the forest,—“Yes! I may gain, but most assuredly I shall lose!”

The castle, on the road to which we left the Count in a troubled humour, was not that of Canossa, but an inferior residence to which he occasionally resorted for the advantages of hunting. When he reached it, he summoned a confidential attendant to his presence. “Guido!” said he in a tone of irritated impatience, “is neither of my messengers returned,—is there no news from Rome—have no strangers reached my gates?”—“None, my Lord,” was the concise reply. “Then, by the Saints! Guido,” continued the Count in the same tone, “it is time they should; for our secret is abroad, and the fate of Queen Adelaide, without speaking of our own, is at the discretion of one who hath not taken the oath that binds us!” He had scarcely given this vent to his feelings when the tramp of horses’ feet was heard and the drawbridge

horn was blown. "Ha!" cried the Count, and his eye sparkled, "they are come at last!—What is the hour, Guido?"—"Even now, the sun-dial pointed noon," replied the servant. "*Evviva!* punctual to the minute—such are his Holiness's emissaries!—Away, Guido," continued Azzo, "and see refreshments carried to the chamber in the north tower; and be it your care while *they* are with me, to prevent any foot from ascending those stairs!"

The Count received his visitors at the door of the great sala or hall of the castle, where he started at discovering in one of them, who now wore—not a Benedictine's, but—a secular priest's dress, the face of the mysterious man who had so troubled him in the forest; but having welcomed them, and spoken for some time in an under-tone of voice with the elder of the party, whose costume and bearing denoted a Roman churchman of high rank, they all retired together to the north tower. It was evening when a courier, a tried and faithful vassal of Count Azzo's, arrived with breathless speed at the castle. Guido, who announced his arrival, found his master still in deep discussion with the strangers, and the courier was sent to him in the tower. A short time after, Guido was summoned thither to receive his lord's commands, which were, that he

should watch that night with the warder of the castle and the courier who had just arrived, taking good care that the rest of the household should be kept out of the way. About an hour after sunset, the gallant train of hunters returned from the forest. Those who were guests, or of the household of Count Azzo, entered the castle, and the others, with a gay good night, repaired to the residence of a neighbouring chieftain. Two of his visitors were admitted by Azzo to the secret congress in the north tower; and the rest, after expressing their surprise at the extraordinary retreat of the Count from the chase in the morning, and his seclusion at night, directed all their attention to a sumptuous supper.

The night wore on, silence reigned within the castle, and huntsmen and servants were sunk in deep sleep, as Guido and his mate kept watch in the outer barbican, occasionally turning their eyes to the north tower of the castle, where light still glimmered through a deep, narrow window.

The broad moon rode triumphantly in a cloudless sky, and the hour of midnight was written on her silvery face, when the keen eye of the courier distinguished afar off the figures of two horsemen. They presently disappeared in a wooded hollow,

but anon they were seen again turning their horses' heads towards the broad, open way that led to the castle ; and soon they were so near, that the tramp of their horses' feet was heard on the silence of night. Guido ran to warn his master. The draw-bridge was lowered, and the travellers and Count Azzo arrived at the same moment at the edge of the deep moat, whence, after the interchange of such courtesies as were appropriated to personages of the highest rank, they together entered the castle, and repaired to the midnight council sitting in the chamber of the north tower. " The Ultramontanes are come : I knew them by their blue eyes and fair mustachoes," mused the faithful Guido, as he retired to his late bed : " the plot is complete, and now my noble master must either release the captive Queen, and change the destinies of Italy, or lose his life to the tyrant Berenger !"

Whilst long ripening measures were thus in operation in favour of Adelaide, her sufferings were great ; and whilst the secret arrivals and the councils we have alluded to were passing in the Count's castle, she was pining with utter hopelessness in the Rocca di Garda. That very night, she was walking with rapid steps up and down her gloomy room, trying so to fatigue herself that she might

sleep, but gentle sleep's approaches were repelled by tumultuous thoughts ; and even when her delicate, wasted form ached with fatigue, and was overcome with lassitude, her mind was as active as ever. She sat down at her iron-grated window ; below her was the placid lake, shining in the clear moonlight, and murmuring against the rocky shore with a still sound like the sighs of one in sleep ; and high above the strong fortress rose a steep mountain, whose pines and brushwood, as the subdued night-breeze swept among them, seemed to respond to the voice of the waters. The vault of heaven was purely bright, and, oh ! how fervently did the mourner sigh, as she gazed upon it, to be liberated—not merely from the gloomy dungeon in which her despondency told her she was destined to pass the rest of her days, but—from the iron chains of life, that for her had once been all golden. The tranquillity of external objects had at length an effect, and her eyes, suffused with tears, sought the moon and her attendant stars, and she claimed communion with them. These soft and delightful soothings did not often visit her harassed mind, nor could the inspiration of the present moment continue. The damp, the silence and solitude of the prison, fell with deadly influence upon her. “ All is lost ! ”

she sadly exclaimed as she renewed her hurried walk over the rude stone floor of the cell, — “all is lost ! The past indeed is left, but the past adds bitterness to the present ! And is there indeed not one that is faithful to the widowed Queen of the good and generous Lothaire,—not one ?”

In a paroxysm of mental agony, she threw herself on her wretched pallet. The long train of courtiers and casqued knights passed before her in review, and she dwelt on the time when her smile beamed happiness—her slightest wish was law. And where were they all now, and the Palace of Pavia, and the groves of Monza?—and where the fond husband and the devoted friends ? These reflections could not be endured : she clasped her attenuated hands together and screamed aloud — “Are ye traitors,—traitors all ?”

The captive Queen had passed a night like this, and was sleeping the short, troubled sleep of the unhappy, when, towards the noon of the following day, she was aroused by her maiden, who told her Ruggiero her jailer desired to speak to her. “What wants the man of me—his Queen though his victim ?” said Adelaide quickly. “In truth, I know not, my lady,” said the menial ; “but something extraordinary is happening here. Above an



hour ago, I saw a troop of horsemen cross the brow of the hill behind the castle; and I think they all came here, for I have heard noise and confusion in this old tower ever since!" — "Some new persecution of my implacable enemies," said Adelaide, rising; "but I will meet it like a Queen: — admit the man!" The jailer, who, in spite of his calling, had an instinctive feeling for woman, and a certain sentiment of awe and deference for fallen majesty, bowed before the Queen, and informed her a warrior from the court of King Berenger had arrived with a message for her, which he now desired to deliver in person.

"The slave of a tyrant deserves not the warrior's name, and the business that brings him to my prison must be uncourtly; but since I cannot choose, you may even send him hither," said Adelaide with a tone of assumed haughtiness.

The man retired, and anon the messenger of Berenger, armed *cap-à-pied*, entered the cell. "Ha!" exclaimed the Queen, "one pang at least is saved me. I never saw this man before: he is no summer friend—no creature of mine or my husband's bounty. But may I know," and she fixed her eyes sternly on him, and spoke in a tone of proud derision, "to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?" The

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warrior, who had paid none of those signs of respect due to her rank and her sex, began in a gross manner to impart his business. "Slave—uncourteous slave!" cried Adelaide, and she struck her little foot on the dungeon floor, and made the man in steel start from a helpless woman—"foul-spoken intruder! is it thus you approach and address the daughter of a royal race?" The villain's countenance fell; and though he attempted to be as imperious as before, he felt his spirit was subjected, and his tongue faltered as he said, "I know and care for no royal race save that of my Lord Berenger."—"A murderer—an usurper!" exclaimed Adelaide; "but treachery and force destroy not right; and know I am as much a queen as when I sat on the throne of Italy. But why need I assert my dignity to a wretch like you? Speak! what would my enemies of me?" It was some time, so subdued was he by the majesty of her manner, the deep tones of her voice, and the flashing of her dark eyes, ere the messenger could reply falteringly, "The King, my master, inquires through me, whether, tired with confinement, you would not change your dungeon for a palace. Prince Adelbert still awaits your decision, and by accepting his hand you may indeed once more be Queen of Italy."—"Rather than do the will of Berenger, I

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will suffer his utmost cruelty ;—rather than espouse his son, I will give my hand to death ! This is your answer. I am firm as ever ;” and then the heroic Adelaide pointed to the door of her cell. The warrior involuntarily obeyed her motion, and had almost reached the door ere he bethought himself that his commission gave him command over the Queen, and that she, though so regal and unbending, was still a weak, undefended woman, and wholly in his power. He again approached her, and asked her if such were the answer she gave to King Berenger. “ It is — and the only one I will ever deign to give to the author of my husband’s death and the usurper of his throne,” replied Adelaide. “ If so, you may prepare for that worst which you have dared,” said the messenger brutally ; “ and my orders are to carry you to a spot compared to which this Rocca di Garda is a paradise, where your torments will be unbearable, and where you may find—” —“ A grave !” cried the Queen ; and as she looked on the vile emissary, she thought she saw one fully equal to the commission of the foulest murder. “ Ah ! and does the prospect of death change your purpose ?” inquired he with an air of triumph. “ The grave—the grave may be an object of dread to such as you and your employers,” said Adelaide ;—“ to me it is a peaceful

bed, a holy asylum, a refuge from crime and grief. I am resolute as ever.”—“ Then prepare for a long journey. As soon as night arrives, and our steeds are sufficiently refreshed to undergo new fatigues, you depart hence with me.” With these words, he turned his back on the Queen, and left her cell.

Exhausted, benumbed in body and spirit, Adelaide again threw herself on her pallet, by the side of which her utterly stupified attendant sat and wept. The day passed away in this wretched manner.

The setting sun darted his golden rays through her prison bars. Adelaide then rose and repaired to the window to take a last glance at the lake, and the mountains, and the waving woods—those beautiful objects she had associated with her sorrows. She knelt down, and, leaning her aching head against the rusted grating, gazed, with a force and intensity of perception she had never before known, on those objects she was never again to see, until dim twilight. This was the hour of prayer. In repeating the “ Ave Maria” she gained mental strength, and continued her prayers to Heaven with spiritual fervour. She was aroused from her devotions by the cry of her attendant, who, springing towards her, exclaimed, “ Merciful saints ! what noise is that ?” Adelaide listened, and heard distinctly sounds at the

farther end of the room, as if some one were attempting to force an entrance through the wall. She sprang from her knees ; but before she had moved a step, a door of whose existence she had never doubted, so well was it made to resemble the texture of the wall, turned on its hinges, and a dark figure glided into the room. The timid girl, at this apparition, fell senseless at her mistress's feet, and the blood ran cold in Adelaide's veins. The mysterious intruder advanced ; but the obscurity of the cell did not permit the Queen to distinguish until he was near the window, when, falling on his knee, and saluting her by her royal titles, he was revealed, by the uncertain twilight, an aged man in the black garb of a priest.

"Has merciful Heaven heard my last fervent prayer?" exclaimed the Queen: "But say, holy father, who art thou, and how camest thou here?"—"Men call me the Deacon Martin," replied the priest, kissing her extended hand: "I am a faithful servant of the Church, and a devoted subject of your Majesty. How I came hither, time permits me not to explain; but you may know the wherefore—I come to save you."—"Ha!" cried the Queen, clasping her hands, "and is there yet a hope for me?—is there one faithful soul left in a faithless world?"—

“ Not one, but thousands!” replied the priest, rising; and here is a noble warrior, a friend of the virtuous Lothaire’s, to give you better assurance.” He repaired to the secret door by which he had entered, and presently returned with a warrior, who fell at the feet of Adelaide to render homage as to a sovereign. “ What ! Count Azzo, the bold and the true !” exclaimed the Queen, presenting him her hand. “ Ah ! whilst you lived I have been unjust to doubt that there was no faith on earth.”—“ My royal mistress,” replied the Count, “ my life has ever been your’s ; and there are other warriors as true, and nobler than I. This place is not one for explanation—the moments are of value. Say, Queen Adelaide, you will rely on my honour and my means, and I will carry you at once beyond the reach of danger.”—“ Generous man ! I rely implicitly, and will follow you this instant,” said the Queen ; “ but I cannot abandon this helpless one !” The priest raised the youthful attendant, who was soon made sensible of the present situation. Count Azzo supported the Queen, and they passed through the unknown door, which the Deacon Martin took care to close after them. Beyond the door was a staircase, so dark, winding, and mysterious, that it seemed to lead into the very bowels of the earth ; and so dila-

pidated was its condition, that it required the utmost care, and at times considerable exertion of strength on the part of the warrior and the priest, to carry the Queen and her attendant over it. At length, however, when in total darkness, the Deacon preceded, and opened a low iron door, through which the party crawled one by one, and emerged in the free open air beyond the fortress' walls. Count Azzo cut a way for the Queen with his massy sword through the thick underwood and bushes that grew round the base of the tower, and in a few moments had the inexpressible satisfaction of handing his royal mistress to a little pinnacle that lay concealed under a rock. The Count and the Priest seized each an oar, and they rowed vigorously over the calm lake Benacus.

Adelaide had thanked Heaven and her deliverer that she was now safe, when, on turning her head back towards the fortress, she saw the red light of torches gleaming through the casement of the cell she had fled from. "Powers of mercy!" she exclaimed trembling, "they have gone to seek me, to remove me, as *he* threatened; they miss me, and will pursue us!"—"Fear not, royal lady," said the Count; "they have not a bark near them that will float on the water—my friend Martin has taken care

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of them." — " But they will scour the shores of the lake on horseback, and where shall we land ?" said Adelaide. " And is it the first time," said Azzo mildly, " that my arm has triumphed over your enemies ?"—" But, alas ! noble Count, they are many. A troop of horse that arrived this morning, with an insulting traitor for their commander, who was this night to transport me to a prison still more horrid, or to death, are there ready to pursue us."—" To Heaven the praise that we arrived so opportunely !" replied the warrior ; " but let them come ; I have those at hand to meet them." The silence which ensued was soon broken by the noise of horses' hoofs, and in the next minute a number of armed men were seen by the light of the risen moon galloping along the cliffs that overhung the lake. The heart of Adelaide sunk within her as she heard the shouts of the foremost rider, and recognised the savage emissary of Berenger ; but the Count and Priest, with apparent indifference, rowed on, and having doubled a jutting rock or cape, made for shore with all their might. What could be their intentions ? In a minute her rapid pursuers would be where the prow of the boat pointed. She was about to inquire, when Azzo blew a shrill blast on a horn, and a strong squadron of horse merged from some screening trees,



and galloped down to the beach. A few more strokes of the oar and the pinnacle touched the strand, where the fugitives were landed, in the midst of enthusiastic cries of "Long live Queen Adelaide!"

The headlong pursuers, who had been brought to a halt by this unexpected appearance of force, on reconnoitring it, prepared for as hasty a retreat. "Fifty pieces of gold," shouted Count Azzo, "to him who will bring me the head of the traitor who leads that band!" At the instant a dozen warriors darted after Berenger's captain, who was the last to flee. Their steeds were fresh, and they were gaining on him; but his punishment was not allotted to the hands of man. In one part of the road which lay close to the cliff there was a tall rock with only a few feet intervening between it and the cliff's rough edge: just at this spot his steed stumbled; and when he madly spurred the animal, it reared, started back, and horseman and horse fell over the rocks into the deep lake below. The Queen heard the shriek of horror and the dread rebound, and saw the flashing waters close over her enemy.

Count Azzo's men returned from their pursuit; and the Queen having been mounted on a gentle palfrey, they continued their journey. The way

was long ; but Adelaide, and Azzo, who rode by her bridle, had ample subjects of conversation. The latter explained how long and unweariedly he had laboured in her cause, and the means by which the Deacon Martin—a man whose resources he described as almost supernatural—had discovered the access to her prison and person. The Queen, on her part, described her sufferings, and expressed her boundless gratitude. “But now,” she said, when time had given her composure, and she could think of the future, “whither will my deliverer carry me? Berenger is still on a throne—he will employ the power of a kingdom to seize my person. Alas ! for me and for you there can be no resting-place in fair Italy!”—“Does the Queen forget the castle of Canossa?” said the Count : “no force can prevail against its virgin walls, and not one of my vassals within them is capable of a treacherous deed. In a few short hours we shall be there.”—“Berenger will besiege you in your stronghold, and time and famine may do what his arms cannot. Alas ! alas ! that I should bring ruin on my generous deliverer !”—and as the Queen spoke, she certainly felt more for Azzo than for herself. “In relying on my honour and fealty,” said the Count, “did not the loyal Adelaide say she confided in my means of serving

her also? And think not for a moment that those means, the combination and result of many long months' study and labour, are weak or deficient. I have called for aid beyond the Alps; the magazines of Canossa\* are not scantily supplied with provisions for a garrison; we have a few luxuries for our Queen; and before either be exhausted, half Italy will be up in arms against the tyrant of whom she is weary, and a royal army under the towers of Canossa to escort you to the gates of Pavia. Within the walls of my castle you will find the confirmation of my words, and we shall soon be there!" In an enthusiasm of gratitude, the Queen laid her hand on Count Azzo's, and her wan but beautiful face was turned full to his as she said, "My noble deliverer, I consign my fate wholly to your care! I have no more doubts, and will trouble you with no more questions!" Her own agitation prevented her from observing that of the Count's, great as it was, and well might be, at these passionate demonstrations of gratitude from the being whose image he had so long adored in secret, and who now seemed more touchingly lovely than ever. Meanwhile, the hours of night had revolved; and as

\* "Canossa, ben provveduto di vettovaglia, disposto erasi a lunga difesa."—Bossi, *Storia d' Italia*.

they issued from a thick wood, where the grey dawn could scarcely penetrate,—

Temp' era dal principio del mattino,  
E 'l sol montava in sù con quelle stelle  
Ch' eran con lui, quando l'Amor divino  
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle.\*

Nor had they far to prosecute the journey, the fatigues of which, in her weak state, the Queen began to feel most painfully; for, on ascending a slight eminence beyond the woods, the dark broad mass of the castle of Canossa was seen crowning an almost perpendicular steep. Revived by the light of the risen sun, and the morning breeze, and that glorious feeling of liberty to which she had been so long a stranger, Adelaide gave the reins to her spirited palfrey, who, acknowledging the animating approach of home, cantered over the dewy sward. The party soon reached the castle gates; and as she was received by a band of warriors under arms, and by joyous acclamations, the banner of Queen Adelaide was hoisted on the turrets of Canossa. Within, the Queen found an apartment, furnished with all the elegance and luxury known in those days, ready for her reception. Here the Count, who had conducted her to it, bent his knee,

\* Dante, *L' Inferno*, Canto i.

kissed her royal hand, and, retiring, left her to that repose of which she had so much need.

It was late in the afternoon ere Azzo again visited his sovereign. He found her much restored by the happy sleep and congenial refreshment she had enjoyed, and at once asked her with courtly form and etiquette, whether it was her pleasure to receive certain envoys that were in attendance. The Queen with much animation expressed her readiness to meet the friends of Azzo and of herself. She rose to go, but the Count said with some hesitation, "We cannot permit our Queen to appear before strangers in so unworthy a garb!"—"Ah! true—true!" cried the Queen, and she cast an angry glance on the soiled and torn dress she wore. "But my enemies have left me nothing—nothing but this menial's garment!"—"And I," said the Count with a smile, "more accustomed to the choice of coats of mail than of female gear, may apprehend I have but indifferently supplied your toilette; indeed, I have procured nothing but a royal mantle; but a dozen couriers on my swiftest horses shall be despatched for the things that are needful!"—"A troop of horse for the wardrobe of a fallen bankrupt Queen!" said Adelaide smilingly: "that is too much, generous warrior! but bring

hither the mantle, and I will receive the envoys you speak of, in right royal state!" The Count left the room, and presently returned with a mantle of purple studded with golden stars. "May I presume," inquired Azzo reverentially, "to invest Queen Adelaide with the robe of royalty?"—"And from whom could I accept that service," replied Adelaide, "save from you, Sir Count, to whom I owe every thing?"—"Other hands than mine," said Azzo, suppressing a sigh as he threw the mantle over the graceful and majestic figure of his mistress—"other hands must place the crown upon your head!"—"But yours is the earlier and better service; and none, my noble deliverer, will ever merit at my hands what you have merited," replied the Queen; "and now repair we to our hall of audience.—Your arm, Count Azzo!"

Adelaide found arrayed, on her passage, the vassals of Canossa; and her surprise and satisfaction were increased, on being ushered into an extensive hall, to discover that a sort of throne had been prepared for her, with other appurtenances and insignia of royalty. She was handed to her seat by the Count. In brief time the doors of the hall were thrown open, and three persons, in clerical habits, advanced to the foot of the throne. It was

for the Count to introduce them. "The virtuous and pious Cardinal Lamberto, the Nunzio of his Holiness the Pope Agapito to Queen Adelaide!" said Azzo, presenting the first;—"Adelardo, the just and beneficent Bishop of Reggio, the warmest and most indefatigable of Queen Adelaide's friends!" presenting the second;—and then turning to the third, who now in his turn knelt before Adelaide, "The Deacon Martino, the discoverer of men's thoughts and of secret passages, whose services are already well known to the Queen!"

After the ceremony of introduction, and the royal courtesies, which Adelaide had not forgotten in the Rocca di Garda, the ecclesiastical mission entered upon business, and the Queen was informed that the Vatican, which had assisted in her liberation, was ready to employ all the force of its holy arms in her defence and preservation. The Bishop of Reggio, one of the richest and most powerful prelates of Italy, added for his own part, that not only were the riches of his diocese at her command, but that all Lombardy was devoted to her cause. The eyes of the Queen beamed with gratitude and happiness on Azzo, who now presented another and very different envoy. "The Count Rodolph!" said he, as a fair-haired warrior in splendid armour paid his devoirs to majesty:

“ the chamberlain, the confident of Otho, the sovereign of Germany, the conquerer of the Pagans, the check to the savage Hungarians,\* and that great King’s envoy to Adelaide the Queen, or, it might be, the Empress of Italy!”—“ Ha !” exclaimed Adelaide, and her face, which had been coloured by joy and excitement, waxed deadly pale : “ Was it not the same Otho who assisted and armed this Berenger—this traitor Count of Ivrea, who now possesses their throne against my husband’s house ?” —“ Against the tyrannical Hugo,” respectfully replied the envoy. “ Otho knew not the virtues of his son Lothaire, until it was too late ; but *now* he has enregistered vows in Heaven, to redress the wrongs of Lothaire’s widow, and the injuries which he himself, though unwittingly, has inflicted on Italy ! and already as brave an army as ever descended the Alps is in full march to support Queen Adelaide.”

At the termination of the audience, Count Azzo held a long and secret conversation with the German, Rodolph, who already prepared his de-

\* “ Othon le Grand, qui régnoit depuis l’année 937, avoit continué avec succès la guerre contre les Païens, et ses victoires fermoient aux Hongrois l’Occident, qu’ils avoient si long-temps dévasté.”—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, par Sismondi, ch. i.



parture to rejoin his master Otho. Every measure had been completed, his plans could not fail of success; but the Northern envoy could never have guessed the pang, mingled with pleasure and triumph, he inflicted on the susceptible Italian, when he protested he had not seen beauty and grace so perfect before, and that one glance of Adelaide's eyes would make Otho her slave—herself mistress of many other regions than those of Italy. Yet as Count Azzo's heart ached, he could not but feel that towards this consummation all his strenuous endeavours had been directed; and if he sighed with love, he condemned the passion as hopeless and presumptuous, and repelled its insidious influences by reflecting on the splendid destinies of his royal mistress. His situation, however, was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy; for the Queen, who rapidly recovered from the effects of her barbarous imprisonment, and bloomed every day with a fresh beauty, was continually seeking his presence for consultation or familiar converse; and at times the warmth of her gratitude might have been mistaken by one a little more self-confident than he, for the warmth of incipient love.

Perhaps, however, it was well for both Adelaide and Azzo, and for himself, that Otho's rapid move-

ments did not allow this state of things a long duration. The powerful monarch entered Italy by the pass of Trent, the people joined him, and the troops of Berenger fled before his dreaded arms. As he advanced, even the shadow of an opposition disappeared, and he entered Pavia without bloodshed, or in the words of the nun Rosvida, the poet of Adelaide, "*clarum referens sine Marte triumphum*." From this undisputed capital he sent splendid presents to the Queen, and a chosen and noble band of warriors to escort her from the stronghold of Canossa to the Court of Pavia. Great was the impatience of the warrior King for the return of that gallant band. His envoy Rodolph had fascinated his imagination with his description of the charms of the royal widow, now his *protégée*—his heart was disposed to gentler triumphs—of arms and conquests he had already had enough; and he might have exclaimed in the solitariness of his heart, and with greater justice than Agamemnon—

\* \* \* "E che mi giova

La gloria ond' io vo carico? a che gl' allori

Fra tanti rischj e memorande angosce

Col sudor compri; s' io per essi ho dato

Più sommo bene, del mio cor la pace!"

But personal happiness, as well as military glory, was attendant in the train of Otho the Great\*—the beautiful and the virtuous Adelaïde came at last. She was not insensible to a warrior's worth, and the advantages of the union he at once proposed. After as short a time as was necessary for the splendid preparations, that union was celebrated, and other hands than Azzo's—the royal hands of Otho—placed a crown on the head of Adelaïde in the cathedral of Pavia.

And what became of the generous deliverer?—When he had resigned his charge to the protection of a king, he bade farewell, and returned to his castle, sighing as he went. “Indeed I have won, but have lost!” He did not, however, indolently resign himself to moodiness, and disgust

\* The affix of “The Great” was accorded to Otho the First at a later period, and deservedly. “Othon mérite bien plus que Charlemagne le nom de grand homme, ou du moins son règne eut une influence bien plus salutaire sur le sort des peuples qui lui étoient soumis. Charles eut l'ambition des conquérans, et pour élever son empire, il détruisit, avec l'esprit national, la vigueur des peuples qu'il avait vaincus ; Othon ne remporta pas de moindres victoires que lui, mais ce fût sur les ennemis de la civilisation, sur des agresseurs qui dévastoient l'empire par leurs irruptions.”—Sismondi, ch. ii. See also Gibbon, ch. xlix. Hallam's “Middle Ages,” ch. iii. part i. and Muratori.

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that makes the food it feeds on, but sought and found, as men will do who renounce not the energies of their nature, a cure for his heart's wounds in a stirring life, which to its latest moment was devoted to his Queen. The romantic adventures of Adelaide are finished ; her after-life was brilliant beyond compare. She lived to be an empress ; and when she died, the Church of Rome testified its sense of her virtues and piety, by ranking her name among those of the saints.



## HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

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### *Tenth and Eleventh Centuries.*

A.D. 961 to 1024.

FROM THE CORONATION OF OTHO THE GREAT AS  
EMPEROR, TO THE FIRST ENTRANCE OF THE  
NORMANS IN ITALY.

THE condition of Italy, as indeed that of all Europe, A.D. 961.  
was wretched and degraded during the whole of the tenth  
century. The tranquillity which had been expected from  
the government of Otho, as one great sovereign, was fre-  
quently interrupted ; Rome, the residence of the popes,  
and which now assumed the character of the Holy City,  
being most frequent in sedition, conspiracy, and bloodshed.  
Indeed, the Roman populace are conspicuous during all  
the darker ages for their turbulence and ferocity : among  
her nobles there were several characters who might have  
recalled the ancient glories of the republic, but their cour-  
age was dissipated in paltry, internal feuds—their barba-  
rism was excessive. Machiavelli gives this account of the  
government.

“ Two consuls of the noble order were created annually,  
and they governed Rome according to ancient custom ;  
to the consuls was added a prefect, who accounted for  
their acts to the Roman people ; there was, besides, a  
council of twelve men, who every year nominated rectors  
to all the lands or districts subject to Rome. The Pope  
enjoyed in Rome, as in all the rest of Italy, more or less  
authority, according to the favour of the emperors or of  
the other princes who happened to be most powerful in

A.D. 961. that country.”\* But the Roman people were long intractable, and the popes, living among them, as heads of the Christian world, received worse treatment from them than from the foreign princes, or the barbarians from beyond the Alps or the seas. And at the very moment that the whole of the western empire, save the disobedient city of the Church, trembled, as at the voice of angered Divinity, at the censures and bulls of the Roman pontiffs, the Roman people would rebel against them, and even raise their hands against their lives. “Nevertheless,” says the acute Florentine, when speaking, at a later period, of the humiliating, shameful conditions imposed by the Roman Pontiff Alexander on our King Henry II. after the murder of Thomas à Becket, “whilst the Popes had so absolute an authority over distant princes, they could not make themselves be obeyed by the Romans. \* \* \* \* \* So much more do men reverence and dread those objects that are distant, than those that are near !”

963. Pope John XII., one of the worst characters that have disgraced the tiara, and who, in the language, more energetic than polite, of Muratori, “Senza freno alcun attendeva à sfogarsi ne gli adulterj, con far divenire un Postribolo il Palazzo Lateranense,” conspired against the Emperor Otho the Great. The Emperor went to Rome, where the people inclined to him rather than to their Pontiff, who had appeared, at the first approach of the Emperor, armed like a Saint George, but had fled, and was summoned to appear to answer for his crimes. On his non-appearance, a new pope, Leo VIII., was elected under the auspices of the Emperor, who obtained from all the orders of the Romans, a solemn oath, not to choose from that time forward any pope without the con-

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\* Delle Istorie Fiorentine, lib. i.

sent of the Imperial court. This assertion of temporal authority over the spiritual was however to be forgotten in after-years, when the popes pretended that the election of no emperor could be valid without their confirmation of it. When the elevation of Leo was made known, the fugitive Pope John fulminated an excommunication against him, the Emperor, and all who had taken part in it. Pope Leo returned his spiritual fire; and this is one of the many disgraceful instances in which we see two popes (sometimes there were three) pitted against each other, and each asserting that he acts under the immediate and infallible inspiration of the Blessed Spirit!

A.D.  
963.

Scarcely had the Emperor turned his back on Rome, when that troublous city was occupied by the faction of Pope John, which obliged Leo (the Emperor's pope) to flee for his life. Otho's vengeance this time was tremendous: he collected his forces instantly, and, retracing his steps, laid siege to Rome, where John XII. was avenging himself on his enemies by cutting off their fingers, hands, tongues, or noses. Famine obliged the Romans to surrender. Otho exiled the consuls, hanged the tribunes, and scourged the prefect through the city, but death had rescued Pope John from his fury.

The Emperor Otho despatched Liutprand, Bishop of Cremona, to Constantinople, to demand a princess in marriage for his son. The account of this embassy still exists, and is justly esteemed a stupendous piece of writing for those ages of ignorance. The worthy Italian bishop was a man of ready observation and wit and drollery—qualities of which scarcely another trace is to be found in the solemn and sanguinary tenth century. If Liutprand's mission was unsuccessful, and he was treated by the Greek emperor with the sight of the interior of a prison on the banks of the Bosphorus, the labour and the jour-

967.



ney was not lost that produced so delightful a record, which, after eight centuries, is read with eagerness by those who are utterly indifferent as to whether Otho's son obtained the daughter of the Eastern emperor or not.

A.D.

969.

The Emperor of the West entrusted the command of a powerful army to his son Otho, who marched against the Greeks, still masters of a great part of the beautiful territories that now compose the Neapolitan kingdom, and against the Saracens, who from the Island of Sicily infested nearly the whole of the Italian peninsula. The prince was very fortunate against both enemies, and a vast number of his prisoners, sent back to Constantinople without their noses, told his success and his cruelty.

973.

The Emperor Otho the Great died at an advanced age, and after a long reign. His son, nicknamed "The Red," who had already for several years been crowned and associated in the government of his extensive states, succeeded as Otho II.

983.

An appendix to the laws or code of the Lombards, which still had force in the greater part of Italy, was promulgated by Otho II. "These laws," says the judicious Muratori, "must appear very strange to our eyes, and be subjects of our reprobation; but in those ages of ignorance and barbarity they seem not only just but necessary. According to the preceding laws, whenever a will or other instrument, proving the acquisition of property, on being produced, was accused by the litigating party as unauthentic and a forgery, it was quite enough for those who maintained that the instrument, on the contrary, was legitimate and true, to touch a copy of the Evangelists, and swear to that effect, in order to obtain a favourable and immediate sentence from the judges, so great was the veneration in which an oath was then held. But in practice the very worst effects resulted from it. These

abounded in those times forgers of documents (*falsarj*) who embroil even to this day the criterion of the learned with certain forged papers and diplomas that exist in our different archives. There equally abounded persons of strong stomachs, to whom it cost nothing to take a false oath. The legal disorder in prejudice of those who acquired or possessed estates was consequently most gross. . . . . In the diet held this year at Verona a remedy was provided for this serious inconvenience ; but the remedy was worse than the disease,—that is, it was determined that if any man accused another of producing false titles to property, or of taking a false oath, the controversy should be decided by a duel ; without heeding that every duel is a tempting of Providence, and a disproportionate and unfaithful mean of discovering the truth of things ; and that it was in fact giving to the stronger the faculty of appropriating with facility the substance of the weaker. But these simple truths were then unknown to the ignorant legislators, although there was no want at this diet of bishops and abbots ; and this, through the firm conviction in which men were, that God, as the protector of truth and innocence, would declare himself in the duel, on that account called the “ Judgment of God.”

A. D.  
983.

This same year, and while Otho II. was preparing a formidable army to march against the Saracens in Italy, and even to dislodge them from Sicily, crossing, like a second Xerxes, the Faro of Messina by a bridge of boats, he died at Rome, some say of grief, others of a badly dressed wound. As his last moments approached, he divided his treasury into four parts : the first for the church—the second was for the poor—the third for his sister, Matilda, the *pietissima* Abbess of Quidelinburg—and the fourth for his afflicted courtiers. “ Così la morte sul più bel fiore dell’ età troncò la vita e le imprese meditate da questo principe, che

- A.D. 983. prometteva di uguagliare la gloria del Padre, se più lungo fosse stato il corso de' suoi giorni." He was succeeded by his infant son Otho III. A civil war broke out that ravaged the German states of the empire.
984. The Antipope Boniface, the murderer of two popes, and an unrelenting tyrant, died suddenly of apoplexy. He was so detested that the Roman populace dragged his horrid corpse through the city; and having pierced it with a thousand lances, left it unburied before a statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. During the long minority of Otho III. the vices of the Papal government continued on the increase. In contempt and hatred of the authority of the popes, the Romans established something like a republic under the consul Crescentius, whose character is differently drawn as a factious demagogue, and a patriot hero, but who certainly governed Rome for several years with more propriety than the pontiffs.
997. Otho III. being at Ravenna, was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see the marvellous city of Venice, and went thither secretly, with only a few companions. This was the last year of the power and life of the Roman consul Crescentius, who, on the approach of Otho, shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo, an ancient tomb become a fortress, and believed inexpugnable. It is not correctly known, what is, however, asserted by Italian historians, that Otho III. did not gain possession of Crescentius' person until he had guaranteed his safety by his imperial word and oath; but it is well ascertained that the consul's head was cut off by the Emperor's orders. Otho did not long survive him: he died in the flower of his age, a victim, it is supposed, to poison administered by the avenging widow of Crescentius.
1002. Henry Duke of Bavaria, surnamed the Saint, was elected emperor by the German princes in the place of Otho III.

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who dying without children, the imperial line of Saxony had terminated in his person. Ardoïn, the Marquis of Ivrea, assumed the title of King of Italy ; but, two years after, the Emperor Henry the Saint proceeded to Italy at the head of a powerful army, and subdued him. A.D. 1002.

Pavia, the comparatively superb capital of Lombardy, was reduced to ashes, in consequence of a quarrel between the Italian subjects and the German soldiery of the Emperor Henry, and that too on the very day of his Italian coronation. A fresh motive was thus added to that hatred of the Germans which was already very common among the Italians. 1004.

The Normans first were observed in Italy, where they began to form establishments which ultimately gave rise to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. 1016.



## **The Norman Pilgrims.**

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Nè 'l dir l' andar, nè l' andar lui più lento  
Facea ; ma ragionando andavam forte,  
Sì come nave pinta da buon vento.

DANTE, *Il Purgatorio.*



## **The Norman Pilgrims ;**

OR,

THE SANCTUARY OF MOUNT GARGANUS.

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“ IN good truth,” said an aged man in the curiously mixed garb of a warrior and pilgrim, who was toiling up the sides of the rugged Mount Garganus, in the province of Capitanata—“ in good truth, the approach to the shrine of the Archangel Michael is more difficult than any mountain-path I have trodden in Syria or the Holy Land !”

“ I know not what sort of mountains the Holy Land may contain,” said a younger pilgrim, whose manly beauty and herculean proportions were not all concealed by a loose pilgrim’s frock, and flapping hat and scallop, and a rough matted beard and long shocky hair, which betrayed that his journeys had been long and his toilettes short—“ I know not the roads of Palestine ; but, by Saint Michael ! since I left Normandy I have seen none so rough and



breathing as this, though I have crossed both Alp and Apennine, and planted my pilgrim's staff in the clouds!"

"If ruder of ascent, it is not so lofty as the mountains which divide and enclose Italy,"\* said a grey-bearded peasant, who seemed acting as guide to the party. "We shall soon reach its summit; and see! there—beyond that dark grey rock which projects over the chasm, as if it were about to plunge into it, rises the gilded cross that crowns the dome of the Archangel's sanctuary."

"The cross! I see it not!" cried the elder of the two pilgrims who had already spoken, and who now sank his bushy eyebrows and bent his somewhat weakened eyes towards the rock pointed out with that earnestness and impatience with which the home-returning mariner gazes across the waves, at the first low line of his long-abandoned native shore as it rises on the horizon.

The eyes of the young man served him better. "I see the blessed mark!" exclaimed he to his companion, and he crossed himself as he spoke; "'tis there, above the cliff!"

"Still I see it not," said the veteran, drawing his hard sinewy hand across his eyes.

\* E 'l monte che divide e quel che serra  
L' Italia. *Ariosto.*

“ Follow the direction of my finger, thus,” replied his comrade. “ See ! the edge of the rock is fringed with dark-green myrtle bushes, and peeping among them, like a gay floweret, or a bird of rich plumage—and it shows not larger than the bud or the bird—is a bright yellow spot.”

“ Yes ! I have it now,” said the old man ; and devoutly making the sign of the cross, he turned to a train of pilgrims who were toiling after him with exhausted steps, and in triumphant accents pointed out to their longing eyes the holy spot for which they had travelled so many miles and braved so many dangers. As the devout band caught the glimpse of the gilded cross, they gave vent to their feelings in enthusiastic ejaculations ; and then continued their way singing a Latin hymn, of which they understood nought, save that it was in honour of the Archangel Saint Michael. Still, however, they had far to climb. As they ascended, the sides of the mountains became more precipitous—the path narrower and more perilous : it was cut along the hard bare rock in many places into steps, the height of which was proportioned rather to the stride of Titans than that of common men ; and this path was edged by a yawning chasm—an abyss whose density of gloom not even a noon-day and an Italian sun could dissipate. Over this rugged way the hardy pilgrims

advanced with naked feet, which in many instances being wounded by the flinty nature of the rock, and the loose stones, their wake was marked with blood. Yet, in spite of pain and the winding toil of such a climb, which would occasionally cause a tremulousness in their singing, they persevered in their triumphant hymn, whose notes were echoed by rock and mountain-cave with striking effect. A little in the rear of the pilgrims was a sumpter mule, under the guidance of a young Italian peasant; and it was admirable to see with what precaution and steadiness the poor loaded animal toiled up those mountain steps, seeking with his hoof every little inequality or roughness in the surface of the bare rock that might prevent his sliding, and gathering his limbs under him in a narrowness of space that seemed almost impossible; while his driver, who joined in the vocal devotions of the strangers, would only now and then cheer him with his voice, or remove a loose rolling stone from his path.\*

\* This description of the dreadful road up Mount Garganus, coming from Manfredonia, is not exaggerated; yet I more than once passed it without accident, with my friend the Prince d'I—; he riding an English hunter, and I a spirited English blood mare—achievements of which I was very proud at the time. The storm I have attempted to describe I rode through on one of these journeys.

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The gilded cross had grown to the eye, and now the northern wanderers could see the dome of the church of Saint Michael's. In brief time they might hope to kneel in the far-famed cavern of Mount Garganus, which had been sanctified by the apparition of the Archangel himself. Their feelings were tranquillized by their devotion; but the troubled elements did not correspond with the serenity of their hearts. Of a sudden, as is not unfrequently seen in these southern regions, dense clouds were blown across the Adriatic Sea—the peaks of the mountains retained them—they gathered in mass and might, and hung with all their terrors over the pilgrims' way and the yawning gulf by their side. The change was overpoweringly rapid, and the gloom of the atmospheres howed the denser from the garish brilliancy and transparency that had so immediately preceded it. At first only a few very large drops of rain, as if discharged one by one, dropped from the stormy heavens; but anon those clouds opened, broad sheets of lightning severed them, and a roar of thunder issued thence that seemed to shake the mountain to its very foundations. The pilgrims' chant, their strong, deep voices, died away like an infant's wail: an angered divinity seemed to speak from those black clouds, and an inferiør and grosser

spirit to respond from the rocky depths of the equally dark chasm where the echoes of the thunder roared long and hoarsely. It was not deep calling upon deep, but the heights of heaven uttering some tremendous message to the depths of the earth. The hearts of the wayfarers quailed for a moment, but their faith was firm: they did not stop on their dangerous road, nor did they cease their singing; for, as the last reverberation of the thunder rolled in the abyss at their feet, the choral hymn rose to heaven, and might be heard far along the mountain's side. But again the broad lightning flashed, and a peal still more astounding than the first swallowed up their voices. The affrighted mule, that at the first thunder-clap had drawn himself up and stood stock-still with his iron defended hoofs stuck into holes in the rock, started wildly back at the second shock. His driver, seeing his danger, rushed to seize the rope at his neck; the movement terrified the animal still more, and he again started. He was now within a footstep of the precipice, and trembling in such a degree as almost to shake off his well-lashed burden. The youth screamed for help, and his cry was heard on the dying echoes of the thunder: the pilgrims turned their heads, and in the next instant saw the mule recede that fatal

step, and fall backward into the chasm. A horrid snort, not unlike a human shriek of despair, and almost as harrowing, was heard from the poor creature ; and then a tremendous crash at intervals, as he fell and rolled from rock to rock, until a distant and hollow echo told he had reached the bottom of the ravine.

“ Santa Maria !” cried one of the devotees, “ there go all my treasures !—the relics I bought at Rome, and the rosaries at Loreto ; my crucifix blessed in the holy porringer, and my tooth of St. Dentato !”

“ And there goes what we were to whet our teeth upon !” cried another :—“ our dinner is gone to the wolves, and God knows whether Saint Michael will furnish a repast for so many hungry pilgrims !”

“ It is sinful to talk of such trifles as food for the body,” said an old man who evidently was of authority among the devout band ; “ but the mule was a good mule—I *stole* it myself from among a dozen in Piedmont, \* and I have lost a silver effigy of the

\* This theft is quite in character with the men and the times. Even many years after, when the Normans were somewhat civilized by a residence in Italy, and a less precarious mode of life, Gibbon says of them : “ Every object of desire,—a horse, a woman, a garden,—tempted and gratified their rapaciousness.” But the most severe portrait of the Normans is drawn by the biographer of St. Leo IX.

Madonna, and three skins of Canusium wine which was really reviving to the spirit."

"Alas! my three hairs of the beard of Saint Peter, and the nail-parings of Saint Mark, and"—— The rest of the loser's inventory was silenced by another terrific peal of thunder, which made the stoutest heart among them tremble, and interrupted a humane project which some of the band, in the first impulse of their anger, had formed, to throw the poor hired driver over the precipice after the mule for his negligence.

The rain, which had begun in single drops, now descended in a continuous torrent, and by rendering the bare rocks slippery, increased the danger of their way. At last, but not before every pilgrim was drenched to the skin, they reached a natural esplanade of some width, and most opportunely found a cavern which penetrated into the mountain's side.

Here they determined to remain until the storm should pass. It did pass, and soon, and almost as suddenly as it had commenced. The joyous summer sun again came forth; the clouds rolled away from mountain and plain, sea and coast; and, though rude men, the pilgrims ought to have enjoyed the glorious spectacle spread before them, of the vast

Apulian plain,—of the ancient city of Sipontium,—of the dark blue Adriatic, whose waves, still agitated and freshened by a breeze, fell with a gentle line of white foam on the beach, whose margin was here and there dotted by a fisherman's cabin, and far away by the walls of the town of Barletta.

But the wayfarers were rather inclined to look forward; and to their great satisfaction, as they emerged from their place of shelter, and the black clouds withdrew almost as rapidly as a scenic decoration, they saw the sanctuary of Saint Michael and the Castle of Saint Angelo at a very little distance above them. They set up a shout of joy, and forming into something like processional order, marched with increased speed. As the path, which still wound round the precipitous sides of the mountain, took a sharp and sudden turn, they saw before them a troop of armed men occupying the way. It was one of those positions which abound in Italy, (when will a patriot race rise to defend them against the foreign foe?) where a handful of men might keep an army at bay. Our pilgrims, used to war, felt this; but so daring was their spirit, that they would have gone on to the attack at once, had not their guide stepped forward to parley with the occupiers of the narrow pass.



"Save ye, gentle Signiors!" cried the old Italian: "these are a band of friends,—of devout Normans, who have come from the ends of the world to say an "Ave" in the sanctuary of your glorious and protecting Saint and Archangel."

"If so, it is well, and may Saint Michael repay them for their journey!" said the captain of the guard; "but this blessed sanctuary has been pilaged too often by Saracens and other marauders, to permit us to act otherwise than with vigilance and caution. What are your numbers?"

"Twenty-four, as you may easily see," said the handsome young pilgrim who has been already introduced; "and each of us wont to go straight on to his object, and not to be stopped on his road thus."

"Ye shall even come on here," resumed the guard; "but first ye must give up your swords and those lances you carry with your pilgrims' staves."

"Resign our arms!" cried the young man indignantly.

"They will be given to you on your departure hence: it is but to secure ourselves, and to preserve peace: where men of many lands meet, it is fitting it should be so. Our shrines have been too often defaced—our sanctuary defiled with blood and brawls. Your weapons will be restored to you as you give them."

The guard spoke in a courteous tone; but the pilgrims, besides being desperate fellows habitually, were just now in a special bad humour: they had lost their mule—they were wet to the skin, tired, and hungry.

“Hark ye!” cried several voices together. “We Normans never give up sword or lance but in death! Let us pass in peace, or we will force our way!”

“That is not easy to do,” replied the guard: “were ye twenty—a hundred times as strong, we could hurl you from your narrow path, into the chasm!”

“We will try our chance rather than return,” cried the gallant Normans; and, throwing off their pilgrim’s cloaks and grasping their arms, they advanced with a shout along the giddy path.

Before they came in contact with their adversaries, a man splendidly attired in the Greek costume, who from behind the guards had been observing the bold, dauntless bearing of the strangers with admiration, though he seemed to be there but as a spectator, stepped forward and spoke a few words in the ear of the captain. Whatever these words were, their effect was immediate, and favourable to the Normans; for the guard withdrew from the narrow defile which they immediately occupied—and

whence, from the evidence of numerous large stones gathered there to repel intruders, and from other features in the pass, they saw how certainly their pilgrimage must have ended at the bottom of the ravine had they proceeded to hostilities. When through the defile, they looked round to thank the amiable diplomatist, but he was gone. Without perhaps being overpowered with the weight of their gratitude to him, they followed a portion of the guard that retired before them to the little town of Saint Angelo, which was surrounded by rude walls, and perched on the confined, steep apex of the mountain, like an eyry. At the town gate they were required to pledge their words that they would comport themselves soberly and tranquilly as long as they should remain in the vicinity of the blessed sanctuary, and without any other difficulty were allowed to enter and go whither they chose. Some of the more fervent of the pilgrims would have proceeded at once to the shrine; but the majority wisely deciding that they should enjoy the scene and their devotions much better when they had satisfied their craving stomachs and dried their garments, they repaired to a sort of hostelry which had been erected for the accommodation of the numerous devotees that flocked at all seasons to Mount Saint

Angelo. They could not expect to find the tooth of Saint Dentato, nor the hair of Saint Peter's beard; but as to the creature-comforts lost with the sumpter mule, the hostelry more than supplied them, and the Normans were soon restored to perfect good-humour by copious draughts of a bright vermillion-coloured wine, the produce of the mountain, which, if not so strong as that grown at Canusium, was generous and enlivening.

In the afternoon, the refreshed pilgrims repaired with devout feelings to the cave of Saint Michael,—a place so singular, so romantic, and so sacred, as to merit a brief description. A thick and verdant wood stood above the grotto—it had been planted by the devotees, and produced the more effect, as this part of the mountain, which is so rich in its inner regions in forests of stately oak,\* is entirely destitute of trees. From the branches of these artificially planted trees depended—not fruit, but—stones innumerable; it being one of the practices of the pilgrims of those days, to carry each a large stone tied round his neck, up the steep mountain, as an additional penance, and to hang it up in the

\* ———Aquilonibus  
Querceta Gargani laborant.  
Horace, lib. ii. Od. 9.

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little wood over the Archangel's grotto, with vows and prayers. The entrance into the cave, which had not been excavated by human hands, but formed in the solid rock at the volition of Saint Michael, was by a marble gate of vast dimensions, that faced the sunny south. Beyond the gate a flight of fifty-five steps, cut in the rock, but covered with milk-white marble, conducted to a spacious chamber whose sides were excavated into numerous little cappelle, each with a shrine and a silver lamp,—and into numerous tombs of distinguished Christians, who had been happy to secure so sacred a resting-place for their mortal remains. At the western side of this chamber was another door, not of marble, but of bronze, most elaborately worked; and when this turned on its hinges, which it never did until the sun had risen from the Adriatic and invested with his rays the shoulder of the Mount, the devotee was admitted into the Sanctum Sanctorum, or a small inner cave in which the saint is said to have resided. Cut out of one huge solid block of the almost marble mountain,—low, obscure, damp, cold, and horrid, with drops of icy water continually dropping from the rock,—a place less adapted for human habitation could scarcely be imagined; but for this very reason it was the more

conducive to the health of the soul.\* Among other shrines that consecrated the gloomy cell was a small, rude altar cut in the rock where the Archangel himself had celebrated diurnally the mysterious mass; and a few paces from this altar there flowed a gentle fountain, insignificant from the volume of its waters, but most important from the miraculous qualities they contained; for the sick and afflicted who drank of them with faith were healed and comforted, and the crystal liquid was used all over the country as the most efficacious of medicines for every disease. Around this *spelunca* were niches,—not made artificially, but by the hand of nature, in the rock,—to invite mortals to holy contemplation and to penitence. In fine, the spot was in all its details, and in its obscurity and mysteriousness, admirably adapted to work on the susceptible superstition of the times; and our gallant but rude Norman pilgrims, as they knelt at altar after altar,—as they prostrated themselves before the shrine of the Archangel, or in the opaque gloom of the caverns,—listened to the legends of the place, as told by the priests of Saint Michael, their guides, and

\* “Credo,” says the credulous Leandro Alberti, “non ad altro fine ed ornamento fatta che per la salute dell’ anime nostre.”

received the impressions with a depth and intensity proportioned to their simplicity, and to the original strength of their devotional excitement, which had sufficed to carry them so many hundred miles from their homes, to kneel where the saint had kneeled, and to pray where he had prayed.\* They tarried long, luxuriating in their feelings and imaginings. Compared with this low, gloomy cave, what were the glories of the lofty baronial hall, lighted with a thousand torches, and hung with arms and banners? These coarse, hard rocks, and this darkness that might almost be felt, had been irradiated by the immortal presence of one of the highest of the heavenly host—here, in the bowels of the mountain, the Archangel had held frequent communion with the mother of God; and a breath—an afflatus of the

\* Though I have passed this mountain and the town of Saint Angelo three times, and have been many more times in its neighbourhood, I never stopped to visit the sanctuary. I was then tired of miracles, and miraculous and holy spots, but I have since regretted the circumstance. The description of the cave is taken from "*Descrizione di tutta Italia*" by Leonardo Alberti, a great authority in these matters. Gibbon and others, indifferent to the spot as the abode of a saint, would identify it with the residence of the soothsayer Calchas, the son of Thestor, who accompanied the Greeks to Troy; for, according to Strabo, (*Lib. vi.*) Calchas had a temple, an oracle, and a cavern, on Mount Garganus.

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saintly and of the Divine Spirit might still linger in that chilling air. There was the high satisfaction too, resulting from difficulties overcome—and overcome, in their estimation at least, for the most virtuous and holy of purposes; and as the hardy adventurers pictured on the cave's darkness the long and sultry plains of Apulia, Campania, and Lombardy, and the Alps, the Apennines and the Jura, and their far-off homes at the extremity of Europe, where France looks across a narrow sea on the white cliffs of England, they might well be disposed to linger at the bourne for which they had suffered so much, and which they had at last attained. They did not turn to depart without a sigh that they could claim no propriety in objects so invaluablely sacred, nor without the contemplation of one of those deeds common in the ages of barbarism, when relics were often purloined, and the possession of a lifeless body—a limb—or a bone, would be sufficient cause for a bloody war between cities and states. They could hardly hope at any time to carry away the cave; but they gazed with cupidity on a crystal crucifix which they were assured had been used by Saint Michael in his devotions. Such a treasure would repay a journey to the ends of the world, yet they felt it was impossible to seize it and escape.



As the Normans wended back towards the regions of day, and had gained the marble covered steps that led to the mouth of the cave, they saw before them, standing by one of several fissures in the rock, which had been cut through to admit light, the same commanding figure, attired in the Greek costume, who had parleyed with the guards and procured them admission to the sanctuary.

"The benediction of Saint Michael be upon you!" cried the foremost of the Normans, as he caught the eye of the stranger, who seemed to be examining their band with intense interest. "We thank you for the pleasure of having knelt at his altar without the trouble of fighting!"

"Ye should not seem men to think fighting *always* a trouble," said the stranger in an under-tone of voice as they drew near to him.

"It is never so to a Norman with a clear, fair field!" proudly replied the young pilgrim, whose distinguishing manly beauty has already been alluded to, and whom we may henceforth call by his name—Drogo.

"And in a holy cause!" added his aged companion, who had acknowledged to the merits of the lost mule, and to his theft of the same.

"And can none but a holy cause—nothing less

than a pilgrimage to a saint, and a dark hole, direct those swords and lances, which appeared to me a few hours ago, at the mountain pass, to be so familiar to your hands?" inquired the stranger drawing close to Drogo as he spoke.

"Hem! hem!—gentle Sir, if you will take a walk with us to the lands whence we come, we will show you, in broad and fertile provinces, objects which have unsheathed the swords and couched the lances of the Normans—and which deserved to be won, as they have been, by us!"

"Something of this hath reached me even in this remote eagle's nest," said the stranger, drawing still closer to Drogo, and speaking almost in a whisper; "moreover, I have seen and respected your determined valour;—and, hark ye!—had I but a thousand men like you, I would put an empire at their disposal!"

"Ay! an empire! and you a Greek—a subject of that empire!" said Drogo inquiringly.

"I am not what I seem," said the stranger; "but this is not the fitting place for disclosure:—follow me when I emerge from this cavern."

"I will follow you," replied the youth confidently; and turning to his aged and more experienced companion, he imparted the startling hints of the

stranger, and requested his attendance at the important congress.

On reaching the door of the cave, the stranger turned and ascended, and his bright-coloured and flowing robes were seen gliding through the dark grove that grew over those sainted vaults. The two Normans followed him, and presently all three disappeared behind the ridge of a hill. When they reached an appropriate place, the stranger paused and addressed the Normans.

"You are of a noble stock," said he in a flattering tone,—*"I see it in your manly forms and proud bearing (the pilgrims bowed).—You are nobles among your race. Now tell me! could not your invitation and example bring an armament of men, such as are now with you, to sustain a cause where success is certain—the reward incalculably great?"*

*"By sea or by land, the companions of Rollo,"* cried the young Norman, whose enthusiasm was inflamed by the thoughts of his ancestors and their ever victorious leader,—*"by sea or by land, they carried arms that were never seen to retreat before a foe; and, even now, the Normans' enterprize is the same, and they regard not distances. Perhaps you are right—perhaps I, my friend, might head a band of warriors instead of a troop of pilgrims;—but,*

gentle Sir, how would you employ our Norman blood?"

"Should you be disinclined to embrace my projects," said the stranger cautiously, "may I rely on your preserving my secret?"

"Implicitly you may!" cried both of the Normans.

"My life, and more than life, depends upon your silence,—will you swear it?" said the stranger.

"Ay, willingly," was the reply, and the martial pilgrims, who were impatient to gain possession of the secret, raised their swords, kissed the cross on their hilts, and hurriedly swore as much as their inviter required.

"This loose, flowing garb, which the Greeks imitated from the effeminate slaves of the East, covers no Greek, but a mortal foe of the Greek empire—the sworn enemy of all Greeks. My name is Melo—I am an Italian, a noble of the city of Bari, and one who lately would have rescued his country from the oppression, the degradation, of a vile and heretical race!"

"Heretical!" exclaimed Drogo.

"Yes, in good sooth!" said his more learned and travelled companion, "the Greeks are all heretics!"

"Contemners of the *filiogue*!" added the wary Melo.

“Horrible! Why, a war with such would be a holy war!” cried the young man, whose mind was filled with an indefinite horror of what he understood absolutely nothing.

“As such I deemed it,” said the noble citizen of Bari, “when I raised the standard of independence—but, alas! I had not hearts so bold as yours to enrol under my banners—I was defeated, and became a fugitive. The Greeks thirsted after my blood—I was hunted like a beast of the forest; and you have no means of conceiving by what execrable, horrid tortures I should have been put to death, had they then succeeded in taking me. But at last I gained this inaccessible retreat; and from the happy moment in which I saw you this morning, I have again begun to hope—to aspire, as a certainty, at revenging mine and my country’s wrongs on the Greeks, and at securing for my coadjutors a most splendid establishment on the rich plains of Apulia!”

“They are fertile plains,” said both the Normans.

“Still rich, though so often devastated, so long oppressed by the effeminate Greeks!—Look there!” and Melo, as he spoke, stretched his hand towards the vast Apulian flat, fairly illuminated by the slanting rays of the setting sun. “There, in that

angle, between the river Ofanto and the sea, where ~~now~~ but one ruinous town meets the eye, in former days, ere the degradation of Italy began, a dozen prosperous cities rose;—that solitary sheep-walk, —that neglected and unhealthy marsh, where the buffalo wallows, once supported a dense and happy population; and far away, to the foot of the lofty Mount Vultur, are fertile lands, to reward those who shall wrench them from the Greeks. You may bring a nation with you, bold Normans, and find a prosperous settlement for them all!”

The dark-blue eyes of the pilgrims glistened at the moral and physical prospect laid before them; and Drogo replied with the energy and hopefulness of youth: “It is enough! we have heard enough! we will presently return with troops of Norman lances at our backs. Apulia shall be ours!”

“And Mount Saint Angelo, and the sanctuary, and the blessed cave of Saint Michael!” added the old man.

“Such prizes are worth contending for,” replied Melo, who, resolved that no allurements he could command should be wanting, added to the ardent Drogo,—“And perhaps we have other things to tempt the brave and young. The maids of Italy are fair and well proportioned, fitting wives for the

valorous, with whom they might become again, what the Roman matrons once were, the mothers of earth's conquerors ! But I have said enough ! you are pledged to my cause !"

The Normans again raised their heavy, cross-hilted swords to their lips, and vowed to return to Apulia with such retainers and friends as they could influence in Normandy. The bold conspirator then withdrew, inviting them to repair in the evening to his residence, where they, and as many of their companions as they chose to conduct with them, should be hospitably entertained. In the hostlery, where Drogo and his friend asked a few simple questions as to the character and quality of the fugitive noble of Bari, they received a surprising account of his wealth and munificence ; and they might judge for themselves, when, shortly after, they were received by Melo in a banqueting hall that seemed to have been prepared by a prince for the entertainment of princes. They were pledged in wine-cups of solid gold and exquisite workmanship, and the table presented to their astonished eyes such a treasure, of gold, of silver, and of crystal, as they had never before seen. The repast and the wines were worthy of the vessels they were served in ; nor did the busy dreams of ambition deaden the appetites of the

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sturdy Normans. Melo presided, with no other friend with him than his brother-in-law—the associate in his revolt, exile, and recently formed views. When the elated pilgrims, who were dazzled with the superior refinement which Melo had imitated from the nobles of the Greek empire, rose to depart, their generous host informed them that they would find, on their return to the hostelry, that he had thought of the losses they had sustained with the mule. Drogo, he insisted, should sleep where he had supped: an apartment had been prepared for him. It had not been deemed expedient to admit as yet the companions of Drogo and the old man into the important secret, and the festivity of the evening had not been interrupted by discussion and business; but, on finding themselves alone with the gallant young Norman, Melo and his relative turned to the subject that was to make them or to mar them, and drew such a picture of the natural wealth of the country, the cowardice and unpopularity of the Greeks, the weakness of their fortified towns—adding whatever besides might operate upon the susceptible warrior and devout Catholic—that he wished the distances of time and place were annihilated, and that he at once could march to victory and glory. He retired to rest with a mind excited to its utmost



pitch ; and the scenes and novel suggestions of the day floated through his brain with overpowering vividness and confusion. The wine he had drunk had brightened instead of dulling his imaginative faculties : he lay on his couch like one affected by a magic spell, when, to complete that enchantment, the tones of a musical instrument and of a gentle voice—a female voice, silvery and thrilling—broke upon the hushed stillness of night. His whole soul was transported to his ears, and floated on the cadence of the invisible minstrel ; and when the voice was hushed, and the last vibration of the instrument had ceased to undulate, he fancied—he felt—that he had listened to one of the celestial choir. At last sleep fell upon his tired senses ; but sleep was scarcely less ecstatic ; for his dreams renewed in fantastic assemblage the mountain path, and the consecrated grot—the splendid stranger, and the Apulian plain—the sumptuous banquet—the flying Greeks—a palace, himself its master—a fair bride, and a wide estate, with horses, hawks, and hounds, and a minstrel that discoursed heavenly music.

It was much later than a soldier's and a pilgrim's hour when Drogo awoke the following morning. Tasso had not yet lived his life of poetry and woe,

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and created the garden of Armida, or the young Norman might have fancied himself there. On approaching a window that looked over a small enclosed garden, he saw a youthful female figure busied in gathering flowers, so exquisitely beautiful, that he rubbed his eyes, and thought he still must dream. Her face, which was upturned as her small taper fingers reached to some flaunting roses high above her head, was exquisite in formation and complexion, still more exquisite in expression. Her form was as faultless as her face, and displayed with all its advantages by a costume of peculiar elegance, such as is still found among some of the islands of the *Ægean*, and which the fair wearer had copied from that of the Greek ladies of Bari. A loose robe of azure silk, which concealed none of the proportions and graces of a lithe swan-like neck and perfectly turned shoulders, was confined at the waist by an oriental shawl; thence it descended in broad free folds, but not lower than the knee. Beneath this robe were flowing trowsers of linen whiter than snow, and these were contracted above the ankle, leaving exposed the high instepped feet, which were secured in beautiful small slippers, but otherwise naked. Her coëffure should have appeared studied from some ancient Greek statue, so elegant was it,

and so classical. A gauze handkerchief, silvery and airy, such as might have been woven by the ancient looms of Ceos, bound her head, and was enwreathed with broad plaits of her glossy black hair ; but the principal treasure of her "nerissime chiome" was unconfined, and floated down her shoulders. As the young Norman gazed in ecstasy and entrancement, by design or chance the lovely maiden turned and looked up to the casement where he was standing : their eyes met ; she remained a few moments as if fascinated by the stranger's ardent looks, then blushed, and retired within the house.

But the charms of those liquid eyes glancing through their long, black, silken lashes, had done their work on Drogo, who was now bound to the cause he had embraced by ties stronger than those of ambition, or any other employed by the artful Melo. For such an Italian bride as that, how much would he dare in the battle ! how willingly would he renounce his country and his kindred ! But who was she ? Could she be his ? Had Melo such a prize to offer ? and would he offer it to him ?

A lover of more modern and more refined times might have been less direct ; but our impetuous Norman at once sought his host, and asked, in very plain terms, whether the angel he had just seen in

the garden was his daughter—whether, when he spoke of the maids of Italy who were to reward the brave, he alluded to her—in short, whether he might aspire to such a bride.

“Zoe is my sister’s child,” replied the wily revolutionist: “her father supped with us last night, and he will confirm what I now assure you, that the hand of his daughter, with a dower that might benefit a princess, will in the hour of victory be awarded to the hero who shall have enabled us to throw off our odious chains! Yes, gallant youth! Zoe was present to my mind when I spoke of our Italian maids. You have seen her; and you may tell your comrades there are others within the walls of Bari, and the cities on the Adriatic held by the unwarlike Greeks, as fair as she.”

The delighted Drogo might have thought the equality of charms impossible, but he said, “To us Normans you can offer no rewards so tempting. The maidens may prepare for manly bridegrooms. O that I were beyond the Alps!”

“You may soon be there,” added Melo; “your pilgrimage is performed; you may return with the speed of a courier. Horses I have, and money too; you shall make your choice, and name your sum.”

“It is well considered,” replied Drogo; “I will

return with my aged companion, who has influence among our Normans ; the rest of our band may follow, or—”

“ Why not remain where they are ?” asked Melo.

“ Assure them but of good quarters, an ample supply of provisions, fighting, and a proper reward for fighting, and not a man among them will hesitate to stay.”

“ All those assurances shall they have, and more,” said Melo ; “ but my niece salutes you, brave Drogo.”

The Norman turned and beheld with renewed and increased rapture the blushing maiden meekly bowing before him, with her delicate hands crossed on her innocent breast.

At this period the inhabitants of Italy were remote from the simplicity of manners that had distinguished the ancient Romans ; from the freedom of social intercourse between the two sexes that existed under the empire, as well as under the republic, and which, extended and cultivated in modern times, has produced half the civilization and all the amenities of European society. They had been infected by the example of the domestic habits of the Greeks, and their women were condemned to a jealous seclusion, rarely appearing in the company of men,

except those men stood in a close degree of relationship. But Melo and his brother-in-law could despise a prejudice. Zoe was introduced to strengthen that bond on which their hopes depended; and they did not miscalculate the effect of her charms, and the character of the susceptible Norman. A few brief, timid words—another and another meeting with those exquisitely languishing eyes—a balmy breath from those cherub lips, that fell upon his cheek as he stooped to address her, completed Drogo's conquest and enchantment. He might go a longer journey than from the Adriatic to the northern ocean, and he would not efface the deep impression: he might be surrounded in his father's hall by unwilling relatives, who would fain prevent his expatriation; but Zoe's attraction would not fail—he would soon be again in Italy.

With this conviction on their minds, Melo and his brother-in-law hastened to conclude their negotiations with the Normans, and to send Drogo on his way. The pilgrims were easily persuaded, when informed of such a part of their plans as Drogo and Melo thought fit to confide to them, to stay as soldiers; and before the hour of noon, the enamoured warrior and his aged companion, mounted on strong steeds, and well furnished with money, were de-

ascending Mount Garganus by an opposite and a much easier road than the one by which they had come.

As romantic as this were the circumstances and the invitation that brought the descendants of the warriors of the snowy mountains of Norway into Italy; and the splendid romance of the Normans' history has no pages brighter than those which describe the wonderful conquests that resulted from their visit. In a few years the successes of the poor pilgrims we have seen toiling towards the sanctuary of Saint Michael were counts of provinces, independent princes, kings; and while England, our native country, fell to a Norman dynasty, the same heroic race established themselves as sovereigns in the whole of the south of Italy and the island of Sicily—regions (among the most fertile and beautiful of earth) which now form the kingdom of Naples. A cotemporary writer, Nigellus, the poetical biographer of Louis the French king, has left us the following quaint but characteristic portrait of this extraordinary people :—

“ *Nort quoque Francisco dicuntur nomine manni.*

*Veloces, agiles, armigerique nimis ;*

*Ipse quidem populus latè pernotus habetur,*

*Lintre dapes quærit, incolitatque mare.*

*Pulcher adest facie, vultuque statuque decorus.”\**

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\* Nigell. lib. iv.

And an English historian of our own days\* has so concisely and admirably traced the early history of the Normans, and their first contact with the nations of Europe, that we can in no ways do so well as in using his words.

“ The pirates of the North were known generally by the name of Normans. The love of a predatory life seems to have attracted adventurers of different nations to the Scandinavian seas, from whence they infested, not only by maritime piracy, but continual invasions, the northern coasts both of France and Germany. The causes of their sudden appearance are inexplicable, or at least could only be sought in the ancient traditions of Scandinavia. For undoubtedly the coasts of France and England were as little protected from depredation under the Merovingian kings, and those of the heptarchy, as in subsequent times. Yet only one instance of an attack from this side is recorded, and that before the middle of the sixth century, till the age of Charlemagne. In 787, the Danes, as we called those Northern plunderers, began to infest England, which lay most immediately open to their incursions. Soon afterwards they ravaged the coasts of France. Charlemagne repulsed them by means of his fleets; yet they pillaged a few places during his reign. In

\* Mr. Hallam, “ History of Europe in the Middle Ages.”



Louis' reign their depredations upon the coasts were more incessant, but they did not penetrate into the inland country till that of Charles the Bald. The Normans adopted a uniform plan of warfare both in France and England: sailing up navigable rivers in their vessels of small burden, and fortifying the islands which they occasionally found, they made these intrenchments at once an asylum for their women and children, a repository for their plunder, and a place of retreat from superior force. After pillaging a town, they retired to these strongholds, or to their ships; and it was not till 872 that they ventured to keep possession of Angers, which, however, they were compelled to evacuate. Sixteen years afterwards they laid siege to Paris, and committed the most ruinous devastations on the neighbouring country. As these Normans (as pagans) were unchecked by religious awe, the rich monasteries, which had stood harmless amidst the havoc of Christian war, were overwhelmed in the storm. Perhaps they may have endured some irrecoverable losses of ancient learning; but their complaints are of monuments disfigured, bones of saints and kings dispersed, treasures carried away. All the chief abbeys were stripped about the same time, either by the enemy, or for contributions to the

public necessity. The kings of France, too feeble to prevent or repel these invaders, had recourse to the palliative of buying peace at their hands, or, rather, precarious armistices, to which reviving thirst for plunder soon put an end.

At length Charles the Simple, in 918, ceded a great province, which they had already partly occupied, partly rendered desolate, and which has derived from them the name of Normandy. Ignominious as this appears, it proved no impolitic step. Rollo, the Norman chief, with all his subjects, became Christians and Frenchmen ; and the kingdom was at once relieved from a terrible enemy, and strengthened by a race of hardy colonists."

The followers of Rollo, who rested from plunder and piracy in the quiet possession of Normandy, became devout professors of the Christian faith, and particularly addicted to pilgrimages, which gratified their curiosity and spirit of adventure. In small bodies, well armed, on account of the lawless character of the countries through which they passed, the Norman pilgrims visited the shrines of Italy, and even the Holy Land.\* The band of which the ad-

\* Or in the splendid diction of Gibbon : " In this active devotion their minds and bodies were invigorated by exercise : danger was the incentive, novelty the recompense ; and the

venturous Drogo, the hero of our tale, was the leader, was one of these devout incorporations; and there appears no ground of suspecting that their visit to Mount Garganus had any other motive than had been owned by many who had preceded them in Italy.

Little more than two months had elapsed since the pilgrims' interview with the disaffected Melo in the cave of Saint Michael, when a warrior was seen to issue from a castle in Normandy, and impetuously to urge forward his noble steed. The animal was spirited, and seemed more than to participate in his master's impatience: he bit his curb, and would have galloped down a steep declivity. The cavalier reined him, and this so suddenly, and with such strength, that the fine creature was thrown back upon his haunches. A lovely female rushed from a thicket by the road-side, accosting the daring rider, and at the sight of his accident a half-suppressed cry of alarm burst from her. The warrior did not appear affected by the lady's beauty so much as might have been expected. He scarcely bowed to prospect of the world was decorated by wonder, credulity, and ambitious hope. They confederated for their mutual defence; and the robbers of the Alps, who had been allured by the garb of a pilgrim, were often chastised by the arm of a warrior."—*Decline and Fall*, ch. lvi.

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her, but continued to spur his horse, that after several efforts and plunges, in which he had nearly fallen on his flank, recovered his hinder legs.

Then the warrior waved a brief, almost a stern, adieu, and would have dashed forward.

“Not so—not so!” cried the lady; and she caught the reins and stood before the steed, so that he could not proceed without trampling on the gentle form that strove to detain him. “Oh! yet one word!—a fond farewell! I feel I shall never see you—never see you more!”

The generous animal piaffed on the spot where he had fallen; the warrior bent over his neck, and grasping the lady’s hand, said, in a tone in which there was more of impatience than tenderness, “Well, then, again farewell! Silly girl! why thus prolong the pains of parting?”

“We shall never meet again on earth!” cried the lady, and her arms dropped helplessly to her sides.

A touch of the rein and heel, and the courser had his way clear before him. The warrior shouted another adieu, and trotted down the hill, while the lovely and afflicted female, voiceless and motionless, stood on the spot where he had disengaged himself from her, with her eyes fixed on his fast disappearing figure.

The warrior was Drogo, and the female a sister of nearly his own age—the companion of his childhood, his dearest favourite, until Zoe, the daughter of Melo, had engrossed all the affections of his heart. He had succeeded in his mission even beyond his expectations ; he had fanned a spark of enterprise to a blaze, and was now hastening to re-join a formidable corps of gallant Normans, whom, with flattering prospects and assurance of success, he had raised for the service of the revolted noble of Bari. The majority of these men were his equals, and followed him as such, aspiring at the same rewards for their valour, and unwilling to acknowledge any other subordination than what might be expedient or indispensable on the field of battle. The rest, of meaner birth and poorer fortunes, were retained by pay ; but even they hoped, with their sword and lance, to cut out for themselves fair possessions in the land of the Pope and the Saints.

The intrepid band thus freely associated for the deliverance of Apulia, passed the Alps by separate roads, and in the disguise of pilgrims ; but in the neighbourhood of Rome they were saluted by the Chief of Bari, who supplied the more indigent with arms and horses, and instantly prepared to lead

them to the field of action.\* By the banks of the Tyber, Drogo again saw the fascinating Zoe, who had lost none of her charms since he left her. After a few days' stay, rendered an elysium by her occasional society, he repaired to the field, where his heroic achievements were to win her for his bride. The name and character of the rapidly changing scenes of our Norman's adventures may add to the interest and romance of his history. It was on the vast Apulian plain, and on the memorable field of Cannæ, where Hannibal triumphed over the Romans, that Drogo, unacquainted with, and indifferent to ancient glory, found himself at last in presence of an enemy he had so long and ardently desired to meet.

The Ofantus, that had reflected the arms, and been tinged with the blood of Romans and Carthaginians, now rolled its tranquil waters between Greeks and Normans, and the other confederates of Melo; but the river—as if the physical had accorded itself to the moral world—was diminished from what it is described as being in ancient days, even as the cause now to be decided on its banks, and the armies to engage, were inferior in magnitude to those involved

\* Gibbon, Muratori, &c.

in the *certamen* of the son of Hamilcar, and the consuls Æmilius and Terentius Varro.

The Greek empire at this period (the beginning of the eleventh century) still retained some of the provinces of southern Italy, which were *misgoverned* by a lieutenant, styled Catapan, who resided at Bari; but so weak and demoralized was that empire, that only an army inconsiderable in number and contemptible in quality, could be raised to defend Apulia. The forces of Melo were incomparably less; and it was on one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred Normans, that he relied for victory: nor was he mistaken in their efficacy and valour. At the first sound of the trumpet, they dashed through the river, and charged the enemy with their strong lances. The Greeks were presently disordered, routed; and Drogo, after performing prodigies of valour, finished the business of the day by transfixing the flying and recreant Catapan. We may draw a veil over the carnage that accompanied victory, for the Normans were as yet a cruel race. They had embraced the Christian religion: but even as the Greeks had communicated to that religion of simplicity and truth their scholastic subtleties,—as the Egyptians and Syrians had given to it their contemplative

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character and their ascetic morals ; so, when these people of the North professed Christianity, that religion became for them sombre and bloody, in imitation of that of Odin,—their ancient faith.\*

The resources of the Greeks were however not yet exhausted, and Melo had neither the warlike engines nor numbers sufficient to undertake the siege of Bari, or of any of the other cities held by the empire on those coasts. He was moreover deceived in the spirit of the people, who, instead of rising and uniting themselves with him against their oppressors, stood aloof as timid spectators. In fine, the victory of Cannæ had done nothing but display the headlong valour of Drogo and his Normans ; and shortly afterwards another Greek army, superior in number, command, and appointment to the first, offered them battle in the same plain. In this second engagement they were overwhelmed by the numbers, and still more by the military engines of the Greeks ; and when all their allies had fled from the field, the Normans indignantly retreated with their faces to the enemy. Their loss, for the force they brought into the field, was great, nor did Drogo escape without many wounds.

\* Sismondi, *Hist. des Rep. Ital.* ch. iv.



But the sons of Rollo were not men to be depressed by a calamity however great and unexpected: they had seen the division and weakness, the fertility and wealth of Italy—their arms could defray the expenses of a march, and they hastened to offer the service of their formidable sword and lance to such of the princes of the south of Italy as could best pay them.

Drogo, unassailed by reproaches, and still accompanied by a few of his friends, took the road to Rome with Melo and his brother-in-law Datto, the father of the fair Zoe.

When the young Norman reached the spot where she whom he had hoped on returning to call his own, resided, he was made to feel the full extent of the misfortune of his defeat. Though he had fought for their cause with a devotion and courage that might merit every reward, still the conditions with Melo and Datto depended on success:—they were beaten and fugitives, with exhausted means, and he an adventurer, with no establishment, to offer a lovely bride who had hitherto lived in affluence and splendour. The separation of the confederates, if not perfectly sincere on the side of the nobles of Bari, wore the appearance at least of frankness and friendship. Melo, with that untiring

zeal and energy which distinguished many of the Italian conspirators or revolutionists of the middle ages, determined to hasten to Germany, to solicit the aid of the Emperor against the Greeks. Datto, who could not remain in safety where he was, prepared to retire with his daughter, under the protection of the powerful Athenulf, the Abbot of Monte Casino; and it was arranged that Drogo should seek service at Rome, where the Pope was trembling at an alliance between the Greeks and the Prince of Capua, which threatened the territories of the Church. He was flattered with the hope, that Melo would soon return with an army, and that he, who in the mean while might succeed in winning over some of the many martial pilgrims, his countrymen, that every season saw flocking into Italy, should have a distinguished post in that army, and another chance of gaining his bride, with the means of providing for her. Drogo could scarcely murmur or object; but when, on taking leave of the gentle Zoe, he saw tears swimming in her exquisite black eyes, and other tokens of sorrow—of love,—he could not help proposing to the innocent girl, that she should leave all and flee with him. Filial affection triumphed over the passion which had indeed found its way into her

young heart. She did not speak of the privations and perils that must attend her as the wife of a wandering soldier, whose fortune was on his sword,—she did not think of them;—but she thought of the disappointment and wretchedness of a parent who was now bereft of every thing but her; and she said decidedly, though her voice trembled,—“Oh, no! no! I cannot leave my poor father—alone in the midst of his misfortunes!”

The heart of our hero, though somewhat of the rudest, could respect so generous and sacred a feeling. He gazed once more in her melting eyes—once more he pressed her trembling hand to his breast, and then with a farewell and a blessing, he mounted his charger, to seek in scenes of violence and blood, the means which might promote his union with so much beauty and gentleness.

The fortunes of Drogo differed little from those of several who had been his associates, and of many who followed him to the field of Italy, where, though not under the name of *condottieri*, they played a part those mercenaries repeated in the fourteenth century. The Pope, the Princes of Capua, Beneventum, Salerno, and Naples, alternately subsidized them for their domestic quarrels:

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the superior spirit and discipline of the Normans gave victory to the side which they espoused ; and their cautious policy observed the balance of power, lest the preponderance of any rival state should render their aid less important and their service less profitable.\* But Italy was weaker than in the fourteenth century : the Normans were united among themselves, animated by a spirit infinitely superior to that of the *condottieri* ; and while serving as mercenaries, they always aspired to the possession of a separate state, and to their formation in Italy as a nation. And both were soon their's.

The sort of life led by these soldiers of fortune, their unrestrained licence in the field or in the camp, were not of a nature favourable to gentle feeling or romantic passion ; but Drogo, while he indulged as his comrades did, would still feel the inferiority of his rude enjoyments to that happiness which he had promised himself, when, full of hope and the image of Melo's daughter, he first departed from Monte Gargano. At the festive board, or in the midnight watch, during the long march, and even in the moment of victory, that lovely and gentle image would frequently fill his

\* Gibbon.

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imagination, and correct his inclinations to evil. It was the remembrance of Zoe that made his heart thrill as the cry of women in some captured town would meet his ear; and to her innocence and beauty, as cherished and worshipped in the Norman's heart, many a helpless, shrieking female was indebted for the interference and protection of Drogo.

Many months had passed and he had learned nothing of his former confederates,—had never heard *her* name, save in the whispers of his own heart, when one night, as unattended he was returning from a ride to a tower he then commanded, on the frontier of the Roman states, a voice of ill omen—a voice from an invisible person, struck his ear, “Poor Drogo, the Norman, expects the return of Melo, and the hand of his fair niece!—and Melo is dead on the banks of the Danube, and Zoe beset by dangers on the banks of the Garigliano!”

“Ha! what say you?” cried Drogo, looking in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and where he saw nothing but a row of poplar-trees gently waving in the night breeze.

“If Drogo hasten not to her aid, the fair Zoe will be soon the bride of another—perhaps of death!” replied the same solemn voice.

“Of death!—Zoe!” murmured the Norman, who, hardy as he was, now shook in his saddle;—“but tell me,” he cried, recovering himself, “who is it that thus speaks to me without showing himself?”

“One whose presence here must not be known,—one who has done his duty, and now retires,” said the same voice, but which seemed to proceed from a greater distance than when it had first spoken.

The Norman turned his compact, active palfrey suddenly from the road, behind the trees—he rode along them, glancing his keen eye in their shadow: no living object was there, save a green lizard gliding in the moonbeams: he darted across the heath beyond the poplars, but he could discover nothing; and retraced his way to the tower, doubting at times whether his imagination had not framed the alarming dialogue; at others, whether he had not heard a voice from another world. Whatever might be the nature of the warning, his heart’s affections would not permit him to disregard it; and Drogo’s deeds were as precipitate and decided as his thoughts. From the garrison of the tower he selected his bravest and most trusty followers, and the best of the war-horses, and with

these set out before midnight, with the determination of reaching Monte Casino by a rapid march. Familiar by this time with every remote tract across the desolated plains of the Campagna, and all the passes and intricacies of the mountains that form the strong but ill-defended frontier of the present kingdom of Naples ; accustomed to follow without inquiry or misgiving their bold and youthful commander, ever happy to find themselves on a secret and adventurous expedition, the Normans pushed gaily forward ; and while Drogo thought of Zoe and sighed to the moon, they shook their lances in her beams, and cheered their way with a rude national song.

From the snow-cover'd mountains of Norway afar,  
Our fathers descended, and rush'd to the war :  
No fortunes had they, save the lances we hold ;  
But a lance is a realm in the hands of the bold.

They charged on the foe, and their steeds were a bark ;  
They scour'd the North ocean, so dreary and dark.  
On England's white cliffs, and the shores of the main,  
'Midst the wind and the storm, and the sleet and the rain,

Their bark and their lance gain'd the prize that they sought,  
And the fair blue-eyed maidens were sold and were bought ;  
While the rich city pillaged, the strong tower in flame,  
Spread afar o'er the nations the dread of their name.

Old Rollo reposed from the strife and the toil ;  
But a province of beauty, and fertile the soil,  
Was the meed of his valour in fair Normandie,  
Where the friends of our youth and our kindred be.

And now we are marching in lands fairer far,  
Nor will victory yet pale the glow of her star ;  
We have cross'd the high Alps and the Apennines twain.  
How oft have we conquer'd !—we'll conquer again !

We have drunk of the Tyber, the Arno, the Po,  
The Adige, the Tara—and better, I trow,  
Of Italy's wines, where most generous they run,  
As clear as her skies, and as warm as her sun.

We have woo'd and have won the dark maidens of Rome.  
—Who thinks of the pale cheeks abandon'd at home ?—  
When eyes beam on his, all so warm and so black,  
Oh ! what eye, cold and blue, can e'er summon him back ?

Then on, Comrades, on !—with a lance and a steed,  
We never can know either fear or a need.  
Let Drogo still lead us by night and by day,  
'Tis to conquest and triumph—Hurra ! and Hurra !

At the morning dawn the Norman troop stopped  
at a retired mountain-hamlet, where they found  
provisions for themselves and horses ; and after two  
or three hours' repose—that short and sweet repose  
which none enjoy so fully as the tired soldier, or  
hardy traveller,—they again mounted and conti-  
nued their march. Their road lay through moun-



tainous regions, singularly wild and picturesque, but thinly inhabited by a pastoral people, who here and there were seen, in their sheepskin jackets and caps, looking out from some wild wood, or down from the ridge of some hill, on the gallant Norman band, whose physiognomy, arms, and horses evidently excited their simple astonishment and admiration.

By the hour of noon they had descended into a vast plain, through which more than one stately river was seen flowing towards the clear blue waves of the Tyrrhenian Sea, that skirted the horizon, dotted at intervals with a little island, that seemed floating between the waters and the sky. Here they again halted in the rear of a small walled town, which was evidently thrown into consternation by their approach. Drogo had not said a word as to the object of this sudden expedition, or the place of its destination; but when they now remounted, he cried out cheerfully, "To the left, my merry men!—a light hand on the rein, and we shall soon be at Monte Casino!"

"What!—has the wealthy Abbot fallen into some new scrape, or are we *riding* a pilgrimage?" *thought* the Normans; but they only gave utterance to a cheerful hurra! as they obeyed their leader's command.

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As the sun was sinking in the west, the band indeed approached the detached, abrupt mountain on which that far-famed monastery of Saint Benedict is situated.

At the foot of the Mount, and immediately under the sacred edifice, was the little city of Saint Germano, with crenelated walls, turrets, and a rude castle on a rock behind it; whilst in front of the town, as if to add at once to its beauty and its strength, there flowed a clear, deep river—one of the most important tributaries to the Garigliano, or classical Liris. Nearer at hand, on the roots of the mountain, were scattered the melancholy ruins of the ancient city of Casinium, among which however still remained, (as they even now remain,) in tolerable preservation, an amphitheatre, and a small Roman temple, converted into a Christian church. The Normans hailed the lofty monastery as the pilgrims had done at the sight of the shrine of Saint Michael, for the place was almost as sacred. In a few minutes they reached the bridge over the river, by which the town was approached; it was defended by a tower, whose garrison was far from being inclined to dispute the passage, for they turned out and welcomed the brave Drogo by name and acclamations. They were Normans like themselves.

though in the pay of the great Abbot; and the rest of their members in the town received the gallant captain and his troop with the same feeling, and with just as little inquiry as to the motives that brought them thither.

After a short and private conversation with the leader of the Abbot's warlike subsidiaries, during which Drogo betrayed extreme agitation, the troop passed through the town, which rose on the acclivity of the hill, and emerged from it, by an upper gate, to the rough sides of the mountain. It was with difficulty that their tired steeds clambered up the narrow and steep path, which was entirely over a naked rock; but they had not proceeded far when they were stopped by an outer line of walls, built by the Benedictines to defend their wealthy and often pillaged retreat. The warden at the gate, surprised and alarmed at their sudden appearance, demanded their business.

"We would have speech with your Lord Abbot— instantly throw open your gate!" cried Drogo, in a voice of thunder.

"I dare not do so much," replied the trembling Italian, "without my superior's orders."

"Then will we climb your paltry walls in a trice," said Drogo, dismounting, and by a sign ordering his men to do the same.

“You will hardly, gallant warrior, offer such an insult to our Lord Abbot and our holy brotherhood, who are all the friends of the brave Normans,” said the warden in a conciliating tone.

Drogo paused; the flush of anger passed from his bold and handsome countenance, and he said mildly, “Then send and advise the Abbot, that—that Drogo the Norman, and his friend, would have immediate speech with him!”

“But,” replied hesitatingly the old warden, who was accustomed to, and who revered, the machine-like regularity of the monastic life and occupation,—“but, gentle Sir, vespers have been but just sung, and his reverence will have retired to make his evening repast, and—”

“Hark ye! churlish doorkeeper to a monk!” cried Drogo,—and the angry tint again came to his face,—“mine is a business to be delayed neither by an abbot’s prayers nor his supper! Do my bidding and summon him here, or I will scale your walls, and hang you from their top!”

“Misericordia! patience! your will shall be done, noble Sirs!” cried the timid warden, who at once dispatched a youth with Drogo’s message, enjoining him to make all possible haste.

In a short time, though it seemed an age to the

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impetuous Norman, a group of figures were seen descending from the elevated monastery, their steps being lighted by torches; for the rapid twilight of the south had already passed, and the moon had not yet risen. Drogo fixed his impatient eyes in the direction of the lights, which now would be seen flickering along the precipitous and uneven path, and now would disappear behind some projecting rock, or group of hardy trees that grew on the mountain's side, with an alternation almost like that of the stern-lights of a convoying ship tossed in a stormy sea. By degrees the torches cast broader and clearer rays; the figures in the group, at first but dark, moving masses, were more distinctly marked out; and at last, as they descended a *ramp* only a few paces from the wall, Drogo could distinguish a stately old personage bearing a crosier in his right-hand, and four other individuals clad like him, in the black robes and white cowl of the Benedictines. "'Tis the Father Abbot," thought the Normans, and they prepared themselves for the performance of those genuflexions and crossings which were much used at the time by the profane on meeting one of the dignified servants of the Church, and by these soldiers of fortune as much as

by any other class of catholics, though on slight provocation they would cudgel the priest they had just knelt to, pillage his church, and make a bonfire of his Madonna and saints. Even Drogo, proud and fiery as he was, bent his knee as the Benedictines approached the grate through which he had parleyed with the warden, and humbly craved a benediction.

The stately bearer of the crosier made a sign of the cross in the air, in the direction of the kneeling Normans, and muttered a "benedicite." Drogo, having shown his devotion, proceeded at once to business.

"My Lord Abbot," said he, speaking rapidly, "I have come a long journey to ask a few questions, but those questions are of importance. Tell me then. What of the noble Melo?—where is Datto, with his daughter, who claimed your protection?"

The bearer of the crosier put a finger across his lips, as if asking silence, and replied with the utmost phlegm.

"Brave warrior! I am not the Lord Abbot, but his sub—his locum tenens—for this emergency, and sent to represent him; for he has the sciatica, and our roads are none of the best; and to invite you,

brave warrior ! with one such fitting companion as you may choose, to partake of the hospitality of our house."

"If I suspect that treachery has been practised here against your guests, would it be wise in me to trust myself in your hands with only one follower?" said Drogo, fixing his penetrating eyes on the emotionless countenance of the monk.

"My son ! can you harbour doubts of the faith—the tender mercies of Mother Church?"

"Humph ! I have seen some of the servants of Mother Church do strange deeds !"

"When did the followers of Saint Benedict do injury to the Normans?"

"I have seen the dagger drawn from under the monk's frock," continued Drogo, as if not heeding the words of his interlocutor,—“and I have *heard* of poisons administered—ay, even in the sacred chalice !"

"By the crosier of my Lord Abbot that I bear ! and by this cross !" said the monk composedly, "the brave Drogo may trust himself to our friendly keeping. We might have been less particular in our numbers, and all your followers might have been welcome;—but, in truth, our provisions run short, our cook is ill of a fever ; and indeed we have seen

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such indecorous squabbles, when a number of soldiers have been admitted to our wine-cellars, that—”

“It is enough!” cried Drogo, who might rely on the pledge of the cross, and on the Norman force in the service of the monastery, and in full command of the town.—“Gaimar! you remain with me; the rest to horse!—my friend Rainolph will provide for ye within the walls of San Germano:—Be quiet!” he added in an under tone of voice to one of the adventurers nearest to him—“behave yourselves in an exemplary manner while under the nose of the Abbot, and to-morrow you shall all, in small parties at a time, visit the monastery and the shrine.”

“We leave you in safety?” said the soldier inquiringly.

“Perfectly so!” replied Drogo, in the same low tone: “only, if the monks should play me false, remember not to leave a head on their shoulders, nor one stone upon another of the monastery here above our heads:—Now, march!”

The Normans always obeyed their young commander, as if instinctively. They slowly descended to the town, and Drogo and his companion were admitted within the monastic precincts, where the Abbot’s representative gave them the kiss of peace. The warriors leading their horses by the head, and



taking the necessary care of them on such a rude path, followed the monks and torch-bearers. They soon came to another line of wall, and passed through a narrow gate defended by a small round tower that stood on the edge of a tremendous precipice. Their feet were now on holy ground—every rock, every stone had been consecrated by the presence and the prayers and penitence of Saint Benedict, who had resided so many years on this mountain-top, where he laid the foundation of that order which was to become so powerful, and to exercise so beneficial an influence on the civilization of the world. Numerous wooden crosses, erected by the monks, pointed out the spots the most sanctified—the scenes of the legends, which, with eager tongues, they now expounded to the wondering Normans. On this rock the mother of God had smiled with ineffable glory and benignity on the saint, and conversed with him face to face;—on this, angels had administered to his material wants, when all the world abandoned him;—and from this he had cast the Evil One, who in person tampered with his soul, headlong down a yawning gulf.—Here, where the mountain was rudest, where the rock was hardest, had he been wont to kneel and pray for long, long hours—for days! And the granite was deeply

worn, and retained the impression of his knees and his hands. The Normans devoutly kissed the senseless stones. Had it been light, they might have seen from that rugged brow of the hill a prospect of such sublimity and beauty as would have informed even their rude souls that the saint had well chosen his oratory.\*

They were now at the entrance of the monastery, which lay through a long narrow tunnel, excavated in the solid rock, and secured at either end by a massy gate bound with iron bars, and thickly studded with knobs of iron. As the red torch-light but very impartially dissipated the eternal gloom of the place, it looked more like the porch to regions of horror and guilt than the avenue to a peaceful monastery. So thought the Normans ; but their spirits revived when they found themselves fairly within the holy edifice, and traversing a spacious corridor illuminated with many lamps in which burned the fragrant oil of the southern olive. From the corridor they turned into a spacious hall, where several monks and domestics seemed to be in waiting. It was curious to observe—what, however, was common in monas-

\* The scenery about Monte Casino is among the finest of Italy ; but that of the Monastery of "La Cava," also of the Benedictine order, and in the kingdom of Naples, is still finer.

tic establishments in those lawless, violent times—the intermixture of objects of devotion with weapons of war. On the walls were hung swords and lances, crucifixes and images of the saints; whilst several of the men there assembled bore in person and demeanour sufficient evidence that they were equally capable of using either class of that furniture. At the end of this hall was a door opening into another apartment occupied by the Abbot, into which Drogo would at once have followed his reverend conductor; but the monk begged him to wait until he should announce him, and hear his superior's will. This trifling check was enough to move the bile of the impatient and irritable Norman. He bit the shaft of the lance which he still carried in his hand; he cast a look of scorn on the monks, who seemed watching his actions; and before he was summoned, he threw open the door, and, striding across the room, knelt before the Lord Abbot with but small humility in his heart. The dignified ecclesiastic extended his hand for the warrior to kiss, and bade him welcome by name, and the endearing appellation of son. Drogo arose, and his conductor left the room.

“We were aware of your coming, brave Norman!” said the Abbot; “we expected you.”

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“ Ah !—expected me !” cried Drogo in astonishment ; “ then may you know the object of my hasty, and, to me, most unexpected journey ?”

“ Assuredly I do : it is—” The Abbot paused.

“ To demand of you, my Lord Abbot, an account of your guests ! Ay ! where are Datto and his daughter ?”

Some troublesome emotion seemed to agitate the Benedictine, and he merely echoed the Norman’s “ Where ?”

“ Yes, monk !—my Lord Abbot—I ask of you where are they ? They sought of you an asylum : your faith was pledged for their preservation ; and a secret, an invisible voice—I know not whether from heaven or hell—has announced to my ear that Datto—that Zoe—are beset by dangers on the banks of the Garigliano !”

“ Alas ! it is even so !” said the Benedictine.

“ Then have you betrayed your trust !” cried Drogo ; and as he thought of his lovely, his once promised bride, and spoke, his voice and form trembled with wrath. “ You have expelled them from your stronghold !—you have given them up defenceless to their enemies ! Now for this, dread the Norman’s revenge ! By the rood ! I will so use the fire

and the sword, that ye shall wish the Lombards or the Saracens back among ye instead of me!"

"Impetuous young man!—impetuous and unjust!" said the Abbot, over whose pale and languid countenance, which betrayed present or recent suffering, a slight flush of anger passed, "you wrong me with your suspicions—you insult me with your menaces; but I can forgive you, as a churchman and a Christian ought!" He raised to his lips a golden cross which was suspended from his neck by a chain of the same metal, and then continued:—

"It was not at my compulsion, but against my advice and entreaties, that sometime since Datto withdrew himself and his fair daughter from this holy asylum. But his restless mind could not brook our inactivity, and he went and joined a Norman band employed by the Pope to garrison the tower of the Garigliano. He is still there, and Zoe is with him; and it is because dangers, from which I would save them, are gathering around them, that you were warned."

"Then that invisible voice?" interrupted Drogo.

"Proceeded from my secret and skilful agent. With the duties of my post at heart, I could not, at a moment like the present, when the walls of the blessed Saint Benedict, and his children entrusted

to my care, are threatened not only by the schismatic Greeks, but by a number of neighbouring princes allied with them, openly call in your aid for the revolutionist, or, as they call him, the traitor Datto, whose destruction they are determined on ; since, now that his brother is no more, (for my envoy will have told you aright, Melo has ended his life a suppliant at the court of Germany,\*) the Greeks imagine, in his death, they can finish a faction which has cost them so much trouble. Nor would it have been beseeming in me to withdraw from the Pope's service the brave Drogo and his followers."

The violent but not ungenerous Norman had been for some time blushing at his suspicions and intemperance. He now threw himself at the feet of the Abbot. He expressed his penitence in energetic terms. He obtained a ready pardon ; and not till then did he inquire into the precise condition of the fair Zoe.

" In these stirring and treacherous times," said the Abbot, " when it is difficult to know one's friends from one's foes, I have found it expedient for the interests of the order whose unworthy head I am, to maintain in different parts certain emissaries, who may keep me informed of passing events and vary-

\* Gibbon.

ing politics ; and from one of these I have recently learned that the Greek commander Bojano has gained over, by force of gold, Pandolph the Prince of Capua, who, indifferent to the honour and interest of the Pope, is at this moment secretly preparing an armament to attack his tower on the Garigliano, and there to secure Datto !”\*

“ Merciful Heaven !” cried the Norman, who too well knew the perfidy of the Greeks, and the habitual atrocities committed on such occasions, not to fear the worst ; “ what will become of the gentle Zoe ! I will fly at once to her rescue !”

“ With tired men and jaded horses !—that can hardly be,” said the Abbot mildly.

Drogo felt the impossibility ; and striking his burning forehead with his hand, he paced the room with impatient steps, like an imprisoned lion whose bars prevent him from rushing to the object of his love or his hate. The Abbot endured some trouble ere he could calm him, and make him believe or hope that by departing on the following morning he might reach the tower of the Garigliano before the armament of the Prince of Capua. The Benedictine had other matters to explain. When Drogo recovered his composure, he informed him that a secret

\* Bossi, *Storie d’ Italia*, lib. iv. cap. xvii.

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emissary had repaired to Rome to put the Pope on his guard against the Greeks and their confederates, whilst other and conciliatory means were in preparation to be employed on the Prince of Capua. If Drogo and his men could throw themselves into the tower, with such a reinforcement the place might be maintained until art and negotiation had effected their objects, and then Zoe, and even her obnoxious father, might be saved. But on all these important points the Norman was bound to observe the profoundest secrecy, and to betray to no one the part played in the dangerous drama by the Abbot of Monte Casino.

After this long and private audience, the Abbot, giving him his benediction, recommended Drogo to the hospitality of the monastery, and to a sturdy friar, who at once conducted him to a well-covered table in the refectory, where his follower Gaimar, with eager appetite, was waiting for him to commence operations. Though the monks' cookery was irreproachable, and the wine excellent, Drogo did not enjoy his supper, and he soon retired to the cell prepared for him, enjoining Gaimar to have the horses saddled by morning dawn. He had not slept the preceding night : his fatigue, since he left the tower at the summons of the secret voice, had been



great even for a Norman soldier, yet still the agitation of his mind long kept him from sleeping. When he *did* sleep, he was visited by troubled visions. A tower in flames, and friends within, and *she* shrieking for help—a battle, and a headlong charge—a dastard Greek carrying off the beautiful Zoe as his prize, and she stretching out her struggling arms and calling on Drogo, were depicted in those dreams with the intenseness and vividness of reality. He rejoiced when the grey dawn appeared, and with its first gleaming in the east rose from his uneasy couch and sought his companion. Gaimar was already at the door with the refreshed steeds; and without waiting for the matins of the monks, and merely bidding a hasty farewell to the lay brothers and domestics who had risen, the Normans, carefully leading their horses, descended from the monastery.

As they passed the rocks and the crosses where they had paused the preceding evening, they might again have been impressed with the sanctity of Monte Casino; but as they wended on their way, they gave no thought, for they could not appreciate them, to the important labours in the service of mankind that were there prosecuted by some of the monks. *Our* attention however, and *our* gratitude, are due to the Benedictines, who were foremost:

among those of the dark ages who struggled to preserve the remains of light and civilization. In their monasteries of Monte Casino and La Cava, ancient manuscripts were carefully preserved, which elsewhere would have been torn, or devoted to the flames, as things valueless; and their persevering industry multiplied the copies of the immortal compositions of Ancient Greece and Rome, when there was no press and no reading public. Yes, honour to those "inglorious benefactors of mankind, who, while all Christendom slumbered, were occupied in providing oil for the lamps of learning and religion, half unconscious of the greatness of their calling! In the list of those who have deserved well of mankind, who shall we say have stronger claims than they? and yet they exhibit the solitary instance of a class of men, whose common services will be recognised wherever civilization and knowledge spread, without one single individual being enrolled among the famous of the earth. It is owing perhaps to this want of *individual fame*, that so little attention has ever been awakened to all that is worthy of notice in their history, their labours, their habits, their place in society, and the cities and monasteries ennobled by their art."\*

But, to return to objects of a far different charac-

\* London Review, No. 2.

ter:—When Drogo reached the town of San Germano, he soon summoned his troop to horse; and referring them to some future day for the gratification of curiosity and devotion they had promised themselves at Monte Casino, and after consulting awhile with the commander of the Abbot's Norman garrison, he again headed his not unwilling followers in the march.

The sun was sinking behind the purple mountains before the warriors came in sight of the ancient tower that stood stark and solitary on the banks of the Garigliano, like a giant eyeing himself in the mirror of its tranquil waters. Drogo bent his keen eye on the edifice, and then on every neighbouring point.

“Vive Dieu!” cried he joyfully, “all is well!—we come in time!” And then pointing to the tower with his lance, he first gave his men a notion of what business they were employed on. The information he chose to impart was brief, but satisfactory: a band of bold Normans were threatened in yon fortress with a siege by the detested Greeks, and it behoved them to rescue or assist their countrymen. His troop set up a gay shout, and waved their lances over their heads. But they had soon to put those lances in rest. The echoes of their shouts had scarcely died away when a mass of infantry was

seen cautiously to emerge from the shelter of a hill that lay a little in advance, and to the left of the Normans; and when they had reconnoitred for a moment, that mass deployed in such a mode as to occupy the ground from the river, along whose bank Drogo was advancing, to the base of the hill. The young warrior's eyes flashed fire as he rose on his stirrups, and gazed before and around him, but the brilliant courage of his race never forsook him.

"Fiat voluntas Dei!" he exclaimed: "our march is not to be so clear as I had expected! The river is too deep to ford; we have no way but straight before us. Then on, my comrades, with Saint Benedict to our aid!"

It was a spirit-stirring sight to see that small and gallant troop of cavaliers dash forward to the numerous and well-posted infantry;—to see their noble steeds, though after so long a march, partake in the ardour of their riders. The Greeks at once opened to their charge; and Drogo, with Gaimar and half of his men, cleared the obstruction, but the infantry closed round the rest of the Normans, and it was necessary for the young hero to make a retrograde attack, to disengage them. Again had his lance its usual effect and success; but, the moment he had reunited his brave followers, the feet of his horse

were hampered by some machine thrown by the Greeks, and he staggered and fell. The infantry summoned courage to rush on the prostrate chief, whose followers however formed round him with the speed of lightning, and their lances were an impenetrable barrier to the hundreds by which they were pressed. Drogo recovered his steed ; and when his voice was heard once more cheering on his Normans, they made another of their impetuous charges, which carried them beyond the enemy. With a shout of triumph they pursued their way, at a gentle trot, and, meeting no farther opposition, soon reached the tower of the Garigliano, where they were joyfully welcomed by their countrymen, and by the fugitive Datto, who were but too well aware of the premeditated attack, and had seen with rage and apprehension the Greeks' attempt to intercept what even at a distance they knew to be a plump of Norman spears—an opportune succour.

But it was Datto's gentle daughter that Drogo was most anxious to commune with ; and as soon as a short council was held with the captain of the tower, he sought her in an interior apartment she occupied. Zoe could scarcely believe the evidence of her eyes when, by the last gleams of twilight that entered her narrow lattice, she saw standing before her her gallant lover, who proclaimed he had come

for her deliverance, or to die with her. Drogo took her trembling hand—it waxed cold in his; and the dear object of his solicitude and love fell half-fainting in his arms. She soon recovered, but not before the enamoured Norman had tasted the sweetness of her lips, and had passionately kissed her forehead and her broad, pale eyelids. She withdrew blushing from his embrace, and again her first thought was for her father.

“They are coming upon us—the Greeks in league with the Capuans.—Nothing but *his* death will satisfy them.—Oh, Drogo! can you save my father?” cried she piteously.

“Fear not, my Zoe!” replied the warrior in a tone of confidence; “the walls of this tower are said to be strong, and its garrison is now sufficient in number and dauntless in spirit. There are friends at work for us; and before our provisions can fail, the beleaguering traitors will be dissipated!”

“But could he not escape hence, before the tower is surrounded?”

Drogo mused awhile, and then said:—“’Twere difficult, but not impossible. Your father might flee, but the enemy is already in the immediate neighbourhood.”

“Oh! is there no way open?” cried Zoe, clasping her hands.

"There might be," replied her lover: "I have seen but infantry, and that only in one direction. With a swift steed Datto might escape them:—but whither could he go then? My fair Zoe, he is safer where he is, than exposed to treachery and the Greeks and the Prince of Capua abroad. And, my sweet one! you would not bear the pang of parting with your father!"

"I would go with him. I would follow him through all his dangers!" said the generous girl.

"His steed might have work that would ill admit of a second rider," replied the Norman, making instinctively the calculations of a cavalier, though he was transported with admiration at so much devotedness and so much spirit in one so fair and delicately formed.

"Hear me, Drogo!" said Zoe, and she grasped the arm of her lover. "I have been too long the daughter of a fugitive—too long accustomed to rapid journeys when life depended on speed,—not to know how to sit a fleet horse! Is there no second steed for me within this fortress? I will away over plain and mountain with my father!"

But Datto, who entered the apartment at this moment, destroyed her hastily formed plan, and sank the spirit which had risen so high with hope

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and filial love, to despondency and alarm. He came to inform Drogo that a considerable force of horse and foot had suddenly appeared, and, forming a junction with the Greeks he had contended with, were now encamping round the tower. The Norman left the apartment and hastened to the turrets, while Datto, who remained with his daughter, in reply to the regrets she expressed that her project for quitting the fortress was now rendered abortive, assured her that he never could have attempted its execution; that he had not a friend to rely on, save these warriors, and with them, whom he had implicated in his evil fortunes, he must triumph or perish.

From the tower's summit Drogo saw more than the confirmation of Datto's report, and his experienced military eye could detect numbers and dispositions that escaped the noble of Bari. The enemy occupied a semicircle that embraced the fortress, their right and left wings resting on the bank of the river. There was no way for the Normans but through their ranks, or across the deep river; and as Drogo reconnoitred, he saw another body of troops advancing to the opposite bank of the Garigliano, who finally stationed themselves opposite the tower, on a rising ground, protected by trees, at scarcely a bow-shot from the river.



"We are indeed surrounded," said the commander of the fortress, as he stood by the side of Drogo; "but they will have hard work ere they drive us whence the Pope has placed us."

"The anathema of Saint Peter will be upon the traitors for the attempt!" said Drogo, who, after he had seen the commander dispose his careful watch for the night, returned to Zoe and her father. We need not describe the conversation of the lovers and the friends, nor the gaieties of the Norman soldiers, whose spirits were seldom depressed by the prospect of fighting on the morrow.

When that morrow came, with its earliest light there was motion in the enemy's lines, which, contracting their semicircle, approached nearer and nearer to the tower. They halted at a distance beyond the reach of missiles, whilst a herald advanced to parley with the Norman commander.

"Peace be with you, gallant Sir!" was his salutation.

"This looks not like peace," cried the Norman from his turret, "to close us in as if we were even wild boars destined to afford you chase:—this looks not like peace, to waylay our countrymen as they are coming to visit us:—this looks not like peace to camp round us all night, and not a chief among ye

to claim the hospitality of our tower, and pledge us in the wine-cup !”

“Peace be with you, gallant Sir !” resumed the herald. “’Tis thus Bojano, the Catapan of the Greek Empire, and Pandolph, the Prince of Capua, my very noble masters, salute you. You have given refuge to an infamous traitor, against their interest and good pleasure ; but turn Datto out of your gates, and they ask no more from you. No ill will ensue to the brave Normans, and the forces you see here will be at once withdrawn.”

“We cannot turn out to his enemies a friend to whom we have accorded our hospitality,—and by Rollo, and by all the saints, we will not !”

“Is this your answer to the summons, and—?”

“The only answer I deign to give so insulting a demand, except—which you may add—that I bid them beware how they attack a fortress of his Holiness the Pope, garrisoned by Normans !” cried the bold and impatient commander.

“Then will the Catapan and the Prince not move hence, until they have razed your tower to the ground, and buried you with your guest in its ruins.”

“Hurra !—we defy them.—God will defend the right !” exclaimed the Normans unanimously. And thus the conference ended.

Numerous as was the force arrayed against them, and small as was their own garrison, the Normans might well have defended their tower,—for, of a certainty, (such was the terror their oft-tried valour had inspired,) neither Greeks nor Capuans would have been led to an escalade or assault. But the prospect was changed when, shortly after the parley, a variety of battering-rams, and other warlike implements, familiar to the more civilized Greeks, but unknown and imposing to the Northern warriors, were seen arriving under escort of another strong body of troops. The unfortunate Datto, who saw, in the extent of his enemies' preparations, the fatal importance they attached to the affair, and their resolution to take him, shuddered as he said, pointing to the besieging train, which slowly advanced, drawn by oxen and buffaloes:—"My gallant friends! we must not let them place those machines near us, or our walls will indeed be beaten in over our heads! They are so numerous they might shake a city!"

"Let us throw them into the river!" cried the impetuous Drogo, and immediately a sally was resolved on. The enemy could scarcely credit such hardihood; but in brief time they saw the young chief at the head of a troop of horse, contemptible

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in number, rush from the fortress, break through their lines, and without pause, or thought of the host that must close in their rear, charge with their lances and take the warlike machines. A body of the Prince of Capua's horse mounted and pursued the unexpected aggressors ; but before they could come up with them, Drogo and his Normans had partially effected his object, having thrown some of the battering-rams into the Garigliano, and dismounted others. They had now to defend themselves against the horse that were upon them, and the foot that were making a rapid approach. The scene that ensued, and that lasted but a few minutes, was more than animated. The small and compact troop of Normans, with steeds most admirably trained, and with their long lances, their bright steel-points glittering in the sun, were soon seen to throw the Italian cavalry into confusion, and to take their way back for the tower, at full career across the plain, where the patient oxen remained standing by their inverted burdens ; and the fierce buffaloes galloped hither and thither, brandishing their hideous horns, as if they too had part in the combat. Then came the Normans' shock with the Greek infantry, whose lengthened lines sought to intercept them in their retreat. But the bright

spear-points were soon glancing on the tower side of them. The Prince of Capua had made a better disposition of a body of Italian infantry ; they were formed into two solid squares, and the space between them, and their flanks, were protected by cavalry, Greek and Capuan. The Normans however galloped up, as if to pass between the squares, or to charge them ; but when within a lance's length, they turned their horses' heads, and in a glance of the eye crossed the left wing, and dashed through the horse that covered it. Drogo and his men were now within a few hundred yards of the tower ; but the principal force of the enemy remained still to be passed ; and their horses, some of them wounded, and all of them breathed, could scarcely make another charge with their full effect.

Meanwhile, the Greeks and Capuans pressed on their rear. The Normans could not pause : they spurred their steeds, that no longer bounded like antelopes ; they raised their shout, but it was not so loud and confident as it had been, for they saw the denseness of the enemy's lines, and that tent-poles, provision-cars, and other objects at hand, had been hastily arranged to form a barricade, or to embarrass their horses' feet. But at this critical moment another Norman shout was heard ; and as

Drogo came in contact with the foe, he saw a sortie of his comrades, which could hardly have left half a dozen men in the tower, rushing, fresh and vigorous, to meet him. The confederates' lines, like a dike suddenly lashed by two opposite torrents, gave way and opened, and the Normans met, but in gentler collision, and mingled, even as the waves of those torrents, the only loss they sustained being two horses of Drogo's troop, that fell exhausted among the lumber of the slight barricade.

The lovely Zoe, who with her father had witnessed the whole of these proceedings from the turrets of the fortress, and who almost breathless, and with eyes strained until they well nigh cracked, had endeavoured to follow the rapid movements of Drogo, was the first to welcome the hero's return. Her intense excitement, the perils to which she had seen him exposed, a thousand passionate emotions, would not permit her to preserve her habitual demeanour;—to see him there, safe and unhurt from such an affray,—there! gazing upon her with looks of love, was so much bliss, that she could not remember each moment might renew his danger, and that they were surrounded by implacable enemies. She fondly grasped the Norman's arm; she said nothing save—"Drogo! my gallant Drogo!"

but there was that in the tone of her tremulous voice,—in the expression of her eyes, her face, her form, (for all her animated person spoke)—to thrill a heart less passionate than our young warrior's.

The gallantry of the lover, however, could not be rewarded by any important results: he had only delayed the approach of the warlike engines of the enemy for a short time; for it was easy to the numbers of the Greeks and Capuans again to raise the overthrown battering-rams, and even to regain parts of their machinery that had been precipitated into the Garigliano. And not only was this done by the confederates, but in a few hours other forces had arrived: they had dug trenches, erected barricades, and, in spite of several other sallies of the Normans, prepared the ground for the reception of the weighty catapults. Before the sun went down, they had succeeded in placing nearly all their engines in their proper positions, though not without the expense of much blood.

On the following morning, before the vapours had curled from the plain and the river, the besiegers made demonstrations; but, ere they began the attack, the herald again informed the Normans, that even now, if they would deliver up the traitor Datte, their lives and the walls of his Holiness's tower should be saved.

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The commander's answer was as bold as before, and the attack, as threatened, commenced.

The heavy battering engines, groaning and creaking most discordantly with their efforts, threw stones of tremendous size, and beat the tower with ponderous beams armed with iron, and rendered heavier by blocks of lead inserted in them. The ancient edifice was made to shake in every part, nor were the Normans long in perceiving, that it was indeed more than probable they should all be buried under its toppling walls. The nature of this service was by no means such as the Normans excelled in : they had no notion of engineering or mechanics ; their boiling valour required a lance, a steed, and an open field : still, however, under the direction of Datto, they repaired the breaches, and strengthened, as best they could, the weaker parts of the fortress, and, animated by the generous and gallant spirit of their two chiefs, never murmured nor spoke of surrender.

Love, that can brave the earthquake and the shipwreck, the fire, the plague, and all the dreadful crises to which frail humanity is exposed, could even live on in scenes like these, and irradiate the dark and tottering walls of the tower of the Garigliano. The moments Drogo could spare from his post were passed with the beautiful Zoe ; and while he was with her, though the crash and the rumble of the



battering engines and the falling edifice—though the savage shouts, and curses, and threats of vengeance, were audible every instant, she could almost forget or despise the fate that threatened her. It was something, too, for her passionate heart to feel, that if they perished, they perished together; and that one tomb, the ruins of the prostrated tower, would hold their remains.

Minds of a vulgar temper are depressed and weakened by a succession of dangers and a continuation of misfortunes; but generous spirits acquire, from the same causes, strength more than they themselves could have imagined. Zoe, so gentle, so retiring, apparently so timid at Monte Gargano, was a heroine at the Garigliano; and it was exquisite for Drogo to observe how firm resolve, to do or to suffer, was expressed by those features moulded by beauty, and destined (it should have seemed) to reflect none but the sweetest and the happiest of feelings.

Night somewhat slackened, but did not entirely suspend the efforts of the determined besiegers. Their vigour was more than renewed at the following dawn; and ere the morning was far advanced, two tremendous rents were made in the walls of the tower, by which a bolder enemy, provided with every implement necessary, as were the assailants, would at once have made an assault. Still, how-

ever, they preferred battering to close combat with the dreaded Normans. They did this work with effect—they might, in fact, have entertained the idea of burying them there; for, about the hour of noon, an angle of the tower—an immense mass of the edifice,—reeled, and fell inward with terrific crash. The Greeks and Italians sent up a shout of triumph; but when the dust, that rose from the ruins like a dense smoke, cleared away, they still saw, and apparently without any diminution of numbers, the dauntless Norman garrison collected on the battlements and discharging missiles. Drogo was there, and he had the good fortune to see a dart with a paper attached to it fall near the spot where he stood. It came from the enemy's camp, but looked not like an hostile missile. He took it up, and hastily unfolded the paper—it was written upon, but, alas! his accomplishments did not extend to reading. What was to be done?—the billet might contain something of importance. He thought of the chaplain whom the devout garrison were provided with, and summoned him to his presence from the innermost and strongest part of the tower, where the monk, with a laudable care for his bodily safety, had disposed of himself. But again, and still alas! this learned son of the Church could only read his own missal, which he knew by heart,—and in

vain shook his head and stroked his beard over the paper that had come at the arrow's end. Happily at this moment Datto approached, and Drogo remembering he was a clerk, put the paper into his hands.

As the eye of the unfortunate noble of Bari glanced over it, his cheek waxed ghastly pale and his whole form trembled. The emotion of fear or of horror did not however last long—he seemed to summon up all his energies, and exclaiming, “Well, be it so! my hour is come; but Drogo will save my child!” He took the warrior apart, and read to him the note thus:—

“Efforts have been made in vain to induce the Prince of Capua to dissolve his alliance with the Greeks, or to make the Greek Catapan forego his implacable revenge. Perhaps endeavours have not been wanting to raise up a friendly force to relieve the tower of the Garigliano—but the confederates have come with an army too numerous. That tower must fall, but the lives of the brave need not be sacrificed. There are those who are solemnly pledged for the safety of the Norman garrison, and for the preservation of all they may possess, whenever they choose to surrender. It has been impossible to procure terms for the imprudent and unhappy Datto; but his daughter may be preserved

from captivity and dishonour as the wife of the gallant Drogo. Let their hands be joined forthwith."

"Of a certainty!" cried the young warrior, "that warning comes from the Abbot of Monte Casino!"

"From no other!" said Datto.

"And how would you have it attended to?" inquired Drogo, who ill brooked the thoughts of a surrender, and the destruction of the father of his Zoe.

"Obey it to the letter!" said the wretched noble, "so alone may my daughter be preserved. Think not of me: I am prepared for a fate I cannot shun. But obey it instantly! Hark! that crash! It is impossible these walls can stand much longer!" And in fact, as he spoke, another immense mass of the tower fell in, and the whole trembled as if with an earthquake.

Still, however, Drogo hesitated, and said, "But what *will* be your fate?"

"Death!" replied Datto, in a voice so hollow and awful, that it seemed to proceed from the grave.

"May not your enemies be moved to mercy?" demanded Drogo encouragingly.

"Death!—an inevitable and an ignominious death!" said Datto, as if he had not attended to Drogo's last words,—"*is my fate*. But will you not save my Zoe? Are you indifferent to the orphan of a dishonoured and beggared man?"

Drogo stepped aside, and conversed a few moments with the commandant of the tower, who was standing with admirable composure on a tottering parapet, while the walls of his fortress were falling around him. The young Norman then ordering the monk to follow, repaired with Datto to the apartment of his daughter.

The lovely Zoe was made acquainted with the necessity of an instant union ; but in mercy and in prudence, the inevitable fate of her father was concealed from her—Datto himself speaking cheerfully of approaching friends, and the interference in his favour of the powerful Abbot of Monte Casino. The chaplain was much readier at a marriage than at reading strange hands, and that ceremony was speedily performed in a gloomy chamber, while the battering engines and the crashing walls—the shouts of the assailants, and the curses of the assailed, formed a discordant accompaniment to the words of love and peace, and the sacred and enduring contract.

As Datto embraced his daughter ere he gave her over, and for ever, to the Norman, a few tears came into his eyes ; but he dashed them away when he saw the fondness with which Drogo clasped his pale and trembling bride to his heart. From this strange and unpropitious wedding the bridegroom had forthwith to run to dispose of the last scenes of the perilous

drama which the bold Normans had been performing at the tower of the Garigliano. Drogo and the commandant informed their men that it was time to think of a flag of truce. Some of those daring fellows said they thought with their captains ; but others talked of a preference of being buried under the old walls to falling into the hands of the treacherous and cruel Greeks ; and if Drogo had not assured them that the faith of the Catapan should be guaranteed by a better and holier personage, the greater part of them certainly would have opposed surrender.

No sooner was a white flag appended to a lance waved towards the hostile camp, than an officer advanced thence, and the Greeks and Italians ceased to attack the dismantled fortress.

“ Are you ready to surrender the tower and your guest ? ” he demanded.

“ On my faith ! ” cried the commandant, “ ye have even made doors enough by which to come in, if ye were that way inclined ;—but we will still be at the gaps, or buried under what remains of these walls, unless both Greek and Capuan chief swear to let us Normans pass hence unharmed, with our weapons and our horses, and whatever else you have left us above ground.”

“ In spite of your obstinacy, they are well disposed, even now, to do as much as that,” said the officer.

"To all which we require a pledge,—a sacred pledge," cried Drogo.

"That too shall ye have," said the officer, and he retired.

In a few minutes a retinue of superior officers, headed by a dignified ecclesiastic, whom Drogo recognised as the Abbot of Monte Casino, advanced to the middle of the space between the fortress and the besiegers' works; and after a trumpet had been sounded, a voice from amidst them invited the Normans to come forth. But Drogo alone issued from the tower. The young Norman approached the group with a free and almost supercilious air, and received the oaths of the Greek Catapan Bojano, of Pandulph the Prince of Capua, and Athenulph the Abbot, to the conditions, that the Normans should be permitted to go in peace whither they list, and to carry with them arms, and whatever they might possess. He then returned to the tower, which was forthwith evacuated by the Normans.

Drogo, with Zoe leaning on his arm, and followed by Datto, was the last of the warriors that left the ruined fortress. The Greeks at once seized upon father and daughter, as their fair prizes; but the latter was reluctantly resigned when the gallant Norman claimed her as his wife. The trembling

weeping Zoe was enveloped in a long, dense veil, that concealed from the Catapan the surpassing loveliness of her face and form, which had he seen, he probably would not so easily have let her pass as Norman property. But Zoe herself would not have separated from her father, save by actual force, had she not been again humanely deceived. She was told he was to be conveyed as a prisoner to Constantinople, where he might hope for the pardon or the mercy of the Emperor; nor did she learn his fate until years after. That fate was such as accorded with the spirit and "tender mercies" of the age. Datto was conducted from the Garigliano to the shores of the Adriatic on an ass, and there, at Bari, his native city, being sown up in a leather sack, like those who were guilty of parricide,\* he was thrown into the sea.

The fortunes of his son-in-law were more brilliant. After the affair of the tower of Garigliano, he quitted the Pope's service and joined a numerous body of his countrymen who occupied a strong camp in the depths of the marches of Campania. Among these soldiers of fortune Drogo soon obtained pre-eminence; and when the timid Duke of Naples en-

\* It was customary to put in this sack a dog, a monkey, and a viper. This mode of punishment is frequently mentioned as being inflicted on political offenders.



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gaged them in his service, and built a town for them as a bulwark for his shrunken states against Capua, our hero, with his fair wife, was entitled to a conspicuous residence in Aversa. In that fair city, where the independent banner of the Normans attracted every year fresh swarms of pilgrims and soldiers, a beautiful and flourishing family grew around Drogo and Zoe. They lived to see the Greeks expelled from Bari, and the Normans the masters of all Apulia; but their children had part and interest in the all but miraculous fulfilment of the destinies of that wonderful people, when the bold and skilful Robert Guiscard occupied as a king nearly all those lovely regions which form the present kingdom of Naples, and was inaugurated by the Pope himself as "Duke of Apulia, Calabria, and hereafter of Sicily, by the grace of God and Saint Peter."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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